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ADVENTURES IN MOROCCO.

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DR. GERHARD ROHLFS.

ADVENTURES IN MOROCCO

AND

JOURNEYS THROUGH THE OASES OF DRAA AND TAFILET.

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a C.

BY

DR. GERHARD ROHLFS,

GOLD MEDALIST OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY WINWOOD READE.

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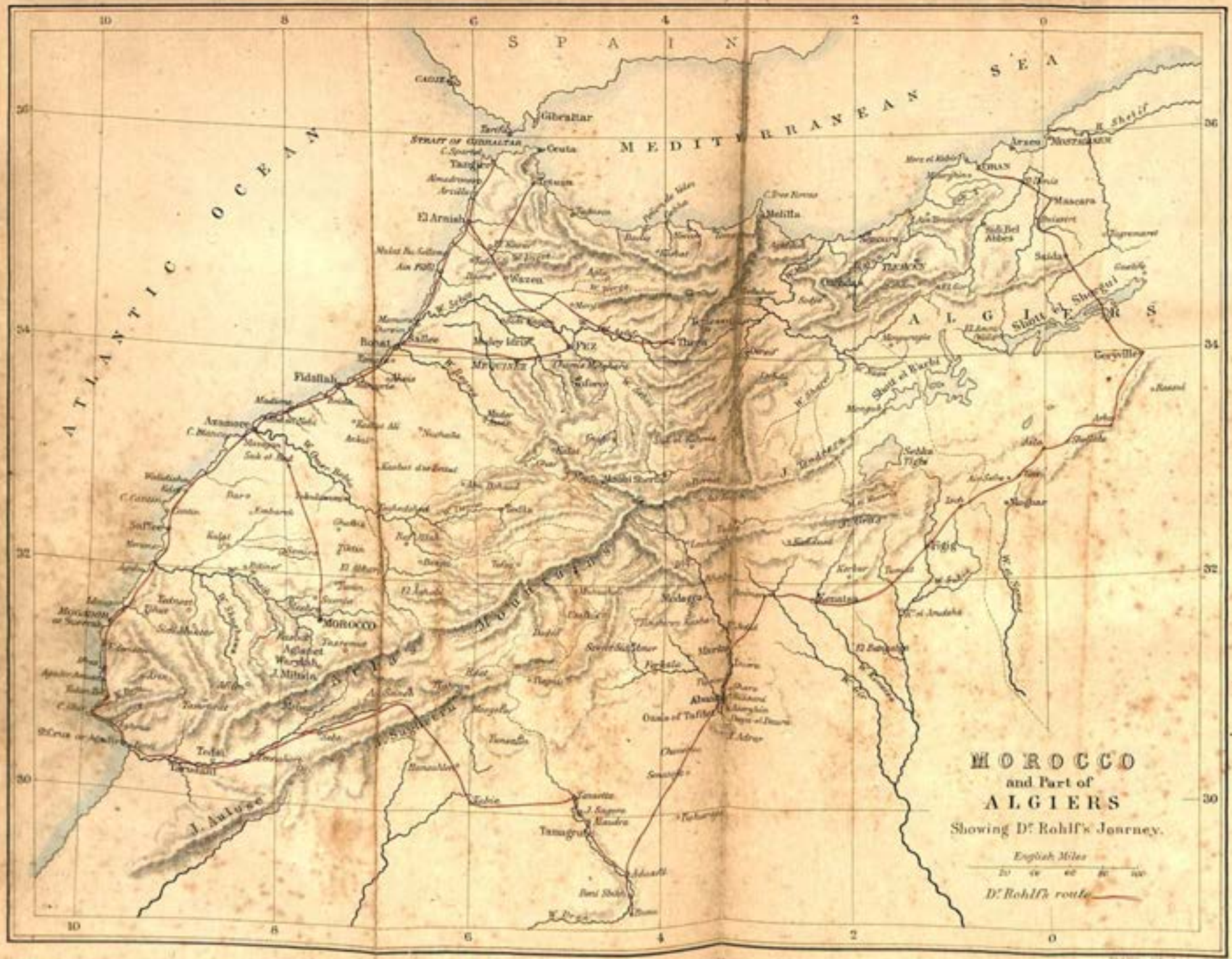

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INTRODUCTION.

On the eastern side of the Egyptian valley lies a great dry ocean of sand, the African Sahara; and often its tawny waves, stirred by the wind, overflow the cultivated land. The traveller, mounted on his camel, journeys for days and days through a dreary implacable waste, obtaining some brackish water from scanty springs, and touching now and then at an oasis or island of the sandy sea.

In this part of Africa, the desert extends to the sea-shore, and thus Egypt is divided from the land of Tripoli. But half way between these two countries is a plateau near the coast of sufficient height to condense passing clouds into rain. As the natives used to say, "There is a hole in the sky overhead." This plateau, formerly called Cyrenaica, was colonized by the Greeks: it produced assa-fœtida or silphium, and racers, celebrated by Pindar, often winning the prize at the Pythian games.

When Cyrenaica is passed the Sahara again joins the sea, but farther on to the east a mountain wall springs up, brings down the rain from heaven, waters the coast tract with its streams, and serves as a rampart against the sand-floods of the desert. In the region of Tripoli the wall is low; it is near to the coast, and the country inside is narrow and barren. In the region of Algeria and Tunis the hill ranges are higher, and the inner territory fertile. In the region of Morocco the mountains are covered with perpetual snow, and diverging to the south, leave on their north a broad space of cultivable land.

In Algeria are strips and patches of wilderness, and the corn-growing region is distinguished by a peculiar appellation—"*The. Tell.*" In Morocco, as our author remarks, that word is not in use, since the whole country is fit for the plough. Yet, though it cannot be doubted that of all the provinces of Northern Africa or Barbary, Morocco is the most spacious, the most fertile, the most healthy and agreeable in climate, it is also the most barbarous. As Mecca among cities, so is Morocco among kingdoms. Sometimes the Sultan or Emperor may give an escort to a traveller, as for instance when Hooker ascended the Atlas. The seaports, Mogador and Tangiers, are open to the world; and the Jews, being useful as traders,

are tolerated. But these are social evils opposed to the spirit of the Moors.

It is incorrect to say that these Moors are barbarous because they are fanatical: they are fanatics because they are barbarous. False piety is nourished by ignorance, and ignorance produced by isolation. It is therefore necessary, first of all, to explain how it is that Morocco is out of the world.

It is probable that Northern Africa was once inhabited by a nation of blacks; but when written history begins we find the country already possessed by the Berbers, or, as the French call them, Kabyles, a people resembling the Arabs in their manners and appearance. Sometimes they dwelt in walled towns and tilled the soil; sometimes they wandered from pasture to pasture with their horses, their cattle, and their tents. The Phœnicians settled at Utica and afterwards at Carthage, which city finally became an empire, and extended its dominion to the borders of the desert: to this empire the Romans succeeded; but their inland possessions were confined to the districts of Algeria and Tunis; neither Phœnicians nor Romans settled in Morocco except upon the coast. Thus in the classical times Morocco remained apart, and preserved its savage independence. The Arabs, however, conquered the country, and

after the Spanish occupation, Morocco became a civilized land. The Christians of Spain, being kindly treated, taught their new masters the sciences and arts; these spread from Andalusia into Africa, and the cities of Fez and Morocco became the rivals of Cordova and Seville. When the Moors were driven out of Spain, Africa was filled with brave and learned men, who, turning from Europe in despair, attempted to establish an African empire; and a band of musketeers crossing the desert conquered Timbuctoo. But this was only for a time: perpetual war being waged between the Christians and the Moslems, Morocco was separated from the nations; her culture withered up, piety and piracy became the occupations of the people. Had this country been conquered by the Turks, it would have become a province of an empire which is now being slowly but surely civilized. The Turks, however, like the Tyrians and Romans, have never attempted to annex Morocco, and the Moors refuse to recognize the spiritual supremacy of the Sultan. He may be, say they, the heir-at-law of the Caliphs of Bagdad, but the Moslems of the west had a Pope or caliph of their own at Cordova; and the Emperor of Morocco is the successor of this western caliphate.

Thus the ruler of Morocco is the head of the Church; but Rohlfs has revealed the existence of

another spiritual potentate. It is well known that the lineal descendants of the Prophet have the title of Sherif, wear a green turban, and are highly honoured in the Moslem world. Now the most direct descendants of Mohammed are settled in Morocco, at least so the Moors affirm, and the head of this family bears the title of the Grand Sherif. He is described by our traveller as being enormously rich; he resides in a town called Uesan, which is a city of refuge; while his own house is a shrine to which pilgrims resort from all parts of the land. It might naturally be supposed that the Grand Sherif would be the chief bigot in the country; it must, however, be remembered that he owes his position not to habits of devotion, or to skill in pious fraud, but to an accident of birth; and it so happens that the present Grand Sherif is a Latitudinarian, perhaps something of a sceptic, and a warm admirer of infidels. Rohlfs found him wearing a European dress, like the young dandies of Cairo and Constantinople; and recently this descendant of the Prophet married an English woman—an event which created a sensation, and has perhaps deprived him of his power.

Many books have been written on Morocco, but their authors for the most part have been merely acquainted with Mogador and Tangiers. Gerhard Rohlfs adopted the garb and religion of the

Moors, entered as surgeon the service of the Sultan, resided at Fez, explored the Atlas, visited the oases of the desert, and enjoyed the bosom friendship of the Grand Sherif. It was thus he commenced his African career, which resembles and rivals that of the celebrated Barth. At a later date he started from Tripoli in Arab disguise, and crossed the African continent viâ Lake Tchad to the British settlement of Lagos in the Bight of Benin. For this prodigious journey he received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. He afterwards joined the Abyssinian Expedition in the service of the King of Prussia, and is now about to undertake the exploration of the Libyan Desert. The present work has been recently composed, and is enriched by observations, drawn not only from Morocco itself, but from many other African lands. Algeria, Tripoli, Cyrenaica, Abyssinia, the Sahara, Bornu, Haussa, and Yoruba, have all been traversed by this brave and energetic explorer. Of all those countries Morocco, though the nearest, is the least known, and this work, describing the adventures of a pseudo-renegade, contains many curious and valuable facts, and will, it may be hoped, prove interesting to the public.

WINWOOD READE.

ADVENTURES IN MOROCCO.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL.

On the 7th April, 1861, I left Oran, and embarked on board the French Messagerie steamer at *Mers el Kebir*. We steamed out of the great bay on a beautiful afternoon; most of the passengers were bound for Morocco, like myself; but there were also a few for Nemours, Gibraltar, and Cadiz. I had taken a deck passage, as my stock of money was almost exhausted, but the weather was so agreeable, and the people of the steamer so polite, that I did not suffer any discomfort either in body or in mind. Besides, I had enough to occupy my thoughts. I had determined to penetrate into the interior of Morocco, and to enter, as a medical man, the service of the Sultan. At that time there

was much talk in Algeria and Spain of a New Morocco. It was said that the Sultan intended to reorganize his army, and to introduce reforms; and paragraphs appeared in the newspapers inciting Europeans to visit Morocco, where a sure market would be found for their knowledge and their talents. I began to build castles in the air, and was convinced that I would be able to get on in Morocco because I had already passed several years in Algeria, and had learnt to make myself at home among the Arabs.

At midnight we stopped a short time at Nemours (Djemma Rasua) to put down and take up passengers, and at dawn the next morning found ourselves off Melilla. I shall not describe our coast voyage, for indeed there is little to describe. A naked, steep, savage-looking rocky wall lines the sea, and though the seaboard is not really so uniform as it seemed to us as we passed along it at a distance of thirty miles, yet, after all, it is lifeless enough; the human element is wanting; at the most some lone cupola, serving as the tombstone of a saint, shows that here human beings have lived and died.

Had not Spain some penal establishments along this tract of coast it would appear deserted land. Alhucemas and Pegnon de Velez we saw from afar, and these were the only buildings to be seen.

If the natives of the Rif have villages upon this seaboard they are so concealed as to escape the eye, for these people are pirates, and hide themselves in dens. It is true that they no longer dare to attack vessels in the open sea, but woe to the ship that is wrecked upon the coast, or to the boat that is storm-cast to their bays and creeks!

While the African coast is so desolate and bare, the Spanish coast, which lies opposite, is one lovely landscape of vine and olive-covered hills, towns, hamlets, and villas, with little vessels plying to and fro; a greater contrast cannot be conceived.

Towards the evening of the same day we turned from the coast without losing it entirely from view, and arrived at Gibraltar in the night. Next day at noon we steamed across the Straits, and at 3 p.m. anchored off Tangiers. Numerous boats came off for the passengers, most of whom were Moors. There was a surf on a flat beach, so that we had to be carried ashore, and I rode through the waves on the shoulders of a negro, grasping his head with my hands.

The Custom-house regulations are not severe for ordinary travellers. The Dragomans of the various Consulates ask all strangers who land what their nationality may be, and when I gave

my Bremen passport to a distinguished-looking Jew, the interpreter of the British Consulate, all difficulties were at once removed. The Hanse Towns are under British protection, while Sweden represents the interests of Prussia.

I soon found a lodging at the Hôtel de France, a handsome mansion in the Moorish style, built by a Governor of Tangiers, and belonging to the Government, being only rented by the landlord, a Levantine. I there met, first, a flower-merchant, who wished to do business with the Sultan's brother, Mulai el Abbes, and also to dispose of his wares to the British Consuls; secondly, a Spanish officer, Joachim Gatell, who intended to enter the service of the Sultan, and had been several months at Tangiers. I know not why he had left the army, for, as a near relative of Prim, he had surely a future in Spain. He had translated the artillery regulations of the Spanish army into Arabic, which work he purposed presenting to the Sultan, and had already received fine promises from Mulai el Abbes.

My first step was to call on the English Envoy, Sir J. Drummond Hay, who, though I was a foreigner and almost penniless, received me in the kindest manner. But how he battered down my castles in the air! I soon learnt that Morocco was not to be reformed; that religious bigotry

was on the increase; and that if the Sultan himself desired new things, the popular hatred of Christians was such that his wishes could never be accomplished. The regular army of the Sultan was regular only in name, and if I really wished to penetrate into the interior, there was only one thing to do—I must become a Mohammedan myself.

I returned to the hotel with a sore heart; but a conversation with Gatell gave me courage. A desire for the strange and unknown, mingled with a spirit of defiance, impelled me to adopt the enterprize; and, after a second interview with Sir J. Drummond Hay, I finally determined to assume the garb and tenets of the Moslem, and apply for a surgical appointment in the army of the Sultan. It was the opinion of Sir J. Drummond Hay that under this disguise I might stay in the country as long as I chose. I called on Mulai el Abbes, but he was not at home. In spite of the advice of other Europeans I began to carry out my plans with speed and energy, and avoided the Spanish Consulate, lest I should be taken for a spy by the Moors, with whom the Spaniards had lately been at war. In fact, I thought it best to leave Tandja (as the Moors call Tangiers) as quickly as I could, and five days after my *conversion* was on the road to Fez, in com-

pany with a native, who had agreed to escort me to that town.

I had reduced my baggage to the merest necessaries, namely, a bundle of linen, which I carried on a stick hanging from my shoulder. My dress consisted of a *djelaba*, a long white woollen shirt with a hood, yellow slippers on my bare feet, and a Spanish cap, within which I had stitched my whole stock of money, an English five-pound note; finally, a black loose English overcoat served as my burnoose; I had no weapons; a small note-book with a lead pencil was hidden in my pocket.

I had certainly embarked in a rash undertaking, for I knew only a few phrases of Arabic. But one most important phrase I had learnt by heart—a phrase which is the "Open-Sesame" of this bigot locked-up land—the well-known formula of faith, *Lah ilah il allah, Mohammed ressul ul Lah*, "Except God no God, Mohammed is the messenger of God."

My companion was fully persuaded that I was a Moslem in verity and truth, but I think he supposed I had left my country for my country's good; or perhaps he believed that apostasy was punished with death among the Christians as among the Moors. He took it for granted that my bundle contained stolen goods and perhaps some valuable treasure; for when a Moor goes on a journey he

does not take a change of raiment, were he the Sultan himself, and therefore I appeared a man of wealth and substance in his eyes.

We took a road which led to Tetuan, because my companion wished to call upon a friend in the mountains. We did not meet many people, as it was not the Tetuan highway or caravan route, but the country itself was beautiful; and though the flora was not new to me, though the fauna north of the Atlas differs but slightly from that of our own continent, yet things that are old, seen under conditions that are new, have always the charm of novelty itself.

The road was bordered by the prickly pear, or, as the Moors call it, the Christian fig, by long-leaved aloes, by myrtles and creeping plants. April is in Morocco what June is to us; the splendour of Nature is then at its full. The hot and withering wind of the desert has not yet destroyed the flowers of the plains. The gardens that surround Tangiers are, like those round nearly all towns in Morocco, very fruitful and yield all vegetables that Europe can produce.

Before we arrived at the mountains we met a company of travellers from Tetuan, among whom were some Europeans. They begged and prayed me not to travel unarmed and alone with a Moor, and not, above all, to enter the hills; yet, though

they were the last Christians I should see for many a long day, I did not take their advice.

I had already been counselled not to say that I wanted to visit Fez and the Sultan, but that I was going to Uesan, to the great Sherif Sidi el Hadj Abd-es Ssalam. As I shall have to say much of this personage hereafter, I will now merely observe that he was the most famous saint of the land, and enjoyed almost as much power among these bigots of Morocco, as the Pope of Rome in the Ultramontane world.

We passed through many a small *Duar* (village of tents) and many a *Tschar* (village of houses), which were all surrounded by agreeable gardens. In spite of my semi-Moorish costume, I attracted everywhere the attention of the natives; and Si-Embark, as my guide was called, had enough to do to set their curiosity at rest. But scarcely had he said, "He is a converted Englishman, and is going to the Sidi," than they were satisfied and silent. I let them suppose I was an Englishman, as it would have been a waste of words to explain that I was a citizen of Bremen.

Soon after sunset we reached a village prettily situated in the hills. The houses were divided by high cactus fences, and also by gardens. We stopped at a house where Si-Embark was joyfully welcomed by the owner. "How is thyself? How

is thy condition? It is good, is it not?" Such were the salutations which both of them repeated innumerable times. After the first *ssalamu alikum* (peace be with you) had been interchanged, then they kissed each other in a loving manner, and with the stereotyped questions mentioned above, were mingled other inquiries relative to the price of grain, the state of the horse-market, whether the Sultan had really levied a fine on such and such a tribe, and so forth. I, also, was brought upon the tapis, and the usual explanations were made.

We were then ushered into the house, which, in common with the others, had but one room. The walls were whitewashed inside and outside; the floor was of stamped clay; the ceiling of reeds, resting on beams of aloes wood. There were no windows, and the door was so low that only a child of five years of age could walk in upright; the thatch was of straw; the furniture consisted of a mat, a carpet, and a kind of mattress on a raised earth-couch.

Two married brothers, with their old widowed father, lived in this house, an arrangement not uncommon in Morocco. Opposite the dwelling were two tents, one for each wife. We passed the whole of the next day in this village, and then I was perfected as a Mussulman, for the natives advised, or

rather ordered me to shave my head. The old papa himself performed this operation with his pocket-knife, and caused me excruciating torments. He wished to leave me a *gotarga*, or pig-tail, which an Arab sage declared to be the noblest ornament of man; but this appendage I declined. As soon as the shaving was over, and my head as smooth as an egg, a blessing was solemnly pronounced: every one said, "Praise be to God," and I was a Moslem like themselves. The rite of circumcision, as I shall presently show, is not in Morocco considered indispensable for Islam.

I was now obliged to conform to the customs of the land. For the first time I ate out of my hand from an earthen dish with the other male persons of the house. They taught me how to secure the slippery morsels and conduct them to my mouth; and at night I had to sleep with only a mat on the hard clay floor. The light was furnished by a small clay lamp, resembling in form those that were in use among the ancient Greeks and Romans: a lump of butter was cast in, a cotton thread was twisted to a wick, and thus was prepared the great-grand-mother of the brilliant gas-light.

On the morning of the third day our journey was continued, and before sunrise we entered at Dhaha, near the Ued (or river) Aisascha, the great

road, which passes from Tangier to L'xor. I did not possess a watch, and soon learnt, like the Moors, to find out the time of day, by the sun, the shadows, &c. The Moors have three grand epochs of the daytime—sunrise, noon, and sunset; but they have also regular names for intervening points of time.

If I said that we came to a great road, the reader must not suppose that I meant a macadamized highway, for such are not to be found in Morocco, where waggons and carts are quite unknown. A Moorish road consists of a number of paths running by the side of one another. If the route is much frequented, there are many of the said paths, twenty or even fifty in number, and as they often wind into and join one another, they present an appearance of net-work in the distance.

The country was still fertile as a garden, and I saw far away the white summits of the Rif. Here and there the reapers were at work in the fields, for the barley harvest had begun. The fields are sown in December, the plough being of that primitive order which the Arabs used two thousand years ago. Whether the Berbers were acquainted with this implement before the Arab invasion cannot be decided; of all the other African nations the Abyssinians alone are acquainted with

the plough, which was probably an importation from Arabia. South of the Atlas, in the oases of the desert, and in the Soudan or country of the blacks, the hoe only is in use.

Instead of sickles the Moors use short curved knives, with which they cut the corn close beneath the ear, and leave the straw standing in the fields. The grain is heaped up in the open air till it is dry and thin; instead of being thrashed, it is trodden out by oxen, with muzzled mouths, driven round in a circle. The grain which is not required for the house is poured into funnel-shaped pits more than six feet deep, and from four to five feet wide. These pits are always hollowed out in a dry soil, in rising ground, and the corn will keep without injury for years.

It was exceedingly hot; and though a good pedestrian, I found it difficult to walk in loose yellow slippers with bare feet. I had cut off my trousers at the knee, according to the custom of the country; and my legs were raw and purple, from the burning sun. Happily, Si-Embark, my companion, had a bottle of water, with which I could quench my thirst. In the evening, we reached a tent-village, and there spent the night. The tents were seventeen in number, and arranged in a circle; one of them, distinguished by the superior fineness of its stuff, and by its size, be-

longed to the *Mul-el-Duar*, master of the village, who was head of the family, and Kaid, or judge. His tent was in the circle with the others; but often the tent of the Kaid is pitched in the centre, or outside of it from the rest. Sometimes the tents are not arranged in a circle, but in a straight line, or distributed in such a manner as to suit the nature of the ground.

During the day, Si-Embark had told me how to behave. It seemed that I ought to have the word God often in my mouth; I should not say "Lead," for it was not *proper* to name the thing by which men were killed; I should say "the light," which is just the opposite quality of lead. I must not stare at or speak to young women and girls. In short he gave me excellent advice, and afterwards paid himself for it, as will be seen.

We did not lodge in the stranger's tent, for Si-Embark had a friend of his own, who offered us accommodation. I had been made acquainted on the evening before with the domestic arrangements of the Moorish house; and now those of the tent were about to be revealed. I now realized the advantages of travelling in the Moslem character, for never would these people have admitted a Christian to the sanctum of their private life. But with me, the people appeared neither suspicious nor reserved; and, indeed, they vied with

one another to make me acquainted with the customs of the country. I must certainly acknowledge that they gave me very little rest, and asked me all sorts of questions, such as "Why I had come to their country, why I had adopted their religion, why I did not marry and settle, and what I intended to do?" &c., &c. When I told them that I was a doctor, then I was worse off than before; not only those who were afflicted with disease, but others who were in admirable health, begged me to give them medicine and advice. However, I saw that by means of my medical knowledge, my prestige and influence would be increased.

In general the tents of the Moors are larger than the tents of Tripoli and Cyrenaica, but smaller than those of Algeria; but this only applies to those districts of Morocco which pay tribute and taxes to the Sultan. In the districts which are independent of the Crown, the tents are larger than those of the Algerians themselves; that is, the people are more wealthy, for the size of the tent is a sure criterion of the riches of its owner.

The tent in which we lodged was divided in two by a partition of sacks, saddle-furniture, water-skins, butter-skins, pots, and wooden dishes. In one compartment slept the tent-master and his wife; in the other, ourselves, two children, and a foal. We received many visits during

the night from goats and sheep, which clambered over us without ceremony. Happily, the dogs of the tent are no longer to be feared when one is once inside; they respect the laws of hospitality: but woe to him who tries to enter the village at night! unless he has a good cudgel, his life would be in danger from the half-starved beasts. Yet thieves easily bribe them to silence with morsels of putrid meat.

The cattle, sheep, and goats are driven every night inside the circle of the tents, and milked at morn and eve; the sheep are tied together to be milked. Sometimes the rams have tremendous battles, with which the owners do not interfere. The combatants retire a few paces from each other, and then charge with lowered heads, which come together with a crash. They then fall upon their knees, and bore with their heads, till at last one of them quits the field, whilst the other, loudly snorting, returns to his herd. The Moorish sheep are not of the fat-tailed kind; the horns of the breed are spiral, the forehead is rounded, the wool is long and fine. It is from this breed the merinos of Spain have been produced. In Morocco nothing is done for the improvement of the breed; and the only wonder is that the sheep prosper so well as they do. Hemso estimates the number of sheep in Morocco at 40 to 45 millions. Goats are

still more numerous, as they require less care. They are especially abundant in the hilly regions of the country, and are prized on account of their skins. The vessels for water and butter are only good when made of goat-skin; the famous Morocco leather, now chiefly manufactured at Tafilet and Fez, is also prepared from the skin of the goat. But for meat, the Moors prefer the flesh of the sheep.

In the morning, before we went from the village, they gave us a dish of beans, boiled with butter, instead of the customary soup: it was our intention to reach the town L'xor that same evening. As on the previous day, the heat was extreme, and I soon began to take off all superfluous clothing; even my Spanish cap was packed into my bundle, and to protect my head from the sun, I rolled my handkerchief into a turban. Si-Embark kindly relieved me of this bundle, which contained all the property I had; he placed it on his mule, which also carried panniers containing his private stores. We arrived at Tleta-Risane, a place where on Tuesdays a market is held; it is about half-way between Tangiers and L'xor. We found an empty town; but the first glance showed that much life and bustle had been there. Here stood huts made of boughs; there the stalls of the butchers, the ashes of the smithies, the charcoal

remains of a cook-shop, while many vultures and ravens were feeding in the blood-drenched ground; but nowhere a human being could be seen.

There was water near by, and the sun was high, so we encamped and ate some dry bread. Then Si-Embark said he wished to fetch a friend of his from a neighbouring Duar; I must wait for him, and we would then all three go in together. I dared not appear so suspicious as to ask him for my bundle. He went away, and I never saw him again.

I waited and waited but he did not return, and the sun sinking in the West told me it was time to go. Stripped of my property, and left alone on the solitary road, I felt anxious and disheartened, and thought of returning to Tangiers. But I was ashamed to go back after only three days in such a plight; so I took a good drink of water and went on towards the South. Si-Embark had told me he intended to lodge at the "Sultan" Funduk or tavern at L'xor; and I still had a vain and lingering hope that I might find him there after all.

I reached L'xor at dusk, and my half-European dress excited a commotion in the town. The people would not believe I was a Moslem, and though I did not understand the abuse they heaped upon me, yet I could plainly perceive that I was not a welcome guest. However some few who could

speak Spanish came to my rescue and assured the populace that I was a true believer, whereupon the abuse became a praise-God! and when my interpreters added that it was my design to visit the House of Refuge (as Uesan is commonly called), and afterwards to enter the service of the Sultan, the mob was pacified.

In the meantime a couple of Maghaseni,[1] came up, and taking my hand informed me I must go with them. To this I objected; but they said, "The Kaid calls you;" and did not seem to understand how such an invitation could be declined. The Jews advised me to go, promised to act as my interpreters, and said I need not be afraid; the Kaid was a good man. On arriving at Government House we were admitted at once, and then the policemen let go my hand which they had held all the way, for such is the custom when any one is being conducted to the Kaid.

The Kaid Kassem received me kindly, made me sit down, and gave me a good cup of tea. He then asked me whence I came, what was my country and profession, whether I was married, and so forth. The Jews explained my intentions, and then the Kaid begged me not to go farther on; I had been accustomed to all that was good, and in Morocco everything was

[1] Government cavalry soldiers who also act as police.

bad; he offered me a horse and police escort to Tangiers.

When he found that I was determined to go on to Fez, he said to the Jew, "This man has committed a murder, or some other crime, and dare not return among the Christians." This ended the examination; and I was so ignorant of the customs of the land, as to ask the Kaid to direct me to the "Sultan" tavern, the Kaid having assumed as a matter of course that I would remain in his house as a guest. However he was so polite as to send me with a Jew and a policeman to the inn, when he supplied me with provisions; he had not to pay the innkeeper, for the inns in Morocco usually belong to the Government or else to some mosque.

The town L'xor (I write it as pronounced, but it is spelt Alkassar) is near the banks of the Ued-Kus, in a pleasant alluvial plain. According to Leo Africanus, the town was founded by Almansor; but Edrisi previously mentioned the same under the name Kasr-Abd-el-Kerim, so that the Sultan Almansor, as Renou justly observes, probably enlarged or beautified the town. The population is fluctuating: Hemso estimates it at 5000, Washington at 8000; I estimate it at 30,000, basing my calculation on the number on houses, which I was informed were 2600. At one time the town must have been more important, as may

be inferred from the many ruins of houses and deserted mosques. It is somewhat singular that the houses are not flat-roofed, but have sloping roofs, covered with tiles. Leo mentions that on Monday the market is held outside the town, and Monday is still the market-day: this shows how few changes take place in the manners of the Moors. There are an enormous number of stork's-nests in the houses and trees. L'xor is well situated for purposes of commerce, having the harbours L'Araish, Arzilla, and Tangiers on the one side, the inland towns of Uesan and Fez on the other. Moreover the country is one of the most fertile in Morocco, and whatever vegetables have been planted thrive; certainly the arts of the market-gardener are as yet little known in this country, though the Moors have excellent opportunities of procuring all kinds of vegetables from the European gardens at Tangiers. But asparagus, artichokes and brocoli, they look upon as flowers, and wonder Europeans can eat such things. But what *might* be done in that way in Morocco, may be inferred from the success of the gardens in Algeria, were the climate from lack of moisture is much inferior. The vegetables grown in Morocco are these: carrots, beet-root, Swedes, broad beans, French beans, lentils, onions, garlic, cabbage, celery, and parsley. Melons are especially

abundant at L'xor, but the grapes are said to be bad, the soil being too damp.

I remained four days at L'xor, detained by heavy rain; during that time I was viewed with much curiosity by the natives, and became better acquainted with their peculiar customs and ideas. "Oh, Christian, don't run up and down," said an old coffee-drinker one evening, when he saw me pacing to and fro in reverie. I sat down and asked him if it was wrong. "No," said he, "it is not exactly wrong, but to walk backwards and forwards without any reason, like an animal, is not gentlemanly" (*drif*). "God be praised," said another, "you now believe on God and on his beloved; may God extirpate all unbelievers and make them burn for evermore." "But oh, marvel!" cried a third, "look at the infidel dog, how he has crossed his hands" (I had sat down cross-legged and also crossed my hands), "certainly he is praying his sinful prayers." I quickly uncrossed my hands, and was admonished never to repeat such god-forgotten gestures in the company of true believers.

Unpleasant as it was to be schooled little by little like a child, yet it was very useful for me, and I soon began to feel myself more at home among these people. But dinner-time was always an ordeal. It was not pleasant to squat down

and eat with the hand from a dish with people whose hands were only half-washed or not washed at all; and besides, the Moors have the custom of always belching at meals, merely saying by way of apology, "God forgive!" to which the others politely reply, "God be praised!"

When the weather cleared up, I continued my journey to Uesan in company with a farmer from Tetuan. We walked through numerous gardens to the Ued Kus, crossed it, and made for the hills. It was only a day's journey, but the clay soil made it difficult walking, and we passed the night at a village on our route, the country being described to us as dangerous; but we were bound for Uesan, and therefore travelled in safety, for all who visit the Great Sherif are under his powerful protection. The villagers entertained us with much generosity, and all were astonished at the sight of a German. The next morning we reached the holy pilgrim town, the Mecca of Morocco.

But before I make the reader acquainted with Uesan, I must describe the soil, climate, and population of the kingdom of Morocco.

CHAPTER II.

CLIMATE AND SOIL.

Of the lands which lie between the Atlas and the Mediterranean Sea, the Empire of Morocco, or Rharb el djoani, as it is called by the Moors themselves, has been the most favoured by Nature. It would give but a vague idea of this country if we merely indicated the number of square miles that it contains, and the lines of latitude and longitude by which it is bounded; moreover, it is essential in offering such estimates to mention whether the important oases of Gurara Tuat and Tidakelt are included or not. The reader will perhaps best realize what kind of country Morocco is, if we say that with these oases, and the intervening desert tracts, it is a third larger than France; without them about the size of Germany.

Few parts of Africa have, in relation to their inland territory, such a wide extent of coast; if we measure the country in kilometers, we find

that the seaboard along the Atlantic amounts to 1265, the Straits of Gibraltar 60, the Mediterranean seaboard 425, while the land itself is only 250. The Mediterranean coast falls steep and abrupt to the sea, with numberless inlets and creeks, which are mostly large enough to shelter and conceal the pirate-vessels of the Rif. However, here and there, good anchoring-places for ships are to be found, as for instance between the Djafaria islands, and on the coast near Melilla, and also near Ceuta; and with some pains and expense other harbours might be made, for instance in the Bay of Alhucemas, opposite to Malaga.

In the Straits of Gibraltar is the Bay of Tangiers, which is rather a roadstead than a harbour. The coast, which runs S.W. along the Atlantic, is quite flat and smooth to the beach, till a little beyond Mogador, and is extremely dangerous for navigation, especially when the weather is thick. The shore is covered with dunes, which are overgrown with bushes and plants. Harbours might be made along the coast, but would require frequent dredging, on account of the sand which is incessantly drifting in upon the land. The mouths of the larger rivers have exceedingly dangerous bars.

A little to the south of Mogador, and thence

to Agadir, hills descend to the sea; Agadir is the best haven for vessels, but is far from being safe. Thence to the banks of the Senegal the coast is sandy and flat.

A mighty chain of mountains, called the Atlas, intersects Morocco from S.W. to N.E., and does not pass beyond the limits of that country. The French geographers apply the names of Great and Lesser Atlas to the mountain ranges of Algeria, but these mountains or hills belong to highland plateaux which have no real connexion with the Atlas. In this one matter the ancients were correct, for they made the Atlas commence at Cape Ghir, and end at Cape Ras-el-Dir (Tres Forcas). The Atlas range is of a horse-shoe form, and these two capes are the extremities.

Nothing is positively known respecting the height of the loftiest points of the Atlas, that is a subject for future research; but the natives say that the summits of those mountains are covered with perpetual snows.

The whole of the country between the Atlas and the sea is arable, and the Algerian word "Tell," for cultivated land, is not in use; even to the south of the Atlas are wide tracts of corn-land; and some regions which are usually defined as belonging to the desert are capable of cultivation when the rain-fall is heavier than usual.

There are many rivers in Morocco—all rising from the Atlas; for instance, the Muluya, which empties itself into the Mediterranean Sea, is about the size of the Guadalquiver. On the Atlantic side are the Ued Kus; the Ued Ssebu, which might be made navigable for ships; the Bu Rhaba, which is only of consequence because two large towns, *Rbat* and *Sla*, lie near its mouth; the Um-el-Rbea, or "mother of weeds," which Renou compares to the Seine and Garonne; and the Tensift, which passes by Morocco, the capital. On the south side of the Atlas the following rivers take their source:—the Sus; the Ued Nun of the map, which is really called the Ued Asaka; and the Draa. The Sus is a true desert river, without any tributaries. For the first two-thirds of its course it flows overland; then diseffacing, it flows along beneath the surface of the soil and waters the great oasis of Tafilet. The oasis of Tuat is in the same manner fed and fertilized by a river of the Atlas, called the Ued Tuat, or Ued Mosand.

It cannot be contested that of all the North African countries the climate of Morocco is the best; this is owing to the elevation of the land; the refreshing nature of the winds, which blow from the Atlantic on the one side and from the Mediterranean on the other; to the absence of marshy, low-lying lands, swamps, and lakes so

frequently occurring in Algeria; to the rich forests which clothe the lower sides of the Atlas, and cool the air, while the rivers also are cooled by the melted snow of the mountains. The climate may be defined as mild and warm, the average temperature being about 18° Reaumur.

But there are really two climates in Morocco, divided by the Atlas. North of those mountains the rainy season begins in October and continues till the end of February. On the south it rains only in January and during the first half of February. In the region of the Draa, and in the oasis of Tafilet rain seldom falls; and in the oasis Tuat not more than once in twenty years.

From October till February the north-west wind predominates, and in February the winds seem to blow from all points of the compass at once. In March the north wind blows, and then from this month till the end of September, east, south-east, and south. On the coast of the Atlantic there is a most refreshing sea-breeze from nine a.m. till the afternoon, when the south-east wind takes its place; but this wind also is so delightfully cool that Lempriere was justified in saying that Mogador, though situated so far to the south, really belongs to the temperate zone. The south and south-east winds often bring over enormous swarms of locusts, as in the years 1778 and 1780.

However, the Atlas seems to be a barrier against these invaders, as they are never found in any number on its northern side.

So much then for the climate of Morocco, which can be best summed up in the words of Hemsö, "Il clima di tutta questa regione è di più salubri e di più belli di tutta la superficie del globo terrestre."

CHAPTER III.

THE PEOPLE.

In a land where statistics are unknown it is difficult to estimate the population even in an approximate degree; and this as regards Morocco is especially the case. Jackson supposed that the country contained 14,886,600 souls; but Klöden in his latest editions estimates them at 2,750,000; Daniel at 3,000,000 to 5,000,000. It is by comparison that the truth can best be ascertained, and a comparison with Algeria is the best that can be made. In that country and in Morocco the conditions of life are similar; and that country we know contains 2,921,246 souls. Now as Morocco is at least as large again as Algeria, and also possesses three great oases, Draa, Tafilet, and Tuat; and, moreover, south of the Atlas are two well-peopled provinces, the Sus and Nun, along the shores of the Atlantic, so we shall scarcely go beyond the mark if we assert that there are 6,500,000 people dwelling in Morocco.

We may safely assume that before the Phœnicians colonized North Africa, and even before the Numidians or Libyans inhabited that land, it was already peopled by another race. Bergbrügger, Desor, and others have proved the existence of dolmens in Algeria; similar monuments are found in Fezzan; and I can testify that at least one mound of Druidic character exists in Morocco, namely, on the mountains east of Uesan. It is about two leagues from the town, and I saw it when out hunting with the Sherif, but the prejudices of the natives made it impossible for me to make investigations. The true character of such monuments must be left for other days; no doubt the time will come when even in Morocco it will be allowed to Europeans to conduct such studies as freely as they please.

The Phœnicians planted numerous colonial towns along the Morocco coast. Hanno in his celebrated voyage established seaports, of which the names are still preserved. We can learn from the writings of Ptolemy and Pliny what region belonged to the native tribes—Mauri, Maurenses, Numidians—all these are merely different appellations for the same people. Of these the chief are the Autolali, the Sirangi, the Mausoli, and Mandori; all these, as well as the Gætula, who dwelt farther away inland, are the true Berber

natives of the land. The Romans, Vandals, and Goths settled in the country, but seldom intermarried with the natives, and did not perceptibly modify the race.

Of much graver import for Morocco and its people was the invasion of the Arabs. There were two separate migrations: the one from Arabia, and the second from Spain. Arabs and Berbers marched into Spain under Mussa and Tarik; but only Arabs, or, as the Spaniards called them, Moors returned.

During the Spanish occupation the Berber element had been absorbed; but in Morocco itself this was not the case. The old Numidians, or Berbers, remain to the present time a distinct race, and free from Arab blood. Sometimes, indeed, marriages take place inside the larger towns between the Berbers and Arabs; sometimes a Berber chief may contribute a daughter to the harem of the Sultan, or take a wife among the Arabs; but on the whole the two races or nations remain as wide apart as in the first days of the Mohammedan invasion. The distinctions which most travellers make between Arabs and half-Arabs, between Moors, Berbers, &c., are worthless; and the name Bedouin is in Morocco entirely unknown. The Arabs of that country call themselves Arbi; but if they wish to specify the land

from which they come, they call themselves Rharbi, or Rharbaui, "the people of the West," a term which is also applied to Morocco Berbers, Jews, and negroes; or say that they come from *min el bled es Sidi Mohammed*, "from the land of the Lord Mohammed." The Berbers call themselves Masigh, or Schellah; the word Berber is not known. The Jews are called Jhudi; the Europeans Rumi, or Nssara; and the negroes are usually Gnaui, and their language Gnauya. The languages of Europe are comprised under the name "el adjmia." The word "Kabail" or "Kabyl" simply means mountaineer.

The Berbers are much more numerous than the Arabs, and occupy more land. The only pure Arab districts are Rharb, Beni-Hassen, Andjera, and the seaboard from Cape Espartel to Mogador. The districts of Schauya, Dukala, and Abda are partly Arab and partly Berber. With the exception of large towns, in which the Arabs always predominate, they are only to be met with here and there. Thus isolated tribes are to be met with in the Great Atlas, in the Nun and Sus districts, in the Draa oasis, in Tuat and Tafilet. Two-thirds of the population in Morocco are Berbers, and they possess at least four-fifths of the land.

It can scarcely be denied that the people who

inhabited Morocco in prehistoric times have left traces behind them in the Berber race; for it is only by the law of atavism that one can explain how it is that black-haired and black-eyed parents often produce children with blue eyes and flaxen hair.

The Kuluglis, or mulattoes of Arabs and Turks, are not to be met with in Morocco, as the Turks have never extended their conquests beyond the Muluya or Tlemcen.

In former times, as is proved by inscriptions and coins, the Kufic character was in use in Morocco; but now it is that dialect of Arabic which is known as the Maghreb. As a written character it differs only from the others that the letter Qaf has one point above it instead of two, and the Fa one point below instead of one above. As regards the forms of speech the Arabs of Morocco scarcely pronounce the vowels; for instance, with the phrase *asch ismak*, "what is your name," the Moors say *sch-smk*. Of course, this makes it difficult to learn the language. In Morocco the Arabs make use of many Berber and Latin expressions, and have even adopted dialects.

The language of the Berbers is sometimes called Tamasirht, and sometimes Schellah; the Tuaricks or Tuareg call it "temahak" in the north; "temaschak" in the south; and it is used in Audjila and in the oasis of Jupiter Ammon. It

is true Jackson affirmed that the Siuah dialect was a distinct language; but now Philology has proved that it is but a dialect of the wide-spread Berber tongue. These dialects differ much from one another, it is true; and it could not be otherwise when the Berber race is scattered over a fourth part of the continent of Africa. Yet these differences are not so great as to prevent the different Berber nations and tribes from making themselves understood to one another. When at Mecca the Berbers from the Nun meet the Berbers of the oasis Siuah, a little practice enables them to converse; and when, some years ago, some sheiks of the Tuarick came to Algiers upon a visit, they did not find it difficult to make themselves understood by the Berbers of the Djurdjura hills, near the Mediterranean Sea.

The Berbers of Morocco have no written characters like the Tuarick. They are to be met with in Tuat, but that land was formerly occupied by the Tuarick. The Tuaricks declare that they have books written in their language; but that is exceedingly doubtful. A most intelligent Tuarick, Si Othman ben Bikri, repeatedly declared both to Duveyrier and to myself that such was the case, and promised to bring or send a specimen to Algiers; but though he has since then been often to Algiers, he has never brought a Tuarick book.

The Berber letters are written sometimes in one way, sometimes in another; and are sometimes read up and down, sometimes from right to left, sometimes from left to right; all of which produces such confusion that it seems impossible that books can be written in the language.

The Berbers are distinguished from the Arabs chiefly by their language. In that language there are naturally many Arab words; but in its construction it differs so much from the Arabic, that those who have studied the matter, for instance, H. A. Hannoteau, do not venture to class it with the Shemitic tongues; and General Faidherbe is inclined to believe that it belongs to the Aryan family of languages.

There is little, however, except the language to distinguish the Berbers from the Arabs. The physical type in both is the same: slender, sinewy form, with good muscular development, brown skins, Caucasian form of countenance, aquiline noses, dark fiery eyes, smooth black hair, prominent cheek-bones, scanty beards. Highlanders and lowlanders differ but slightly, perhaps because there have been continual migrations in past times from the plains to the mountains, and from the mountains to the plains. However, as a rule the mountaineers are lighter in complexion, and this applies not only to the mountaineers of the Rif,

but also to the Arab people of the hill canton Andjera. The Arab women appear to be somewhat shorter in stature than the women of the Berbers; but that is the only difference between them. Both pass prematurely from childhood to youth, have beautiful figures, and regularly-shaped features when they are young, but soon grow old and hideous hags, becoming dreadfully thin, on account of their meagre food, so that their skin hangs about them in folds.

All travellers declare that the Arab woman is merely a slave, but that is a mistake; husbands are as often henpecked among the Arabs as among ourselves. The women certainly work more regularly than the men, but the men are not altogether idle. It is the business of the woman to draw water, to grind the corn, to carry the children on her back, to fetch brushwood for the fire, to cook the kuskussu, and to milk the cows; but the men plough the fields, reap the harvest, do all the garden work, tend the herds, and in short do all the heavy work that may be required.

The Berber women have more domestic influence than the Arab women, and their influence is doubtless derived from the pre-Moslem times, for the Prophet, in spite of his affection for women, did not raise them in the scale. The Berber women are Moslems, but have not resigned their

prerogatives. In many Berber tribes it is not the son who inherits, but the son of the sister, or the son of the eldest daughter. In other Berber tribes women have the right to reign. South of Morocco I found among the Berbers that the Sauya Karsas, a religious order, and court of jurisdiction for the region of the river Gehr, was not administered by its nominal chief Sidi Mohammed ben Ali, but by a woman named Lella-Diehleda, who was really the chief of the sect. In all matters of importance the Berber woman has her say, and there is no country in the world where men defer so much to the opinions and wishes of their wives.

To marry one wife is the custom in Morocco. Among the Berbers and among the Arabs sometimes a rich and wealthy Arab indulges in a harem, but that is quite exceptional. And however wealthy a Berber may be, he never has more than one wife at a time. Divorces, however, are frequent, and are sanctioned by religion: sometimes after a child has been born husband and wife are divorced; the woman marries again, has another child, is again divorced, marries again, has a child again, and thus sometimes has three families of children. But seduction is rare, and adultery almost unknown. On the other hand, widows lead very immoral lives, especially when

they have no hope of being married again. Both girls and women in Morocco walk with a voluptuous gait, which appears to be habitual to the Shemitic races. Isaiah (iii. 16) reproaches the Israelitish women with their manner of mincing as they walk, and Mohammed, in the Koran (Sura 24), brings the same charge against the women of his country.

This is not the place to describe the ceremonies of a bridal, and for that matter in almost all Moslem countries the ceremonies are the same, and have often been described. But it is worth mentioning that though in Morocco the marriage is usually arranged, yet love-matches often take place. All girls and young women (except in the towns) are unveiled, and so the suitor can be enamoured of his future wife before the wedding takes place. These marriages for love usually last for life; but the marriages *de convenance* generally end in a divorce. It is not true, as many travellers have stated, that the wife is bought; but the bridegroom pays to his father-in-law the money which has been spent on the trousseau (about 30*l.*). If the woman causes or proposes the divorce, this money has to be returned. If the man repudiates his wife the father-in-law retains the money, and the wife carries off her trousseau.

Circumcision is the rule in Morocco, but there

are some Berber tribes with whom it is not esteemed an essential rite. These uncircumcised tribes inhabit the Rif mountains, and the slopes of the Northern Atlas. All the Rif mountaineers eat wild boar, in spite of the Koran law; they also divide the year into solar months, and call these months by the old Christian names for them; and that method of dividing time has been adopted by the Arabs dwelling south of the Atlas.

Domestic life is patriarchal in its nature, and kinsmen adhere to one another with fidelity and love. They have no surnames except that of the tribe or clan to which they belong. For instance, the Beni-Hassan, or children of Hassan, of which a certain Hassan was the founder and the father. Among the Berbers also is a celebrated clan called the Beni-Mtir. In such tribes each individual is called by his name and that of his father, and sometimes that of his grandfather as well; for instance, Mohammed ben Abdallah ben Yussuf—Mohammed, the son of Abdallah, the son of Joseph—to which he will sometimes add, of the children of Hassan. Arab men and women have names always taken from the Bible or the Koran. The favourite names are these:—Mohammed, Abdallah, Mussa, Issa or Aïssa (Jesus), Edris, Said, Bu-Bekr, and Ssalem. The women are almost always Fattima, Aischa, or Mariam (Mary); but the

Berbers have frequently pagan names, as, for instance, Humo, Buko, Rocho, Atta, &c.

For two years children are suckled and are carried on their mothers' backs. As for education, every village (whether of houses or tents) has its Thaleb or Faki, who keeps a school; but most of the children only learn a few chapters of the Koran by heart, especially the first chapter, and among the Berbers the meaning of the words is not always understood. The girls are taught house-work by their mothers; the boys are taught the work of the pasture and the field, but do nothing throughout the greater part of the year. Tobacco and haschish are in general use; but are not, as a rule, taken in excess. Among some tribes smoking is the custom, others chew, and others take their tobacco in the form of snuff, and this also is the practice of the learned men. Haschish is either smoked or powdered into water and drunk. Opium is not used except in the towns and in the Tuat oasis. Wine is drunk by almost every one in harvest-time. Morocco is rich in grapes, especially throughout the Lesser Atlas, and the province Andjera, and the environs of Uesan, Fez, and Mequinez; but the drinking lasts only a few weeks, for they make wine so badly that it will not keep. They pour it into earthen vessels, resembling sometimes the amphora

of the ancients; a few rich people and Schürfa (or descendants of the Prophet, who are especially addicted to the use of wine) pour some oil on top of the wine, and seal up the vessels with cemented clay. The wine is not clear, but tastes very well. It is dangerous to travel in the wine-harvest time, for almost every one is drunk and savage. The Moors are a barbarous people, and the Berbers of the Atlas exceedingly deficient in decorum. The Moorish manner of eating is not elegant: they squat on the ground round a dish, and scoop out morsels with their hands. In the morning at sunrise they take sour milk with bread, or a kind of soup. The second meal is at noon. They serve up flour-cakes, baked on iron plates or hot stones; these cakes they dip in melted butter; in the summer they add a dessert of dates and other kinds of fruit. The last meal is at sunset, and consists of the famous kuskussu. Knives and forks are unknown, and spoons are not in general use; but along the Atlantic seaboard, from Cape Espartel to the mouth of the Sus, the natives make use of an oyster-like shell which the sea casts upon the strand. The women and children eat apart from the men. Meat is only eaten on feast-days, and then only in small quantities. Many poor people never taste meat from year's end to year's end, except perhaps a little boar's flesh or venison; but as

they have milk, butter, and eggs, it cannot be said that the Moors are vegetarians. In the towns tea is the favourite drink, but in the country it is found only in the houses of the wealthy, and almost every one drinks water. Busa and lakby, fermented drinks from corn and the sap of the date-palm, are not known in Morocco, and it would be a crime to kill or injure a date-tree in that country. The practice of tapping the palm is first to be met with in the oases situated to the south of Tunis.

Hospitality is one of the virtues of the Moors, and is bestowed simply and spontaneously, without ceremony or display. In all house villages, and in almost all villages of tents, are dwellings set apart for the reception of the traveller. When he arrives at the village, and has cudgelled his way through the crowd of open-mouthed curs, he is conducted to the guest-house. They at once bring him fruits, or bread and dried dates, and in the evening no one sits down to dinner until the guest has been served. In some districts the families take it in turn to supply the guest; in others the fathers of families bring their dinners to the guest-tent, and all eat together; in others there is a public fund for the purpose; and in others a religious order undertakes the hospitable duty. The stranger is never expected to make any present in return,

and if he is not well treated he is not slow to complain. This hospitality is based upon the principle of reciprocity. In a country where all men travel, he who is a host to-day may to-morrow be a guest. The Arabs, however, are much more generous than the Berbers.

Barth and Von Maltzan have declared that in North Africa those people who dwell the farthest to the west are the most warlike, courageous, and prone to independence. It seems to me that this is only so far true that mountaineers are always more attached to freedom than the people of the plains. The highlanders of Cyrenaica are as independent as those of the Rif, and have never been subdued by the Turks. The natives of the Gorian hills in Tripoli are more warlike than their neighbours to the west. The Djurdjura mountain region (la Grosse Kabylia), was the last country which the French subjected, and held out much longer than the western province of Oran. Lastly, those people in Morocco who dwell in the uttermost west—the Schauya, Abda, and Dukala—are the most degraded and enslaved of all the Moorish tribes.

There is no aristocracy in Morocco in our sense of the word, the highest class consisting of Sherifs, or descendants of the Prophet. They have multiplied exceedingly; and there a[illegible]icts or cantons

composed entirely of Sherifs, who are distinguished by having as a handle to their name the word Sidi or Mulei (lord). The present dynasty is a family of Sherifs. This dignity is not continued on the female side: that is, if a Moor marries the daughter of a Sherif, the children are not Sherifs. On the other hand, whomever a Sherif may marry the children are always Sherifs. He may marry a Christian or Jewess without their being converted; the children are Sherifs. He may marry a negress also without prejudice to his children, but she must be converted to the faith: even his children born in concubinage have the same rights as those born in wedlock. The Sherifs form a privileged class, having the right to insult people by cursing their fathers and grandfathers without fear of receiving similar compliments in return. It would be an offence against religion to curse the family of the Prophet. It is allowable to curse the man himself, but that is all. The Sherifs are more honoured than the Marabouts, who are saints or descendants of saints—more honoured even than the chiefs of great tribes.

There is little to be said concerning the Moorish intellect. There are no men of distinction in the country. Arts and manufactures exist only in the towns, and are in a miserable state; religion alone occupies the minds of this people. The

country people are more virtuous than those of the towns; but theft and deceit are scarcely considered as sinful, when practised against another tribe. Lying is so common among the Arabs and the Berbers that they scarcely ever speak the truth. Crimes of violence are common in all parts of the land which are not patrolled by the soldiers of the Sultan. It is an error to suppose that the life of the guest is sacred; in many parts of Morocco they do not even respect the Sherifs.

The Berbers are less bigoted than the Arabs, and are more disposed, as the French in Algeria have ascertained, to accept innovations and become civilized.

The Jews in Morocco are partly emigrants from Palestine, partly the descendants of refugees from Europe. In 1342 Jews were driven out of Italy; in 1350, from the Netherlands; in 1403, from England and France; in 1492, from Spain; in 1496, from Portugal.[1] All these unhappy people took refuge in North Africa, and especially in Morocco; and though they are despised and ill-treated, they have multiplied and prospered. They are a more strong and handsome race than the Arabs, but are dirty, and shabbily clothed. The Jewesses are remarkably handsome, and often

[1] Calderon, Cuadro Geografico de Marrueccos, Madrid, 1844.

are taken to the harems of the rich. The Palestine Jews are to be met with in the Atlas and Sahara, and also in the towns of Uesan, Fez, Tesa, Udjda. They do not speak Spanish, but only Arabic, or in the pure Berber districts the language of the land. But whatever language they may speak, whether Arab or Berber, it is always with the snuffle of the German Jews. The number of Jews in Morocco is about 200,000.

The negroes in Morocco are chiefly from the countries of Haussa, Sourai, and Bambara. They have been largely mingled with the Arabs, though not so much in the country as in the towns. As a rule, it is only the grandees who will marry a negress. In all the great Sherif families, and in that of the Sultan himself, there is as much negro blood as Arab blood; but the Berbers never marry a black, for that they think would degrade them. The slaves are well treated in Morocco, and almost always are set free, sooner or later, the supply being kept up by fresh importations from Soudan. They number about 50,000.

Little need be said about the renegades in Morocco, who are mostly galley slaves who have escaped from the establishments at Ceuta, Melilla, Alhucanas, and Peñon de la Gomera. There are altogether about a hundred renegades, all of whom are Spanish, excepting three or four Frenchmen.

All are married, almost all of them are soldiers, and they are much despised by the Moors. Even the children of such *Oeludj* (the old name for Christian slaves) do not escape the contempt which their fathers certainly deserved.

Europeans, or Christians, as the Moors always call them, are about 2000 in number, and are to be met with only in the seaports, chiefly at Tangiers and Mogador. Only a few families live at Tetuan, L'Araish, Rbat, Darbeida, Dar-Djedida, and Saffi; and no Europeans at all in the harbours of Sla, Asamor, and Agadir.

It is naturally difficult to say whether the population of Morocco is on the increase or decrease; but certainly I can assert that the large towns were at one time more populous than they are now. This is evident from the ruins of houses, the deserted gardens, and the great number of unfrequented mosques. The great seaports have become more populous in recent times, on account of the development of trade; but, on the other hand, there are other seaports which are entirely deserted. It is only in the oases of the Sahara, especially in Draa and Tafilet, that the population steadily increases, and, indeed, almost overflows. These islands of the blest are as favourable to the growth of men as to that of plants and vegetables; the true reason being that there

life and property are secure—war, taxation, robbery unknown.

Famines are common among the Moors. As they never store up large quantities of grain, they are wholly dependent on their crops, and these are liable to be destroyed by drought, hail-stones, or locusts. Even when all goes well, the food is unvaried, and therefore unwholesome, and occasional outbursts of gluttony are followed by disease. The women weaken themselves by the prolonged suckling of their infants. Wars and robber-raids decimate the men, and the government and clergy bleed them to death. Such are the principal checks to population.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RELIGION.

No one can understand a religion unless he has belonged to it; at the same time he cannot criticise it unless he has emancipated himself from its chains. In all countries morality is based upon religion, and therefore commands the attention of the traveller. Of the three great Shemitic creeds, Islam has been the most injurious to freedom of thought, and has sacrificed most human lives.

Mohammed being asked by a Bedouin what was the essence of Islam replied, "To testify that there is only one God, and that I am His messenger; to pray at the appointed hours; to observe the Fast of Rhamadan, and, if it is possible, to make the pilgrimage to Mecca." "It is so," replied the Bedouin, and, casting off his robes, appeared in his true form as the Angel Gabriel.

In the year 755 an important schism occurred

in the Moslem Church. After the Caliphate was transferred from Damascus to Bagdad a new and entirely independent Caliphate arose in the West, at first at Cordova, and these rival Caliphates still exist. Of all the religious sects and parties into which Islamism was then split up, such as the Kharegistes, Kadariens, Assrakites, Safriens, &c., &c., these two Caliphates are the only ones now recognized in the Mohammedan world.

The Sultan of Turkey claims to be the head of the Church as the successor of the Caliphs of Damascus and Bagdad, and as these latter never recognized the Caliphs of Spain and the Maghreb as equals, he claims to be the sole ruler of all Mohammedans. Just as little as Protestants, Greeks, and other denominations are considered orthodox Christians by Rome, are the Islam-professing sects, Schiites, Alides, and Choms considered orthodox Mohammedans.

The Sultan of Morocco, as successor of the Caliphs of Cordova, does not in any way recognize the superiority of the Sultan of Turkey. On the contrary the present Moroccian Dynasty, the so-called second dynasty of the Schürfa, proclaim solemnly they alone are the lawful sovereigns of the faithful, because they are descendants of Mohammed. They consider the Sultans of Morocco as usurpers, who have not even Arab blood, to say

nothing of that "of our gracious Lord Mohammed," in their veins.

There are four orthodox sects of Islam, the Hanbalites, Schaffeites, Hanefites and Malekites; the Moors follow the system of Malek. When it was discovered in the early days of Islam that the Koran and the Sunna (or Traditions of Mohammed), were not sufficient to constitute a perfect system of theology and jurisprudence, four learned men composed a series of treatises on religious doctrines and ceremonies. Thus four different systems were produced, differing from one another in details, but all recognized as orthodox. The Malekitish system, so called from Malek ben Anas, who was born in Medina in 712 and died there in 795, supplanted in North Africa the Hanefetish system about the end of the eighth century. The best commentator of the writings of Malek is Chalil ben Ischek ben Jacob, who died in 1422. The writings of Buchari are also highly esteemed in Morocco; he analyzed the traditions of Mohammed 200 years after the death of the Prophet, and affirmed that 7275 were true, 2000 doubtful, and 2000 spurious. The Malekites merely differ from the Hanefites and others in their method of ablution, in their postures at prayer.

The Empire or Sultanate of Morocco was founded after the fall of Granada, January 2nd, 1492, when

Ferdinand planted the banner of Castile on the Alhambra. The Caliphate of the West was now at an end; that title was assumed by the Sultan of Morocco. That country had not the same boundaries as at present, but expanded or contracted according to the power of the king. Sometimes it spread over the desert to Senegambia and Timbuctoo; sometimes there were three sultans in Morocco: at Morocco (the city), Fez, and Tafilet. But never, I repeat, have the Turks conquered a single province of Morocco.

As a general rule the Moors are as ignorant as they are bigoted; their Faki and Tholba, doctors and scribes, are less learned than in other Moslem lands. They esteem it an essential part of their religion to have the word God always on their lips. Unlike the Jews, to whom the word Jehovah was sacred, and only to be spoken by the priests in the temple (Eloah or Adonai, i.e. Lord, being used in its stead), the Moslem religion justifies the frequent use of the word Allah. When religious communities assemble, they will often cry out Allah for hours without cessation, swaying their bodies to and fro. At such a meeting of the Mulei Thaib in Rhadames, where I was staying at the time, I was informed that in one evening they had cried "Allah!" 70,000 times. In Morocco, not only the most absurd and trifling actions, but also those that

are actually sinful, are always performed to the phrase "Bi ism' Allah." "In the name of God." He says it when he gets up in the morning—when he puts on his clothes—when he goes out into the street—when he cudgels his pupils—when he gives his wife a box on the ears—when he accepts an alms—when he assassinates his enemy—when he goes into the mosque—when he swears a false oath—when he is dropping off to sleep—and when he is giving up the ghost.

The doctrine of predestination is a chief part of the system of religion of Morocco. "It was written," is the Moroccian's answer to the why and wherefore of anything.

The Angels have forms that are beautiful and pure; they neither eat nor drink, are sexless, and act as the servants of God. Thus begins the 35th Sura of the Koran: "Praise be to God the Creator of heaven and earth, who has made the angels for His messengers, and has given them two and three and four pair of wings." Chief among them is Gabriel, sometimes called "The Spirit of God;" then Michael, the angel of the sacrifice; Azariel, the angel of death; Israful, the angel of the Resurrection. The Moslems also believe in demons or spirits Djenun (plural of Djin), who are made of a gross substance, and will be judged on the last day.

"God damn the devil!" is a frequent objurgation of the Moors, as, for instance, when they stumble or fall, stain their clothes, cut their fingers, break some article of earthenware, or when they hear the braying of an ass. The devil is called Iblis or Scheitan, and is supposed to be a rebellious angel who refused to worship Adam when he was first created by God.

When a Moor dies he is examined in theology by two angels, called Munkir and Nakir, in the grave; and if it appears that he is an orthodox Moslem, all is well; if not, he is beaten with iron clubs on his temples, and bitten by venomous beasts. The souls of martyrs repose in the necks of green birds in Paradise till the Judgment Day; while the other souls of believers, being tenderly extricated from their bodies by Gabriel, hover around their graves. The souls of the damned have no place either in heaven or in earth.

The Judgment Day will be heralded by signs. Jesus Christ will again appear upon the earth, trumpets will sound, the sun will be obscured, the stars will fall upon the earth, and chaos will prevail. At the second blast on the trumpet, everything having life will perish from the earth. It will then rain for forty years, after which the last trumpet will sound, and the dead will arise.

Their deeds will then be weighed by the angels Gabriel and Munkir, in scales so large that heaven and earth will scarcely be able to contain them. A Moslem who has done evil to another must pay him then in good deeds, and if he has no good deeds, must take some of the sins which the other has committed. Although from several passages in the Koran it would appear that damnation is eternal, yet others believed that for the orthodox sinners a temporary punishment is appointed, and that their skins will be roasted black as a coal for 1000 years.

At the resurrection, the righteous will be clad in white linen, the wicked without any clothes. Those who have amassed wealth dishonestly will appear as swine; and those who have taken interest, with their head where their feet ought to be, and *vice versâ*. For this reason those who lend money do not take interest, but demand instead double or treble the amount of the loan. For instance, when I was on the shores of Lake Tchad, I obtained 200 Maria Theresa dollars from Mohammed Sfaxi, on the condition that he was paid 400 in return; no date for repayment was stipulated, but the bill was payable at sight, and would, he knew, reach Tripoli in nine months' time; he therefore had good interest for his money.

The Day of Judgment will last 1000 years (save thirty), or according to another text (save seventy) 50,000 years. God himself will sit in the judgment-seat: Adam, Noah, Abraham, and Jesus, will act as intercessors for the souls of men. Angels, genii, and animals, will also be called to account.

The ordeal of judgment is the bridge of Sirat, fine as a hair and sharp as a sword: the righteous pass over swift as lightning, the wicked fall into the pit below.

A wall divides paradise from hell, and it is a kind of neutral ground, serving as a residence for those who have done much good and much evil, or else who have done little good and little evil. Paradise itself abounds with purling streams of milk and honey, with black-eyed houris formed of musk, with wine which does not inebriate, and with slaves, of which true believers will have 80,000 a piece. The Moors have a special doctrine of their own that they will be also regaled with a kind of haschish which will never do them any harm; and that instead of black-eyed houris, they will be blessed with the companionship of *blue-eyed golden-haired English girls*, whom the Moors esteem the most beautiful of women.

Hell has seven stories; on the uppermost are those orthodox but sinful Mohammedans, who, at the intercession of the Prophet will be released

after a thousand years; the next underneath is for the Christians; those which follow, for the Sabians, the Magi, and for Pagans in general. Last of all is the dwelling of the hypocrites, that is, those who have professed Islam without really believing in its doctrines.

According to the Koran, there have been many revelations since the creation of the world, and many prophets have been sent upon the earth, the chief of whom were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Jesus. The Moors believed that 104 holy books had been composed, viz.: the ten books of Adam, the fifty books of Seth, the thirty books of Enoch or Edris, the ten books of Abraham, the book of Moses, the book of David, the book of Jesus, and the book of Mohammed. All but the four last have been lost, and the others have been falsified by the Christians and the Jews, except the Koran. That book has never been translated by a Moslem into another language; a Berber translation, that was commenced by a Moor, was suppressed by the Arab scribes.

Mohammed gave Jesus the first place among the prophets, and believed that He was of supernatural, but not of divine birth. He believed also that the Jews did not crucify Jesus, but that He was taken up alive into heaven, and some one substituted in His place.

All prayers must be preceded by various kinds of ablutions, which are called the great washing, *el odho el kebir;* the little washing, *el odho el sserhir;* the washing with sand, *el timum;* the semblance of washing, *el chofin.* In the first, the body is washed all over; in the second, only those parts of the body which can be washed without taking off the clothes. *El timum* is used when no water can be had; and *el chofin* when there is no water, and when also the soil is unclean. In these religious ablutions, every part of the body must be washed according to routine, this part first, that part next; this part with the right hand, that part with the left, and if the least mistake is made the whole ablution is null and void: so with the prayers as well, if any mistake is made in posture or phrase. There are five prayers a day: the prayer of morning, *essebah;* of noon, *eldhohor;* of afternoon, *elassar;* of evening, *el maghreb;* and of night, *elascha.* These prayers are offered up in public, in the streets, the gardens, and the fields, in Pharisee style, with nasal and sonorous tones, upturned eyes and devotional pose; and yet only a few among them understand the words that they utter with their lips, for the Arabic of the Koran differs as much from modern Arabic, and especially from the dialect of the Magrheb, as Latin from Italian. It is the chief

thing with the Moors to be seen when they pray, and they pray in a loud voice, so that, if people do not happen to see them, at all events they may be heard. As it is not necessary to pray exactly at the hour appointed if the deficit is afterwards made up, prayers are going on all the day in the mosque, the market-place, and the street. If you visit a Moor it is almost certain he will ask you to excuse him for a moment till he has finished a prayer. There are also Zealots who offer up extra prayers, for instance, the *Fedjer*, or prayer before the prayer of the morning; the prayer of *Dhaha*, between morning and noon; and so forth. In the towns the hours of prayer are signalized by a white flag flying from the towers of the mosque (on Fridays a blue flag is hoisted) and also by the voices of the criers who turn to the east, then to the south, the west, and the north, and then to the east again, and chant, "God is the greatest! God is the greatest! I testify there is only one God, I testify there is only one God; Mohammed is His messenger, Mohammed is His messenger; come to prayer, come to prayer; come into the temple, come into the temple; God is the greatest, God is the greatest, there is only one God." Before the prayer of the morning these words also are added, "Prayer is better than sleep, prayer is better than sleep."

Prayer is divided into invocation, various Rikats, and salutations, and the following is the Malekite routine :—

Invocation.—Body upright, hand raised to a level with the ears, "God is the greatest."

First Rikat, and first position, body upright, hands to the sides, and the first chapter of the Koran is repeated. Next comes a verse of the Koran: "God is the only and eternal God, He begets not, and is not begotten, and no being is like unto Him." Second position, the body bowed down, the hands resting on the knees: "God is the greatest." Third position, body raised up: "God hears when He is praised." Fourth position, kneeling down, touches the ground with both hands, with the forehead and the nose: "God is the greatest." Fifth position, sitting posture with the knees touching the ground, the hands on the thighs: "God is the greatest." Sixth position, the ground touched several times with hands, forehead, and nose: "God is the greatest." Seventh position, standing upright: "God is the greatest."

Second Rikat. The first six positions are repeated, and after the sixth, the sitting posture and as follows: "For God in the night-watchings, and prayers and alms: peace and greeting to thee, O prophet of God: the compassion and blessing

of God rest upon thee. Salvation and peace be upon us, and on all the servants of God who are righteous and good. I testify there is only one God; I testify that Mohammed is His messenger and servant."

If the prayer has only two rikats, it is said in the same position, and the first finger of the right hand being moved in a circle: "And I testify that He it was who called Mohammed to himself, and I testify to the existence of heaven and hell, and of the Sirat (bridge), and of the Balance, and of the eternal joys which will be awarded to those who do not doubt, and whom the true God will awake from their graves; O my God, pour forth Thy blessing on Mohammed and on his descendants, as Thou pouredst forth Thy blessing on Abraham: bless Mohammed and his seed, as Thou hast blessed Abraham and his seed."

Greeting and end of ceremony,—in the sitting posture, the face turned first to the left, then to the right, the hands resting on the thighs, the fingers a little raised: "Peace be with you."

Fedjer and Esebah have two rikats; Dhohor and l'Asser, four; Maghreb, three; l'Ascha, four; l'Eschefa and l'Uter, three rikats. Very pious people who wish to be seen and heard often at prayers, and desire to get the reputation of saints, go through in addition five, six, or more rikats.

The Friday service is usually held an hour after mid-day. All those who attend wash themselves beforehand, and on entering the mosque offer up a prayer with two rikats, and then sit down. A Fakih with a long staff in his hand, mounts the mimbr, which is a kind of staircase, and reads a sermon in a nasal voice. When it is ended the staff is placed in a corner of the mosque. The doctors and scribes among the Moors do not wear a clerical costume. Every one who can read and write is called Thaleb, and every one who understands the Koran is called Fakih; those Thaleb and Fakih, who undertake the service of the mosque, would not be allowed to assume an appearance of spiritual superiority; for the Moors are democrats in religion, and each man believes in his heart that he himself is the chief favourite with God.

Besides the regular forms improvised prayers are sometimes offered up. When the blessing of Heaven is invoked, the hands are held out with the palms turned upwards as if to catch it as it falls. But for a man to turn his hands, and to confer that blessing upon others, would be considered sinful presumption by the Moors.

But prayer carries us only half way to God, fasting takes us to the doors of His palace, and alms obtain us admission within.

There are several fast days in Morocco which are only kept by the saints, but the month Ramadhan must be kept as a fast under penalty of death. When in the morning it is light enough for a blue thread to be distinguished from a white thread the fast begins, and lasts till sunset every day through the month. It is forbidden, to eat, drink, smoke, or take snuff, or have intercourse with women during the daytime. In Morocco it is even considered an infringement of the fast to smell a nosegay, listen to music, or gaze at a beautiful landscape. There are some saints called Elatkaf, who, even in the night-time, take only a little bread and water; but for people in general the nights of the month Ramadhan are festal in their character—opium, haschish, tobacco, and even spirituous drinks are indulged in to the full; the coffee-houses are filled with guests, and banquets are held, sometimes, though not often, marriages are solemnized. However, the first days of the Ramadhan are exceedingly difficult to bear; ill-temper everywhere prevails; quarrels, assaults, law-suits, and divorces are frequent. If any one breaks the Ramadhan by accident—if, for instance, a man falls into a river, and so swallows some water, he must fast an extra day. Pregnant and suckling women, children under thirteen, old people, invalids, madmen, and travellers are exempt;

but those who are sick and those who are on a journey during Ramadhan must fast for a month as soon as they can. The commencement and end of the fast were formerly announced by the blowing of a horn, but now, in the towns of Morocco, a cannon is usually fired.

In the second chapter of the Koran are several passages in relation to the giving of alms:—"O ye faithful, give alms of that which ye gain, and of that which yielded from the bosom of the earth; but choose not . . . . ." And again: "To give alms in public is good, but to give them in secret is better; that will deliver you from evil. God knows what you do. The blessings you bestow upon the poor will be paid back to you again." These texts, and many others of the same kind (there is scarcely a chapter in the Koran without them), show how highly Mohammed esteemed the virtue of charity. It is the rule in Morocco for all men to give the tenth part of their goods to the poor. These tithes, however, are collected by the Sultan, and do not reach their destination. Such alms are called *el-aschor*. Another kind of alms is called *sakat*. At sunrise, on the day of the feast *aid el sserir*, every one gives to the poor, according to his means, presents of barley wheat, dates, &c. *Ssadakat* are alms given to beggars who call upon the passers-by in the

name of some saint, or go from house to house.

The pilgrimage to Mecca is not an indispensable duty and is seldom performed by the Moors. Those who do so obtain the title of Hadj (pilgrim) and are highly honoured. The pilgrimage can be made by proxy, the substitute being paid a sum of money for the purpose. The Sultan of Morocco travels in that manner. If a rich man dies without having been to Mecca his relations pay a man to go there on his behalf. Sometimes a Kaid or Bascha seizes the greater part of the wealth of a deceased person under pretence of paying the expenses of the pilgrimage by proxy. The great Morocco pilgrim caravans have now ceased to exist. Most of the Moors go to Djedda by steam.

On Fridays, the Sunday of the Moslems, no one shuts up his shop or leaves off his daily work except to go to the service in the mosque, which is compulsory, and the neglect of which is punished with fines. The feasts celebrated in Morocco are, first, the *Mulud*, on the birthday of Mohammed, in the month Rebi-el-ual. It lasts seven days, and on the first day only there is service in the mosque. The amusements are chiefly music and the firing of guns, the *dolce far niente*, and better dinners than usual.

The little fast, *aid el sserir*, ends the Ramadhan.

As I have already mentioned, alms are given at this season and a public prayer is offered up in the open air. For that purpose every Moorish town has outside its precincts a large walled yard with a stone pulpit in its midst. If Ali Bey may be believed, he saw 250,000 men thus worship together in the reign of the Sultan Sliman. I witnessed, at Uesan, a similar prayer-meeting. The great Sherif presided, and about 20,000 people were present. After the sermon and the prayer they had a horse-race and firing of muskets. This feast also lasts seven days.

On the 10th Dulhaja is the great feast or *aid el kebir*, in memory of Abraham's sacrifice. After service in the mosque all go home, and all who can afford it kill a sheep. In rich families each member of the family kills one on his own account. The surplus is given to the poor, and on that day there is no one in Morocco who goes without tasting animal food. The Sherif at Uesan killed five hundred sheep for himself, and therefore I can quite believe that Höst did not exaggerate when he said that 40,000 sheep are killed on that day in Fez. The two following days are spent in revelling, and there are few people who do not suffer from indigestion or other complaints when the feast is concluded.

A semi-religious serio-secular feast is the *aid el*

tholba, or the Feast of Scribes, which is held at the time of the vernal equinox; all the Tholba and Fakih, all the scribes and doctors of the law go outside the camp and encamp under tents for a week. They are supposed to occupy themselves with Koran reading and prayer, but in the holy city of Uesan (perhaps because it was a holy city) nothing of the kind could be seen. Pious women brought them out presents of money, tea, sugar, sweetmeats, dainty dishes, and all kinds of provision: the learned men employed themselves in acting; and it was even whispered that wine and spirits are not absent from the feast. But if the simple people who come down to the camp from the mountains with their alms, saw a learned doctor reeling to and fro, or lying prostrate on the ground, they supposed him to be possessed by the Spirit, or wearied out by nocturnal prayers.

There are many religious orders in Morocco, and there are few men in that country who do not belong to one of them. They have private laws of their own, special fasts and praying seasons, and abstain from certain kinds of food. In these communities the members are married: in Morocco celibacy is considered unbecoming. I heard, however, of one celibate community composed of a few members only, all of whom were learned men, and who called themselves *Fokra el Mulei Abd*

Allah el Scherif. Leo Africanus also mentions the Romiti or Marabouts, who by the rules of their order were not permitted to marry, but who, according to his description, led happy and virtuous lives.

In the whole North-West of Africa the most important religious order is that of the Muley Thaib, of Uesan, next comes that of the Sidi Hammed ben Nassur in the Draa oasis; that of the Sidi Abd-es-Ssalam-ben-Mschisch with its capital Saurya in Djebel Habib, south-east of Tangiers; that of Sidi Mussa at Karsas; and others might be mentioned. The outward marks by which they are distinguished consist in the adornment of their rosaries; one order append to their rosaries a brass ring; in another a large amber bead, &c. The Moslem rosary consists of a hundred beads, and the devout as they pass one through their fingers usually say, "God is great," or "God is compassionate," and so forth.

One of the most powerful orders is that of the Jesuits or Brothers of the Order of Jesus (Aissauin). They have neither an appointed president, nor any regulations, nor any Sauya (religious centre). They recognize the Prophet Jesus as their spiritual chief, and claim to be able to work miracles in His name, quoting that passage of the Koran in which Mohammed says that "he had not

the gift of working miracles, but God had bestowed it upon Jesus." These Aissauin are not only numerous in Morocco, but are found throughout the Moslem world. They profess to take up scorpions in their hands, to let venomous serpents crawl over their bodies, to swallow snakes, nails, pounded glass, sharp-pointed stones, and hot coals, calling all the time upon God and Jesus. They also beat themselves to the blood, and with perfect impunity commit the most bestial sins, examples of which I have witnessed myself, but must be excused from describing. On this head particulars will be found in Leo Africanus, Lempriere's "Journey in Morocco," and in most books written on that country.

The worship of saints is common in Morocco, and all the descendants of saints are considered holy men. The Sultan is Pope in Morocco.

In Morocco circumcision is not considered essential to Islam, and in fact it is not enjoined in the Koran. There are several Berber tribes among whom this rite has never been introduced.

CHAPTER V.

DISEASES OF MOROCCO.

In Morocco every disease is thought to be a judgment, and the best medicines are amulets and prayers. Nothing is known of those great physicians who once lived in Morocco and Spain; it is doubtful whether their works are preserved in the libraries of Uesan and Fez. No Moorish doctor knows that Abu-el-Kassem-Çalif-ben-Abbes (Albucasis) who invented lithotomy,[1] was a countryman of theirs. Avenzoar, who ventured against the prejudices of his countrymen to unite medicine and surgery, and who first had the idea of bronchotomy, is unknown in Morocco. Nor have the Moors ever heard of the great Averroes, who in the reign of the Sultan Almansor was invited to Morocco, where he died. No tombstone or memorial of these celebrated persons exists in the land.

[1] Portal, Histoire de l'Anatomie et de la Chirurgie.

The modern doctors in Morocco fully deserve the degraded position which they occupy, for they are only respected when they happen to be also doctors in theology. If they happen to be also Sherifs they enjoy a great reputation, patients coming to them and begging for prayers, blessings, amulets, or written charms, as medicine for their complaints. As for my own reputation in Morocco I obtained it, not because I had studied medicine, nor because I was surgeon in the army of the Sultan, but because I had formerly been a Christian. The Moors believed that Jesus was a great physician, and that all Christians possess wondrous remedies, the knowledge of which He communicated to His disciples. So in difficult cases they often came to me, saying, "The son of Jesus will be able to help us."

There are no regular apothecaries' shops. The physician prepares his medicines for himself, and gives them to his patients. If the doctor is not known, and if the invalid is a man of importance, the former must taste the medicine he administers, and is sometimes obliged to drink up half of it. This happened to me once when I gave a dose of salts to Ben Thalab, the Bascha of Fez.

I shall now mention the common maladies of Morocco, and first syphilis, which is the commonest of all, for there is scarcely a family north of

Morocco which is not tainted by this disease. The Moors call it "the great sickness,"[2] mrd-el-kebir; or "the woman's sickness," nord-el-nssauïn. Leo Africanus asserts that in his time the tenth part of the people in Berber-land were swept off by this disease, which he says was introduced by the Jews whom Ferdinand drove out of Spain, before which time it was not known in Morocco even by name. It was at first called "the Spanish sickness," but is not known now by that name. In many families it has become hereditary. A man may often be heard to say, "My parents were quite healthy, yet I have inherited the mrd-el-kebir;" but, on inquiries being made, it is found in such cases that his grandparents had the disease.

The best remedies which the Moors make use of are the hot sulphur-springs of Ain-Sidi-Yussuf, probably those which the Romans called *Aqua Dacica*. I was not able to visit them myself, and therefore cannot give any account of their constituents or temperature; but sulphur is certainly the chief element, and the water almost at boiling heat, the bathing places being at some little dis-

[2] They call it "the great disease," and it has now spread itself into so many varieties, that I am persuaded there is scarcely a Moor in Barbary who has not more or less of the virus in his blood.

tance from the springs. The women bathe apart from the men.

Some people will take these hot baths for a year, squatting every day for some hours in the water. Three months is the shortest time. The Moors do not drink the water, and no special diet is observed. The baths are always much frequented, the patients camping round about, and a weekly market being held. I have known some remarkable cures made by this method of treatment, but it is by no means a specific. The Moors naturally suppose that the waters cure, not because they contain sulphur, but because they are holy and blessed by Sidi-Yussuf of pious memory.

Mercury is seldom used by the Moors, and only in the towns. In the seaports they buy this drug in the European shops; but in the inland towns it is sold by Jews, who know how to prepare mercurial cincrum. It is also sometimes applied by inhalation, the quicksilver being heated in a pan. On the whole, the application of this drug does more harm than good in Morocco. Sarsaparilla is also in vogue, but few of the Moors can afford a regular course of foreign medicine, and rely chiefly on change of air, change of diet, and sweatings, which are sometimes beneficial. Jackson relates that when he was in Agadir the Bascha cured his negro soldiers of the sickness by making them

carry heavy loads up hill, which induced copious perspiration. It is needless to say that amulets and charms are also abundantly employed. Little scraps of paper, with Koran verses written upon them, are sewed into the clothing, or into little leathern cases. Such written scraps of paper are washed off into water and the ink is drunk, or sometimes the paper itself is rolled up and swallowed like a pill.

I treated cases of constitutional syphilis by means of mercury and jodkali with remarkable success, administering the mercury in the form of ointment and the jodkali as a draught, beginning with 0·5 up to a dose of three or four grains; but afterwards, my drugs being exhausted, I could only prescribe amulets.

Intermittent fevers prevail in the lowlands along the banks of rivers, and in marshy plains at all times of the year. The sickly appearance of children and women in the Rharb provinces show clearly enough that this people are as much subject to ague as ourselves. It usually takes the tertian, but sometimes the quartan form, and those who have once been attacked seldom are able to get rid of the disease. Quinine is not known in Morocco, except at the seaports, and the popular remedy is a strong purge. Liver complaints and yellow jaundice are common, and

are treated with *Cuminum cyminum* (Linnæus). For diarrhœa and dysentery the medicines of Morocco are gum arabic, a decoction of the plant *Capparis spinosa*, and raw opium. Dyspepsia, rheumatism, and gout are treated with the application of hot iron: a favourite remedy of the Moors, in spite of the torture which it causes. In Fez are fire-doctors, who sit in the street which joins the Old Town to the New Town. Before them they have an iron pot, with a grate, on which a fire is burning. A little basket with charcoal is on one side, and a goat-skin bellows. A patient appears: he has perhaps slept out of doors in the rain, is ill in consequence, and supposes that he has been bewitched. He presents himself before the famous fire-doctor, Si-Edris, a man all the more famous because he is a Thaleb—that is, he can read—as a proof of which a thick folio lies beside him. The doctor does not read very well—no better, in fact, than a child of six, although he is sixty; but, on the other hand, it is not a book that is very difficult to read, for from beginning to end it is only one sentence over and over again, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His messenger."

In the meantime, he has worked the fire with his bellows to a glow, and made white-hot several iron rods about two feet long, and with wondrous

knobs and hooks at the end. The sick man lies down on his face and draws up his clothes from his back; the passers-by collect into a crowd; the doctor draws a red-hot iron from the fire, and saying, "In the name of God," passes it with great deliberation here and there over the back and loins, so that it makes a hissing noise, and a smell of burnt flesh ascends into the air. The patient does not utter a cry: he grinds his teeth together, and only the drops of sweat upon his forehead betray the pain he undergoes.

The operation being over, he lies for some time upon the ground, as if in a fainting state; the spectators pass their beads through their fingers and praise God and Mohammed. Presently the man turns his head and says, "Si-Edris, Si-Edris!" "What do you want?" "Another fire." "Then give me my due," replies the doctor. The patient produces a mosona (about the fourth part of a groschen) from a fold of his clothes, and the operation is renewed. Si-Edris is always paid in advance, and will never permit any disputing as to his fee.

The great reputation which the hot-iron medicine enjoys is partly owing to the fact that, in some cases, it is certainly attended with good results.

I created quite a revolution in the Faculty at

Fez, when I announced that I possessed a new remedy, called *the cold fire, en-nar-bird*, this being lunar caustic, and it had a splendid success; so much so that my colleagues began to meditate mischief against me, so that I thought it best to announce that my stock of cold fire was exhausted. At another time I made a similar success with blistering fluids. The Moors like a tangible result, and if a patient suffers plenty of pain from such remedies he is quite contented, whether he is cured or not. They themselves make a preparation of cantharides with honey and haschish into a paste, to serve as an aphrodisiac, and it is needless to say that such sweetmeats (called madjun) are exceedingly injurious.

Diseases of the lungs are scarcely known in Morocco, and are treated only with amulets, i. e. they are left to nature. Dropsy is a common complaint, partly owing to suppressed perspiration, partly to the immoderate use of hot baths in the towns. The Moors believe that this disease is sometimes caused by drinking water; for instance, the water of Tangiers is said to have that effect. Purges are administered, but diuretics are not in use.

The plague was at one time a frequent visitor, apparently introduced by the Mecca pilgrims, but of late it has not appeared. The last epidemic of

that kind was in 1799, and, according to Jackson's statement, 65,000 people died in Fez alone. On such occasions, the haughty Moslems condescend to beg the Jewish Rabbi to offer up public prayers; Jews and Moslems walk together through the streets, calling upon God to spare their lives.

Typhus-fever is rare, and confined to certain spots. The Moors drink large quantities of olive oil when they are attacked with this disease, or, if they have no oil, liquid butter without salt.

Hydrophobia is unknown in Morocco. It seems that dogs which are fed on raw meat do not go mad.

The cholera ravaged the country in 1860. The Moors have no name for this disease, which they regard as a kind of plague. They do not give any medicines, but content themselves with saying, when any one is attacked, "God is great!" or, "It is written!"

Madness is not a common disease in Morocco, which only contains one lunatic asylum. Those who are slightly affected are allowed to go free, and are regarded as saints. Maniacs who become dangerous are simply imprisoned.

The pock-marked features of the Moors sufficiently show that the small-pox is common in the land. The Moors are acquainted with the art of vaccination, which they say they derived from

their Arab forefathers. The operation is as follows:—an incision is made between the fingers of the right hand only (the left being considered unclean); the lymph is taken directly from the cow, and well rubbed in. The lymph is never taken from the human subject.

Leprosy, like the plague, was formerly more common in Morocco than it is at present. This disease, which the Moors call *Djidam*, is scarcely ever to be met with in the northern parts of the country.

Elephantiasis occurs in Fez, Mequinez, and other northern towns; but whether this disease is to be regarded as a sequence of leprosy, I will not undertake to say. People afflicted with that complaint are not separated, and are allowed to marry with healthy persons; yet in such cases some of the children usually inherit the disease.

Lepers may only marry with lepers, and are forbidden to enter a village or town: no one may buy anything from them, and therefore they practise no handicraft or trade, but live upon alms. They are usually seen singly, or in families, near the roadside. They cry out from a distance to the passer-by, "Medjdum" (a leper), and put down a little plate, in which the charitable cast some money or provisions. There are some thriving families of lepers, who possess herds of cattle and

cultivate the ground, and near the town of Morocco is a village inhabited by lepers.

As regards the appearance of these unfortunate persons, some are marked with hideous white spots; others have lost their noses, eyes, or ears; others are afflicted with open sores, surrounded by swollen and thickened skin. The whole body is sometimes covered with boils. But there are lepers who do not differ in outward aspect from healthy men.

The Moors believe that the Argan oil (obtained from the tree Elaeodendron Argan, growing on the western slopes of the Atlas) causes this disease, or, at least, predisposes the system to receive it. The Europeans who live in Mogador and Asfi have never observed any such effects resulting from the use of the oil; and in the provinces Abda and Schiadma, where the oil tree abundantly grows, leprosy is never to be seen. On the other hand, in Haha, another district of the Argan, lepers are more numerous than they are anywhere else; and, strange to say, they take a decoction of the leaves of the tree to alleviate their pains, and place pounded leaves on their sores. A paste of henna leaves, mixed with earth, is also used for the same purpose.

Scabies is frequent, but not so frequent as one would suppose from the dirty habits of this people.

The medicine they use is black soap (made in Morocco), mixed with sand in equal quantities, and well rubbed in. This certainly cures the patient, as I have often had occasion to observe.

That offensive disease, the ringworm, attacks all boys with rare exceptions, and dies out of itself when they are about twenty years old. It is probable that the repeated shaving of the head with a blunt knife causes this complaint, by irritation of the skin. In girls it is seldom to be met with, but in boys it is so common that no one shuns the company of those who suffer from it. After the twentieth year few men have occasion to shave their heads, as this disease has by this time rendered them bald.

The Moors employ as ordinary vermifuges a decoction of *Thymus hyrtus* and *Rosmarinus offic.*, with other odoriferous plants, or sometimes a decoction from the roots of *Genista Saharae.* The *taenia solium* is expelled as follows, according to the statements of my Morocco colleagues:—the patient takes a table-spoonful of dry pounded haschish, which sends the worm to sleep, and it is then ejected by a purgative composed of aloes, sulphur, and senna leaves, which grow wild in the southerly parts of Morocco. The guinea-worm is rarely to be met

with, and only in negroes, who have brought it from Soudan.

Conditions of climate and the filth of the people render disease of the eye exceedingly frequent in Morocco. The farther one travels to the south the more often such cases occur, till at last, in the oasis of the Sahara, it is quite the exception to meet with a man who has two sound eyes. Diseases of the cornea are most common, and are called by the Moors *Bu Tillis*, "the father of the veil." This disease is sometimes arrested in its incipient stages by the application of fire to the temples, the neck, or behind the ears. Lemon juice and water are sometimes dropped into the eyes; but blindness usually ensues when the eyes are once seriously attacked.

Antimony (kohöl) is also employed as a medicine for the eyes. As a beauty-powder it is used not only by the ladies of Morocco and all the countries of North Africa, but also by ladies in Europe as well. It certainly serves to preserve the sight, as is proved by the fact that ophthalmia is more common among men than among women in Morocco. Another remedy is pepper blown into the eyes. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Moors have no idea of inward applications for external complaints, and when on several occasions I administered calomel or cathartics in cases

of ophthalmia I was earnestly begged to desist, and was assured that "they were ill in the eyes, and not in the stomach."

Cataract is not rare in a country where almost every one suffers from some disease of the eyes, and strangely enough there are families in Morocco whose vocation it is to operate for this disease. They are settled chiefly on the Great Atlas, and the art is perpetuated from generation to generation, the son being the apprentice of his father. The two cataract operators with whom I became acquainted were both of Berber descent, and did not deign to cure any eye diseases of less importance than cataract. They made a good thing by their profession, and might really be regarded as good specialists had they been able to make an accurate diagnosis. But this they were not able to do, being frequently misled by other internal diseases of the eye; for instance, they often mistook gutta serena for gutta opaca. I never attended one of their operations, and therefore can only say that the instrument they make use of is like a needle in shape, and is introduced sideways. The lens is merely pierced, and is left in the eye to be reabsorbed. They are apparently not acquainted with the art of extracting or depressing the lens.

Thus it will be seen that surgery is far more

advanced than medicine among the Moors (and indeed in Europe itself); that is natural enough, for in surface diseases the *cause* is usually apparent, and therefore the cure is comparatively easy.

Wounds are common enough in a country where fighting is so frequent. They are dressed either with a paste made of *Lawsonia inermis* and *Malva parviflora*, or with fresh melted butter, flavoured with *Artemesia odorif.*, the perfume of which overpowers the offensive odour of the wound. Both these methods are successful. In some parts wounds are dressed with cow-dung, and the wandering tribes employ certain dried plants.

Injuries to bone, whether caused by shot or cold steel, are also treated in a very rational manner. If the bone is completely broken the parts are bound tightly together. They do not trouble to extract the splinters of bone, or the slugs, but apply the bandage without delay. It is made of leather, with small pieces of cane sewed in, and is plastered over with clay. It is not removed for twenty-eight days, and is in every respect an excellent contrivance, except that it does not permit the escape of pus, which sometimes causes evil results. Amputation is never practised, the Moors regarding it as sinful. Hands or feet which are cut off as a punishment for crime are

carefully buried, that they may not be missing at the resurrection day; the stumps are dipped in boiling butter or oil to stop the bleeding. They do not know how to treat dislocations, which often are attended with fatal results. Medicines are never given in cases of outward injury, but amulets and charms are extensively applied.

As regards midwifery I have little to say, for women only are allowed to be present at a birth. Only this much information I can give: in a small oasis of the desert my hostess brought forth a child in the night, and cooked my breakfast for me in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CITY OF UESAN.

THERE are books enough about Morocco, and in all geographies, old and new, a chapter is devoted to that country; yet, of all the North-African States, least is known of Morocco, and of all towns in Morocco least is known of Uesan.[1] Hemsö, Ali Bey, Richardson, and Renou merely allude to it in a cursory manner. Ali Bey places it in 24° 42′ 29″ N.L. and 7° 55′ 10″ longitude from Paris. Renou makes the longitude 7° 58′. This position we find in Petermann's excellent map of Morocco, printed in the Mittheilungen, 1865, and may be retained until fresh observations are made.

The town is situated about 900 feet above the level of the sea, and enjoys a delicious climate. It lies at the foot of the lofty double-peaked mountain Bu-Hellöl, which on the north

[1] Uesan is called Wazen by many geographers.

side is clothed from its foot to its summit partly with olives, and partly with juniper and evergreen oaks. It shields the town from the hot south wind, and serves as a dam to the rain-charged north and north-westerly winds.

It appears that Uesan was founded by Mulei Abd-Allah Scherif, a descendant of Mulei Edris, the celebrated founder of Fez. This Edris is regarded as the most direct descendant of the Prophet, and therefore his descendants in the male line, the Sherifs of Uesan or Edrisites, are esteemed more holy than those who descend from Mulei Ali, to which branch the reigning family belongs.

And now to return to myself. When I arrived in Uesan, my strange dress, half Christian, half Mohammedan, quickly drew round me an inquisitive crowd. My guide and I were hustled and called upon to explain what I wanted, where I came from, where I was going, with other delicate questions of the same nature. It is quite an error to suppose that Mohammedans are taciturn, grave, and devoid of curiosity. The patriarch, or "man of the great tent," may assume a reserved manner when conversing with a Christian, but never with his own people; and it must be remembered that I travelled as a Moslem.

When the popular curiosity had been satisfied,

and I had repeated several times "There is only one God, and Mohammed is His messenger," they informed me that the Sidi or Master was in his garden-house with the doctors and scribes.

It may well be imagined that I felt some emotion at the prospect of an interview with this man who was almost idolatrously worshipped by the Moors. They showed us his country-seat, which was about five minutes' walk distant from the town. I was astonished to see a house built half in the modern Italian, half in the Moorish style. A number of people were looking eagerly out of an upper window, and in their front I noticed a young man dressed in a French uniform with a telescope in his hand. We entered the garden through an arched gateway of stone, and went up to the front door, which opened on to a staircase very narrow and so low that a tall man could not have gone up without stooping. When we came to the head of the stairs several slaves dressed in uniforms ordered us to stop, but the Sherif called out to us, "Come on."

He was now seated on a carpet in the corner of the room. My guide prostrated himself, kissed the yellow slippers of the holy man, and then gave his report concerning myself. I thought it sufficient to take the proffered hand of the Sherif, and then raised my own hand to my brow and to my lips.

Sidi-el-Hadj-Abd-es-Ssalam-ben-el-Arbi-ben-Ali-ben-Hammed-ben-Mohammed-ben-Thaib, such being the title which he assumes, was at that time (1861) about thirty-one years of age; he was exceedingly tall, but also rather corpulent; his dark complexion and his thick lips denoting negro blood, his mother was a native of Haussa; a straight nose, fiery black eyes, and a rather long face. He was dressed in a French military tunic, with epaulets, wide Alexandrine red trousers, and on his head was a Tunis tarbush or red scull-cap with a golden tassel. He wore at his side a beautiful sword, which, as I afterwards ascertained had been given to him by General Prim. Round his waist was a gilded scarf, in which was stuck a Lefaucheux revolver also tied round his neck by a red silk cord. "Strange!" thought I, "Moslems are forbidden in the Koran to wear gold or silk; yet here they are worn by the descendant of the Prophet." The rest of the company consisted of relations of the Sherif, learned men, and a few strangers of distinction. But people were incessantly going out and in; the house was close to the road, and no man or woman went by without running upstairs, kissing the Sherif, and offering a mite. There came besides regular processions of pilgrims to visit the son of the Prophet; these were despatched to the

strangers' quarter, to be afterwards blessed by the Sherif. ··

He made a gesture, and a little negro slave named Zamba, who was dressed in uniform, brought a silver platter, on which was a silver tea-pot, a sugar bowl, a tea-canister, six tiny cups, and a glass which Sidi used for himself. These were set down before an old man who sat next to the Sherif, his name was Sidi el Hadj Abdallah, and he set to work as follows. First, he took a good handful of green tea from the canister, and cast it into the pot; another negro boy named Ssalem poured in a little hot water, just enough to cover the leaves; then several lumps of sugar were put into the pot, with a little mint and verbena, and it was filled up with hot water. When it had stood a little while Abdallah tasted it to see if it was sweet enough, and then the glass of the master was filled. The six cups were next filled and presented to the guests, and as about thirty people were present, besides a number of others who afterwards came in, as most of them drank three cups according to the custom, it may well be supposed that some time passed before every one was served, and that the pot was replenished several times.

In the meanwhile various topics were discussed. Sidi wished to be informed respecting European

politics, and I saw that he was annoyed when some of the aged scribes asked me how, when, and where I had been converted to Islam, and whether I was convinced that the Mohammedan religion was superior to the religion of the Christians and to that of the Jews. The Sherif, who knew that this cross-examination could not be agreeable to me, sprang up and beckoned me to follow him. All rose up, but when they saw that he called to me in particular, they sat down again, and I went out with the Sidi, who was attended by his two chief favourites, and by some servants who carried a carpet, a telescope, and double-barrelled guns into the garden.

The two favourites, Ibrahim and Ali, were Ssalami, i. e. Jewish renegades. Ibrahim was born in Fez, was a learned man, and had apostatized of his own free will; but Ali, a native of Uesan, being guilty of theft, had taken refuge in the Sauya, or sanctuary, and had adopted Islam in order to escape the law. Both wore the uniforms of French captains, with wide trowsers, and the red Fez cap or tarbush. Both were married, and lived in the house with Sidi; they seldom stirred from his side, and everything went through their hands.

When we were in the garden, Sidi showed me his European curiosities: a model of a steamship with paddle-wheels, another of a train upon a railway,

some rare flowers and plants from Europe and America watered by ingenious fountains.

"The Sultan and his grandees, and the doctors of the law," said Sidi, "will not hear of progress and improvement, and for that reason we were beaten by the Spaniards. If I only could do so, I would introduce all that the Christians have, or, at all events, a good legislature and a regular army."

I replied that whatever he wished, the Sultan would also wish.

"The Sultan and I," he replied, "are both dependent on the people, and they are already vexed with me because I wear a European dress, after the manner of the Turks."

He then led me through a flower-garden, where jasmine, verbenas, heliotropes, and violets scented the air, to a beautiful orange grove. "The Sultan made me a present of this garden," said the Sidi, "or rather, he gave it me back; for my grandfather Ali gave it to his father." We then passed through an olive orchard, and finally returned to the house, where the scribes and doctors were still seated in the room.

Slaves now came in with dishes on their heads; a small table was placed before Sidi; all the guests washed their hands in a brass basin, and dried them on a towel which had apparently once served as a shirt. They then formed themselves into

groups; Sidi ate out of a dish with five or six scribes, and I was invited to join the party, which was composed of Ali and Ibrahim and two cousins of Sidi. Every one ate quickly (except at Sidi's table), to be sure of getting his share. The dinner was a good one, consisting of roast meat and roast fowl, and by each dish were five or six pieces of bread, which were broken beforehand, in scriptural style.

Sidi, who had been in France, called out to me, "Mustapha (such was my name), have you ever eaten with your hand before?"

"God have pity!" cried a grey-haired Sherif. "Don't the Christian dogs eat with their hands?"

"No," replied the Grand Sherif; "when I went to Mecca in a French frigate, I ate with a fork."

"God be gracious to my father," replied the other; "our master Mohammed ate with his right hand: he was the beloved of God, and the blessing of God be on his descendants."

Sidi, wishing to cut short this religious discussion, called to a slave, handed him a juicy piece of meat which he had taken off the bone, and said, "Give that to Mustapha." This was equivalent to a promise of his friendship and protection.

After dinner, coffee was handed round; the *l'Asser* prayer was then offered up, and Sidi ordered his horse, a fine chestnut; Ali and Ibra-

him were equally well mounted. Crowds of people, old and young, men and women, came to the garden-door, and thronged round him, to touch his foot or the hem of his burnoose, or even his horse. Some of the scribes followed Sidi to the town on horses and mules, the rest went on foot, myself among the number; one of Sidi's servants took me by the hand, as if he looked upon me as belonging to his master, and thus we entered Uesan el Dar Demena (Uesan, the house of refuge).

A narrow street led us to the Sauya, or sanctuary quarter, in which Sidi resided, and which was separated from the rest of the town by walls and gates. For though Uesan is termed the city of refuge, it is this quarter which is really the Sauya or asylum. In this quarter I received as my lodging a pavilion in the flower-garden, just below the dwelling of the Sherif. This garden had been somewhat neglected, but in the time of Sidi-el-Hadj-el-Arbi, the father of the present Grand Sherif, it had been in a splendid condition; its orange and pomegranate trees ingeniously watered by streams brought down from the Bu Hellöl, while charming verandahs and cupolas, adorned with arabesques, and paved with the variegated tiles of Fez, had been erected in various parts of the grounds, so as to command views of the neighbouring country. In these the pilgrims

were received, in one such cupola perhaps a hundred pious people would be lodged. There they rested at their ease after their journey, which had perhaps lasted several months; there they reposed in the shady verandahs, and admired the beautiful buildings, and praised God that He had brought them safely to Uesan and the son of the Prophet, and to his hospitable board: for all pilgrims, even if there were a thousand of them, are fed twice a day from the kitchen of the Sherif.

Between the flower-garden and the mansion of the master is a large mosque, in which there is service on Fridays. Beyond the mosque and the house is an open square, where Sidi's horses are tied. There are two doors in the front of the house: one leads to the Sherif's apartments, the other to the kitchen and to a school, where Sidi's sons and some other boys received daily instruction.

Passing through the Sherif's door one comes to a court, shaded by two orange-trees, with a verandah and cupola beyond. In this court the Sherif receives, and on Fridays, after prayer in the mosque, a banquet is given, of which the whole congregation partakes. The house itself consists of several apartments, some of which are furnished in the European style. These rooms are never entered by any one except Ali and Ibrahim, a few

slaves, and the two little sons of Sidi. However, I was sometimes admitted to play upon an harmonium, which is in one of the apartments. The whole house, therefore, is a harem, but the women have their own apartments as well. At that time Sidi had three wives.[2]

A gateway leads from the Sauya into the actual town; and first a narrow street, lined with small shops, where cakes baked in oil, lumps of meat roasted on charcoal fires, fish, and flat pieces of bread are offered for sale. It is, in fact, the street of the cook-shops. Next comes the street of the oil-merchants, where the shops contain butter and black soap, preserved olives and *chlea*, i. e. meat stewed in butter. Gateways opening on to the street denote the *funduk* or Moorish hotel, and the numerous camels, donkeys, and mules, which may be seen in the courtyard, show that good business is being done.

The crowds of pilgrims who daily stream into Uesan attract numbers of traders. The pilgrims who are boarded and lodged for three days in the Sauya, sometimes remain longer in the town; they have various little matters to dispose of, and also some purchases to make. Everybody has to take home a *souvenir* of Uesan; the wife

[2] Married.

wants some bread, or a piece of cloth, the son a wooden writing-board, the grandfather a new rosary, and so forth.

Numerous small coffee-houses, with private rooms, where *Kif*[3] was smoked, were scattered over the town, and usually on the most agreeable sites, offering views of mountain scenery. Many of these establishments belonged to the Sherif, who let them out, or gave them to his favourites for a season. In some of them, spirits imported from Gibraltar and wine could be obtained, for Uesan, like other holy cities, is a place of debauchery and vice. I often saw Sherifs who were closely related to the Grand Sherif in a state of complete intoxication. The Grand Sherif himself was addicted to the bottle when his father was alive, and it would be impossible to say whether he ever indulges within his own private apartments; but in public he is abstinence itself, never smoking tobacco, nor taking snuff, nor haschish, nor opium; in short, living according to the precepts of the Koran. However, he allowed his favourites and myself to smoke when we were with him by ourselves.

As you go further into the town you reach the

[3] *Kif* means quiet, rest, and is the Moroccian name for *Cannabis indica*, which produces a feeling of calmness and quiet when smoked.

streets where cotton and woollen goods are retailed; and here may be seen the fine white woollen robes of Uesan, which are famous throughout Morocco. Then passing through the streets where perfumes, spices, and groceries are sold, you arrive at the great mosque of Mulei Abd-Allah Sherif.

It is one of the most famous in the empire. Here lies buried the founder of Uesan, the Holy Sanctuary. The father of the present Grand Sherif is also interred in this mosque. His body lies in a side chapel, in a costly sarcophagus, covered with a cloth. No descendant of the Prophet was ever so richly gifted as the Hadj-el-Arbi, for he could make barren women bring forth, though he himself had but one son who was born of a slave-girl—the present Sherif.

How great has ever been the power of these Sherifs of Uesan will appear from Ali Bey, vol. i. p. 269:—"I shall here speak," he says, "of the two most famous saints in the empire of Morocco. The first is Sidi Ali Ben-Hamet, who resides at Wazen (Uesan); and again at p. 270: "I have already remarked that this gift of sanctity is hereditary in certain families. The father of Sidi Ali was a great saint; so is Ali himself, and his eldest son will be one likewise."

Besides the main streets mentioned above,

there are various streets where handicrafts are carried on; for instance, the makers of yellow slippers for men, and of red shoes for women, saddlers, smiths, tailors, and turners. Moreover, there is a Jew's quarter (Mälha) or Ghetto, for there is no town in Morocco, and scarcely an oasis in the desert where Jews are not to be found. These people are more kindly treated in Uesân than in the other cities of the empire; yet even in Uesan they are compelled to wear a black cap instead of the red tarbush. Their burnoos must also be arranged in a peculiar manner. They can only wear black slippers, and these they must remove whenever they step outside the precincts of the Ghetto. Whenever they meet a Moslem they must step aside to the left. They must address him always as Sidi or "my lord." They are not allowed to ride on a horse, nor to enter even with bare feet the streets which lead to the mosque and to the tombs of the saints. It would take pages to relate to what annoyances and humiliations these Jews of Morocco are subjected.

Von Augustin says, p. 129: "In the markets the Jews are plundered in the most shameful manner, especially by the soldiers of the imperial guard. When a Jew, for instance, is offering some article for sale, one of these fellows will snatch it out of his hand, and go off with a laugh.

The Jew dare not run after him, lest his stall should be stripped in his absence; and he dare not resist, lest he should be beaten by the mob within an inch of his life, or taken before the Kadi on the charge of assaulting a true believer."

The population of Uesan may be estimated at 10,000, if the suburb-villages Rmel and Kascherin be included. Of these from 800 to 1000 are Jews. At certain seasons there are as many as 1000 pilgrims in the town.

The policy of the present[4] Sultan of Morocco, Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Abd-er-Rahman is to limit the power of the Sherif, and he has therefore appointed a Kadi to reside at Uesan, and also stationed some mounted policemen in that town. But they have no power, and are in fact themselves subject to the Grand Sherif.

The power of this ecclesiastic is best shown by the fact that no Sultan is recognized as the lawful ruler until he has been consecrated by the Grand Sherif. At the death of the late Sultan there were several pretenders to the throne, and Sidi Mohammed owed his success to the fact that his cause was adopted by the Sherif. The ceremony

[4] Whenever our author refers to "the present Sultan" he is speaking of the late Sultan, who died September, 1873. His successor is Mulai Hassan. (Translator.)

was as follows: the Sherif hastened to Mequinez, and when he met the Sultan dismounted and led his horse towards him. The Sultan mounted this horse and gave his own to the Sherif.

The Grand Sherif is not only a power because he is the lineal descendant of Mohammed, but because he is the richest man in the country. In every town, village, or cluster of tents in Morocco, there are agents of the Sherif, who collect Peter's pence once a year. In the province of Oran and in the Oasis Tuat all true believers subscribe. His power indeed extends to Rhadames in the east, and to Timbuctoo in the south. In Egypt and Arabia, at Alexandria and at Mecca are branch offices of the establishment at Uesan.

In order to foster the faith and pious generosity of the Moslems, numerous Sherifs, near relations of Sidi are sent throughout the Mohammedan world to spread abroad the fame of the holy city of Uesan. Sidi bitterly complained because the French had forbidden his envoys to include Algeria in their rounds, the reason being that they sometimes preached religious revolt against the unbelievers, and also took much money out of the country.

During my stay at Uesan I enjoyed the hospitality of the Grand Sherif, and was treated by him with kindness. I spent almost the whole day

with him, from an early hour in the morning, when we drank coffee together, till the evening, when he went into his private apartments. Sometimes I was present when pilgrims brought him gifts, and kneeling down before him earnestly implored his blessing. He would give it, and then often turn his back upon them, and say to me, "What fools these people are to bring me money!" But at other times he seemed to believe in his own spiritual power: nor indeed can that be considered strange, since he had been taught to believe from his childhood that the Arabs were the special favourites of God, that the Sherifs or descendants of the Prophet were specially favoured among the Arabs, and that he, the Grand Sherif, was the first favourite of all.

When at a later period I visited Uesan, I found that he had discarded his uniform, and wore the ordinary dress of a Sherif; when I asked the reason, he replied that he had found himself losing *prestige*, and had made this concession to the prejudices of the people, that they might pay in their money as freely as before. It is not in Uesan that progress can be hoped for. In Tangiers and Mogador steamships and hotels have done something to open the minds of the people; but Uesan remains, and will long remain as it was centuries ago. It is a town of the Dark Ages.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE SULTAN.

I DID not remain long in Uesan, though Sidi wished me to stay with him altogether; but when he found that I was resolved to go on, he placed in the kindest manner a mule at my disposal, and recommended me to the care of a merchant of Uesan, who was also bound for Fez. On the evening previous to my departure, it was arranged that I should sleep in this man's house, that I might not be late in the morning; the Hadj Hammed, as he was called, was a great lover of music, and had invited his friends to a soirée. Hadj Kassem, an old grey-bearded musician from L'xor, not less celebrated in Morocco as a performer on the lute than Liszt in Europe as a pianist, was present on that occasion, with one of his pupils, a negro named Ssalem, who was also famous for his skill with the violin. Such instruments as the harpsichord, harmonium, and piano, exist in

the apartments of Sidi and the Sultan, but are not known to the people at large. Indeed I doubt whether they understand our music at all: to them no doubt it is a "music of the future."

That evening I became acquainted with all the musical instruments in use among the Moors, namely, the violin, violoncello, and guitar introduced from Europe, and others of a wondrous kind manufactured in the land. The lute (*Alut*), a kind of guitar with four strings; the *Erbab*, a kind of fiddle; the *Kuitra*, a kind of violoncello; the *Gimbri*, a small two-stringed instrument, sometimes played with the fingers, sometimes tapped with a small piece of wood, shaped like a tuning hammer. The Moors also have the *Schebab*, a short flute; the *Rheita*, a small wind instrument with clarionet-like tones, and a large trumpet called *El-Bamut*. Drums, bells, &c., complete this savage orchestra. The *Rheita* is the only instrument which is agreeable to European ears, and the European instruments are played in the Moorish style. What is harmony for us, is discord for them, and *vice versâ*; but they are not without musical feeling and musical rules.

The evening went off very well: if I did not like the music for itself, at all events it was a novelty. There was plenty of singing besides, the chief object apparently being to sing in a shrill

falsetto, or in the most nasal manner possible.

The next morning I was mounted on a good mule. Morocco, like Spain, is celebrated for these animals, which are dearer than horses, except a few which are of famous race and pedigree. A fair average horse costs from six to eight pounds, a good strong mule is double that sum. But horses such as the Sultan and nobility possess cost forty or fifty pounds.

The journey from Uesan to Fez is usually a day and a half on horseback, but as the heat was severe, and the roads were bad, and Hadj Hammed had some little matters to look after, we were three days upon the way. Hammed made a good many purchases, and besides that, he got a pot of butter in one place, as a present, and some eggs in another, till the end of it was, our mules were so heavily laden, that we had to go on foot. An idea may be formed of the wealth of Sidi, when I state that the whole country from Uesan to Fez is his own private estate; yet I do not think he has much ready money, for he has to entertain hundreds of pilgrims.

The country through which we journeyed was of a hilly character, and fully cultivated. Fields of barley and wheat were interspersed with olive plantations, and gardens containing oranges,

pomegranates, apricots, peaches, quinces, almonds, figs, and vines. There are two important rivers in this district, the Ued Uerga, about half-way between Uesan and Fez, and the Sebu. These streams were so swollen that we had to cross over in a ferry-boat; these ferries also belong to Sidi.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the third day we arrived in Fez, the capital of Morocco. I was astonished at the aspect of the houses, roofs stretching far away in the distance, with the mosque minarets towering above them. We rode quickly through the long streets, and I was conducted to the mhalla or camp. I had letters of introduction from Sidi for a colonel of the army, Hadj Asus. He received me kindly, gave me lodging in his tent, and promised me that I would get my commission at once.

The next day there was a grand review before the Sultan, the whole regular army, about 4000 in number, marched past the Sultan, who was seated under a baldachino. As each regiment passed, the soldiers cried out, "May God bless the soul of our gracious king!" the officers presented arms, prostrated themselves and kissed the dust. I joined the regiment of Hadj Asus, and as I was dressed in a black overcoat which reached to my knees, my appearance attracted the Sultan's

attention; he sent for the colonel, who came back to me rejoicing. He had told the Sultan that I was a convert to Islam, that I had brought a letter from the Grand Sherif, and that I wanted to enter the service as military surgeon. The Sultan had replied, "*That is good.*" After parade I was called before the Minister of War, who sat under an umbrella-shaped tent. He was pleased with my answers to his questions, and promised to send me my commission next day, which he did. My appointed duty was to attend the soldiers who declared themselves to be ill, and to give them medicines, for which they would pay, as I had to provide them myself. My pay was three or four groschen a day, which seems little enough; but food was cheap in proportion, and I was allowed private practice as well. In fact I could do much as I pleased, and if I absented myself from the camp all the day, no one asked any questions. My lodging in the colonel's tent cost me nothing, and as for my meals, I dined first with one friend and then with another. In Morocco a bachelor need never starve.

After some days I was sent for by the Governor of Fez. He had heard of the arrival of a European doctor, and as he was suffering from chronic asthma he wished me to attend him, and invited me to reside in his house. I accepted with plea-

sure, and my Colonel, Hadj Asus, had no objection; he was happy to oblige so powerful a dignitary.

About this time Joachim Gatell arrived at Fez. He had taken the name of Smaël, was in the division of General Si-Mohammed-Chodja, and was soon afterwards made a captain of artillery. At a later time we became better acquainted than at present, for the Sultan had given orders for the march. It was the season when his Majesty left Fez for Mequinez. I could not stay at Fez, for all the troops, except those that belonged to the garrison, served as escort to the Sultan.

It is difficult to describe this extraordinary march. It was a very miscellaneous affair. The regular soldiers were accompanied by their wives and children and slaves. People ran in and out among them, selling bread, meat, fish, onions, cinnamon, pepper, and cloves, &c., on wooden trays with compartments—a perambulating grocer's shop. Then there was the Sultan surrounded by his nobles, and followed by a long train of heavily-laden camels and mules. Then the imperial harem, consisting of more than a hundred women and girls closely veiled, riding on mules, flanked by eunuchs on horses. These were the choicest beauties of the harem, the youngest, fairest, and fattest, most of them children from twelve to fifteen years of age. Lastly came the Maghaseni or

irregular cavalry (which serve as mounted police), about 10,000 in number. The march was without order; all went as fast or as slow as they pleased. When I arrived in Mequinez the whole road between the two towns was covered with horsemen and pedestrians. The first entered Mequinez before the last came out of Fez. There were about 40,000 in all, and they took two days on the road; and then the soldiers encamped outside the town, while the Sultan went to his palace.

Being able to live as I pleased I took a room at an inn, and hired a shop in the town in common with a Frenchman named Abdallah. Here I set up as surgeon and apothecary, my stock consisting of a large charcoal fire, with irons at a white heat, some pots containing ointments, emetics, and purges, and various innocuous highly coloured powders for cases of hypochondria and hysteria: and I had—what had never been seen in Morocco before—a mighty sign-board, on which Smaël had painted in large and beautiful letters—

"MUSTAFA THE GERMAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON."

In a country where the art of advertising is yet in its infancy, or rather is not yet born, this sign-board created a sensation. From morning till evening, young and old, men and women, noble-

men and beggars, stood before the shop and spelt out the long Arabic letters. The success was complete.

My comrade, Abdallah the Frenchman, had been an officer of Spahis in Algeria, but emigrated to Morocco, taking with him as a souvenir the cash-box of his company. The late Sultan had received him kindly. Abdallah became a man about town, and in a few years had emptied the cash-box of his company. He then married, and got his living by means of his skill as a mechanic. Although not a cultivated man, and a little too fond of boasting that he had once been a French officer, he was a harmless creature enough, which is more than one can say of most renegades. He had become perfectly Mahommedanized by means of his long residence in Morocco, and handled his rosary in the most approved style as well as any Thaleb or Faki in the land,

He sat on one side of the shop making or mending bellows (such was his peculiar vocation), whilst I quacksalvered on the other, for, to be perfectly candid, my medical practice in Morocco was more quackery than anything else.

Meanwhile the placard was talked of all over the town till its fame reached the ears of the prime minister, Si-Thaib-Bu-Aschrin. One evening some of his servants came and took me by the hand (they

scarcely gave me time to ask Abdallah to come as my interpreter); off we went and found Si-Thaib at supper with several other dignitaries of the Court. A band was playing in one corner of the room. Si-Thaib invited us to join the repast, but Abdallah declined for us both, and we withdrew into another room, where the servants brought us the dishes after they had left the ministerial table. I did not much like taking anything, as the hands of Moors, even the noblest, are not usually clean; but etiquette demanded that I should taste and praise, and so I did, whilst Abdallah explained that had we accepted the invitation we should have committed a *faux pas*.

We were presently called in to take tea, which was served in fine porcelain cups. The guest-chamber was elegantly furnished, lighted by brazen lamps of antique shape, and by candelabra, with wax candles in the niches; the ceiling was painted, the walls adorned with arabesques, and the floor covered with fine carpets, ottomans, and cushions.

Si-Thaib stretched out his foot and asked me what was his complaint. Abdallah had previously informed me that the premier suffered from gout, and my answer, therefore, was prepared. However, I carefully examined his foot, asked him several questions, and finally named his disease. He seemed much pleased that I had recognized it

by external symptoms and asked me whether I followed the hot or the cold treatment, and when I mentioned the former I saw that I had chosen the one he preferred. The Moors divided medicines into two classes: some have heating and others cooling qualities. Si-Thaib dismissed us in a gracious manner, and told me that I must treat him the next day for his gout. But that was not to be, for the next day some policemen came from the palace of the Sultan and told me to go with them. They scarcely gave me time to put on my slippers and burnoose, and when we arrived at the palace, an official informed me that Ben Thaleb, the Governor of Old Fez, had written to the Sultan to beg that I should be sent to him. The Sultan had consented, and I must go off at once. I naturally asked that I might be allowed to go home and pack up, but the only answer I received was this: "The Sultan said you must go off at once, and you will have to go off at once." A mule was already saddled, a policeman on horseback to serve as my guide, and so off I was sent like a portmanteau. The Sultan had ordered that I should be deposited in Fez that same evening, so we had to ride quickly, and before sunset we reached the capital. I found that I had bettered myself. An Algerian, named Si-Abd-Allah, who could speak tolerable French, acted as interpreter.

I was lodged in a good house; horses, mules, and servants were placed at my disposal; food and tea were sent me by the Bascha; and I had no other duty than that of conversing with him two hours a day. In this manner I passed several months at Fez, and became well acquainted with that town, as may be supposed.

CHAPTER VIII.

FEZ.

THE capital of Morocco has been but little visited by Europeans, and the accounts given of it by eye-witnesses are meagre. Leo's description is the most complete, and that of the Spanish General, Badia (Ali-Bey-el-Abassi), is also trustworthy, as being from his own observations. All other information about Fez rests on hearsay only.

Whether the place where Fez now stands was ever inhabited by the Romans it is difficult, from the little that has been done in the way of examination, to determine, but most probably it was. The situation is so fine and in every way so alluring for a town, that it is certain not to have been overlooked by the ancients. Moreover we find in the neighbourhood, places which are known to have been inhabited by the Romans. We recognize the town Volubilis in the present Serone, a town which in Leo's time was called

GUALILI or WALILI, and of which he says, that, besides the sepulchre of the elder Edris, it consisted of but two or three houses. At the present day Walili, or, as it is now called, Serone, is a small town of some four to five thousand inhabitants, and the sepulchre of Mulei Edris-el-Kebir, as the father of the founder of Fez is called, is still a celebrated place of pilgrimage. In the Aquæ Dacicæ we have another settlement of the Romans in the vicinity of Fez; if we could implicitly rely on the Itinerarium Antonini, we should not hesitate to call Fez the ancient Volubilis, as the distance given, 16 mill., corresponds exactly with that of the celebrated hot sulphur springs of Ain-Sidi-Yussuf,[1] from Fez to the north-west. The Aquæ Dacicæ, according to the Itinerarium Antonini, were situated 16 mill. to the north of Volubilis. The ancient Aquæ Dacicæ, now called Ain-Sidi-Yussuf, are still the most celebrated thermal springs in Morocco.

The present town of Fez was founded, according to Leo, in the 185th year of the Hedschra by Edris, a near kinsman of Harun-al-Raschid, and still more nearly related to Mohammed, Edris being a grandson of Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed. Edris' father was that Edris-ben-

[1] Ain = spring.

Abd-Allah, who came from Jmen and settled at Walili; his son, by a Goth slave, was not born till after his death. Renou gives the date of the founding of the town by Edris, as A.D. 793, which corresponds with the 177th year of the Mohammedan era. Marmol also accepts the A.D. 793 as the year of foundation, but erroneously makes this year correspond to the 185th of the Hedschra. Whilst Dapper gives the date of foundation as A.D. 801, others again make it A.D. 808. From these conflicting dates it will be seen that we cannot give with certainty the exact year, but must content ourselves with the knowledge that Fez was founded about the end of the eighth or beginning of the ninth century.

Equally conflicting are the opinions as regards the derivation of the name Fez. Leo considers it was so called, because at the first spade strokes the founders discovered gold and silver (Fodda or Fedda); others think the town derives its name from the river of the same name which runs through it; and others again get the name Fez from Fes, which in Arabic signifies a "hoe." We find just as little accordance in the manner of spelling the word; some writers give Fes, others Fas and Fez, and yet Fes is the only proper way of spelling it, if we use the Arabic method of writing and pronunciation.

According to Ali Bey, Fez lies on the 34° 6′ 3″ north latitude and 70° 18′ 30″ east longitude of Paris, and as up to the present time no other measurements exist, we must accept these.

The descriptions of the situation of Fez are very confusing; thus, Leo says, "The town consists almost entirely of hills and hillocks, only the middle part is level, and hills are on every side." Ali Bey says, "The town of Fes is situated on sides of different hills, which surround it on all sides except the north." The fact is, that Fez, considered as a whole, for the town consists of two completely separate parts, is surrounded by mountains on all sides excepting the south. In like manner, the names of the streams which flow through the town are given differently by different writers, and this is caused to some extent by the fact that the Arabs, in very many instances, have different names for one and the same river. Thus the little stream which rises about twelve miles to the south-west of Fez at first bears the name Ras-el-ma, but changes this as soon as it reaches the town into Ued Fez; this stream unites with a larger one, flowing from the south-east, between New and Old Fez, and the combined streams are then called the Ued Fez, later on to be called Ued Sebu. The larger river, which enters New Fez from the south-south-east, is also called Sebu, as

I was able to prove on my second journey into Morocco. Of other names for these streams, such as Renou's Oued-el-Kant'ra (Bridge river), or Graberg von Hemsö's Vad-el-Gieuhari and Vad-Mafrusin, or Marmol's Ouad-el-Djouhour (Pearl river), I can only say that I heard nothing whilst in Fez.

The town, therefore, presents itself to view as if placed on an axis lying north and south, though not quite so, being inclined a little from north-west to south-west, and consists of two parts—Fez-el-bali,[2] Old Fez; and Fez-el-djedid, New Fez. Both parts are, however, quite distinct and at some distance from each other, being connected by a street two kilometers long, thickly studded with houses, so that from an eminence it has the appearance of two distinct towns communicating by a narrowly-built street. Old Fez forms the northern part, and, excepting to the south, is enclosed by mountains, partly, namely on the eastern side, built upon their slopes. New Fez forms the southern part, and lies entirely in a plain. To the north of New Fez the Sebu unites with the little stream which comes from Ras-el-ma,[3] and flows through Old Fez, which is thus

[2] Fez-el-bali should properly be Fes-el-kedim; as the word "kedim" answers exactly to our "old," whilst "bali" has more the meaning of "worn-out."

[3] Ras-el-ma means nothing more than head of the water—viz. spring.

divided into two parts, of which the west side is the smaller, connected by six stone bridges. Both towns are enclosed in walls from thirty to forty feet in height, provided with four-cornered towers, placed about 500 paces apart. At the foundation the walls are from twelve to thirteen feet thick, narrowing gradually to three feet at the top, and have on the battlements a footway protected by a crenelated wall five feet high and one to two feet thick. The towers are built to hold cannon.

The wall of Old Fez, as well as the towers, is in an extremely dilapidated condition; that of New Fez is kept better, and in many places is a double one, namely on the south and south-west, where the exterior wall has, moreover, towers eighty feet in height.

The walls, as well as the towers, are formed of a moulded clay, which is stamped between boards, and, mixed with chalk and cement, attains a great degree of hardness. The corners, arches, and sides of the gates are formed of hewn stone, as the composition, though durable in the bulk, is easily broken at the corners and edges. Of this composition most of the large buildings are formed, though many are also made of baked bricks. Rounded tiles are used for roofing the mosques; the dwelling-houses do not require them, as all have flat roofs.

Though the town thus seems quite protected

against native enemies—for, though bad as is the condition of the walls, they would nevertheless afford protection against irregular attacks—opposed to an European Power Fez would be quite untenable. Even the two forts outside the town offer no protection against such an attack, commanded as they are by the neighbouring heights. One of these forts lies on an eminence to the south-east of the town, and forms a quadrangle, provided with four bastions, very well built on Vauban's system, probably by some European renegade. To the west of the town, on the nearest mount, is a lunette: this latter, only defended with palisades on the side towards the town, is built, like the before-mentioned quadrangle, of hewn stone, and both are provided with deep trenches. Whether these stones, which are large square blocks of sandstone, were hewn specially for these buildings, or were originally part of some old Roman works, I could not discover. If the latter conjecture is right, it would be another proof that the site of the present Fez was also the site of some Roman settlement—perhaps Volubilis. Neither of the forts had cannon in the year 1861–1862, and both were also without garrisons.

Fez is divided into eighteen quarters, of which two are in the new town and the remainder in the

old. Old Fez has seven gates, inclusive of the one leading to the new town; whilst New Fez has only three, of which one is directed towards Old Fez. Throughout its length the town is traversed by a street which is wide enough at any point for four or five people to walk abreast, and in many places more might do so. The lanes, however, which lead twisting in and out from this main street to the different quarters are extremely narrow, often so much so that two persons meeting have to squeeze past each other. There are numerous open spaces, but, with the exception of the large square in New Fez in front of the Sultan's palace, not a single one which would hold more than 500 people, even if closely packed together. Hence the town has an extremely gloomy appearance, which is in no way relieved by the fact that none of the houses have windows looking on to the street, and almost all consist of two or three stories.

Another great evil is that such a thing as pavement is unknown in Fez, so that in summer one is almost smothered in a horrible dust, and in winter one finds the greatest difficulty in getting through the deep mire. Against this, it is true, the inhabitants have invented an original sort of wooden shoe, with heels two to three inches long, and tips under the toes to correspond; but even

these are often of little use. In Tunis, where a like state of things prevails during the rainy season, these wooden shoes are also used, fastened under the ordinary shoes. That they have been in use a long time is proved by the fact that Leo makes mention of them.

The interior of the houses is often very prettily arranged, though of course one must not expect to find furniture as in use with us. The Moroccian neither desires nor will tolerate any improvement; as his forefathers have lived, so will he; and to introduce anything new is the greatest sin. Thus all arrangements are the same as they were hundreds of years ago. After passing through a crooked passage,[4] guarded usually with a strong door thickly studded with iron, into the interior of a dwelling, the first thing that presents itself is a courtyard, which in some dwellings is larger than in others, mostly quadrangular in form. In the houses of the poor as well as of the rich this space is always paved, sometimes with marble flags (from Spain or Portugal), but usually with sleadj. These are small gaily-coloured glazed flags; and as they are made in all sorts of shapes—stars, triangles, squares, &c.—the builder is able to

[4] A straight passage it must not be, as then, should by accident the door be left open, a stranger might chance to look into the courtyard.

form the prettiest patterns with them. These sleadj are very small, not being more than from one to two inches in length; they are made in Fez.

In the middle of the courtyard is a spring or running water of some kind, which is never absent even in the poorest dwelling. In the courtyards of the rich this spring or fount is often made to fall into a handsome marble basin procured from Europe. The distribution of the water in the town is effected by means of canals, that conduct it from the river a good distance above the town, which even in its most elevated parts is well supplied with pure water. In New Fez large water-wheels have been erected on a canal, which, like the irrigation-wheels in Italy, themselves driven round by water, furnish it to higher levels. Leo relates that these water-wheels were there a hundred years before his arrival in Fez, and were established by a Genoese.

Equally good are the arrangements for carrying away from the houses all refuse and impurities, these being conducted by means of small underground canals, supplied with running water, into the Ued Fes.[5]

[5] Leo mentions that there were more than 150 open sewers in Fez, all of which were kept clean by means of running water. Whether there are as many in Fez now, I cannot say; but as

The rooms of the houses—three or four of which, as a rule, open into the courtyard—are always very long, very high, but never more than six or seven feet in width. Large and high doors, invariably with horse-shoe-shaped arches, lead to the rooms. In summer and in fine weather they are kept open, but are closed in winter, and then one enters the room through a small postern-door, which forms part of every large one. On both sides of the door are often small four-cornered or ogivic (pointed arched) windows, strongly grated. Panes of glass have only lately been brought into use. As before mentioned, furniture, as in use with us, is nowhere to be seen. In the houses of the rich one sees carpets, wool mattresses, fine mats, and the walls of the room to a height of three to four feet are covered with handsome mats. Beds are also sometimes placed at the ends of the rooms on European bedsteads, but these are regarded merely as a luxury and ornament; no one would ever dream of sleeping in them.

The walls of the room are generally white-washed, though sometimes ornamented with

open sewers are to be found in all the towns of Morocco, as well as in the oases, it is most likely that Fez is also well provided with them. They are to be found not only in connexion with mosques, but also very often quite distinct from them.

arabesques near the ceiling, which often take the form of verses of the Koran.

The ceilings of the rooms are gaily painted, often azure with gold; they are frequently also covered with carved wood-work, or set off with small pieces of wood. Recesses in the walls in the shape of niches serve the purposes of cupboards; and amongst the well-to-do classes one often finds wooden cupboards very beautifully carved, or tastefully adorned with mother-of-pearl, ivory, or ebony.

Round the inside walls of the court is an archway, supported on stone pillars, which, whilst it affords protection from the perpendicular rays of the sun, serves also as the vestibule for the second story, which gives access to the rooms opening on to it, and if a third story exists the gallery is repeated in the same way. The upper rooms differ in no respect from the lower in their arrangement. Above all, on the flat roof, which is made of a stamped composition of clay, chalk, and cement, is often placed another room called mensa; here the women prefer to give their parties.

Steps are used for getting to the upper parts of the house; these are always made very narrow, and, if in the interior, very low. The landing-places, on the contrary, are often so high as to require a great exertion to get on to them.

The houses are sometimes strengthened with cross-beams, or archways, across the streets. This does not in any way add to the passability of the already sufficiently narrow lanes, and if one happens to come to a somewhat wider street, one is pretty certain to find that the people living in it have taken advantage of its width to add overhanging structures to their upper stories, so that the wider streets are often the darkest.

At night not only are the town gates closed, but also the gates which separate the different quarters from each other, and as the quarters usually communicate with each other by several streets, one may suppose how many gates have to be closed every evening. This is said to be done to ensure protection, principally against thieves, at any rate it cuts off all communication at night, and after the l'ascha (the last prayer), it is impossible to get from one street or quarter to another. On Fridays, during the chotba-prayer, the gates are also closed, and this custom prevails not only in Fez and in all the towns of Morocco, but also in the whole Rharb (Arabian geographers give the name of Rharb or the West, to all countries west of the Nile, and Schirz or the East, to all east of it), as I had later opportunities of observing at Rhadames, Tripolis, Benghasi, Tunis, and other towns. It is said that this locking of all the gates on Fridays

takes place because of an old prophecy, according to which the Mohammedan towns will be overpowered by the Christians about the time of the chotba-prayer. Most probably it is an old custom of the government, which with its whole forces is in the mosques at this time, and adopts this measure as a safeguard against its own people.

The public buildings of the town are the Sultan's palace, the mosques, funduks, baths, and tombs.

The great palace of the Sultan occupies the whole south-west part of New Fez; I can give but little information about the interior of this building, as the exaggerated descriptions of it by a citizen of Fez partakes more of the nature of a relation out of the Thousand and One Nights, than anything founded on fact. Extensive ruins certainly indicate extensive buildings at some past time, but all Mohammedan buildings have the peculiarity of acquiring a ruinous appearance almost directly after erection. The palace consists really of nothing more than many large courts, provided with arcades and fountains, on to which open the different rooms, stables, servants' offices, reception rooms, called diar el meshuar, &c. At the south-eastern corner, separated by high walls from the remainder of the palace, is the harem, which has room for more than 1000 women. Between the imperial residence and the south-west wall of the

town is a large garden, to which I several times got access. Here are to be seen nearly all the best European vegetables, cabbages, artichokes, &c., &c. Long straight walks traverse it, the ground on each side being laid out in beds of roses, jasmine, and luisa, and almost all the paths are covered in, and lead to cool and shady arbours. In front of one part of the palace is a little verandah with a small enclosed flower-garden, reserved for the use of the Emperor only.

Another palace of the Sultan's is situated between New and Old Fez, and bears the somewhat curious name of Bu-Djelud.[6] This, apart from its half ruinous appearance, is a handsome edifice, and curiously enough is built in the renaissance style, mixed with Moorish architecture, which probably arises from its having been erected by European renegades. I was unfortunately unable to get a view of the interior (the Sultan being away at Mequinez), and the garden which is in connexion with it was also closed to me. I have often gazed at its noble groups of trees, out of which graceful palms reared themselves, as I passed by. This garden was reserved for the ladies of the harem.

[6] Bu-Djelud means Father of the hide; probably a tannery was situated here on the river: this palace lies close to the Ued Sebu. A similarly curious name is that of the palace of the late Emperor of the French at Paris—Tuilerie.

Half-an-hour's walk southward from New Fez is another royal residence, enclosed by an extremely large garden with high walls; in the summer this is a favourite abode of the Sultan; the ministers, grandees of the empire, and governors of the provinces who may be paying visits to him are then also located in its numerous apartments, or camp in their tents outside the garden.

Between this country-seat and New Fez is usually the Mhalla, i. e. encampment of the army. The army must always be wherever the Sultan is, and as there is not sufficient room in New Fez for the troops which the Sultan has always about him, they camp here under tents. Seen from a distance this encampment in the midst of green meadows through which the Ued Fez meanders has a very picturesque appearance, but a nearer view discloses the greatest squalor and confusion.

In 1862 the standing army of the Sultan consisted of about 4000 infantry, in the gayest of uniforms. Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Abd-er-Rhaman, the present Sultan (and the same who experienced, in his father's lifetime, such a crushing defeat by Marshal Bugeaud at Isly),[7] was not more for-

[7] On the 14th of August, 1844. The Sultan only escaped

tunate in his wars with the Spaniards. But he at any rate learnt that with his irregular hordes it was impossible to encounter European forces successfully.

He therefore now set about forming a regular army, and thought this would be accomplished if he put his people into European uniforms, the result is a medley of the uniforms of all nations: the only uniformity at all distinguishable being confined to the red Fez caps and yellow slippers; short trowsers reaching only to the knees have also lately been introduced, as it seemed impossible to the Berbers and Arabs to wear long trowsers. This infantry is divided into four parts or battalions, each commanded by an "Agha," and subdivided again into four parts, over each of which is a Kaid (captain), and still smaller divisions are under the command of Califat-el-Kaid (lieutenants), and Mkadem (under officers). The men themselves are chiefly Berbers, Arabs, Negroes, and Spanish renegades, the latter being convicts who have escaped from Ceuta, Peñon, or Melilla. These renegades are by preference drummers, buglers, or attached to the band. For as the English Government presented him with

being made a prisoner by dashing at the French with his sabre as they pressed into his tent, and, swinging himself on to his steed, being carried by it out of reach of the enemy.

the instruments, the Sultan had a band formed, which performs German waltzes or Italian pieces, in a manner compared with which the execrable music of Turkish regiments is almost pleasant. The band has twenty-four members, whilst each company has always a drummer and a bugler. The drums resemble those of the German army, and the bugles those of the English.

The weapons are old French flint-locks, which almost all bear the date 1813. The Sultan purchased them at the rate of forty francs a piece (he might have had needle-guns at the same price), and somebody made a nice little profit on the transaction. The word of command is given in the Turkish language, which has this disadvantage, that the soldier only learns to understand it mechanically. Each company has a flag, and each battalion (I call the division commanded by an "Agha," a battalion) a larger one, the colours of the flags are red, yellow, and blue, whichever the chief has a fancy for.

The pay of the common soldier is six mosonat (about threepence) daily, and he must keep himself with this, which, with the cheapness of things in Morocco, is not a difficult matter; his clothes he receives from the Sultan. The higher grades are certainly not overpaid; an Agha, or Chief of Bat-

talion, for example, gets only one metcal daily (= forty mosonat, or about one and eightpence). But as they get fields and cattle, besides the rations of corn for the horses from the Sultan, and also the greatest part of the pay of soldiers on furlough finds its way into their pockets, they are not badly off in the end. Thus of the 1000 men which are under command of an Agha, rarely more than 800 put in an appearance, the 200 absentees are however counted, and their daily pay drawn from "Amin el Lascari," i.e. the pay-master.

Some idea may be formed of this regular army, which is made up of the greatest vagabonds of the whole empire, if I give here one or two short personal sketches of the commanders with whom I was acquainted.

The Agha of one battalion was formerly a dealer in raw silk and silk-thread in Fez; he owed his position merely to the circumstance that he was a Hadj, that is, Pilgrim to Mecca. Morocco, which lies at such a distance from Mecca, can, comparatively, show but few pilgrims; and though steamers now take the faithful from Tangiers to Alexandria, and from thence to Djedda, on astonishingly reasonable terms, the number of the pilgrims has in no way increased;

the reason being that a steamboat journey is not held to be so efficacious[8] as a pilgrimage on foot. The great caravan of pilgrims, which used yearly to leave Fez, Maraksch (or Morocco), and Tafilet, has ceased to exist for the first two places.

The second Agha, a certain Si-Hammuda, born in Algiers, procured his position because he was a French outlaw. The third Agha, a certain Si-Mohammed-Chodja, born at Tunis, does not know himself how he got his military grade; he was formerly a Thaleb, i.e. Theologian. The fourth and last Agha, by name, Ben-Kadur, was formerly chief of a mountain tribe; that he has warlike qualities cannot be gainsaid, but of the European mode of warfare he has as little comprehension as any of the others. I could in this way go on down to the captains, all of whom I learnt to know—but this will suffice.

I may, however, mention that two veritable French officers, belonging formerly to the Tirailleurs, could never get higher than lieutenants,

[8] A pilgrimage by steam is also much less thought of by Christians than when the whole journey is properly done with pease in one's boots (not boiled), and we have, therefore, no right to wonder at the Mohammedans, or even laugh at them. (*Author.*)

because they were suspected of being Christians; whilst another man, a "Sussi" (a native of the province of Sus), was at once promoted to be kaid, or captain. As this promotion took place during my stay in Fez, I am able to state that the reason for it was, that this "Sussi" had distinguished himself before the Sultan in some scientific tight-rope performances. He had formerly belonged to a company, such as frequently come from Sus, and with it had traversed not only the whole of the Mohammedan world but also all Europe; he even stated that he had been in Germany, and as he was able to give me the names of several German towns, I was bound to believe him, for what other Moroccian could have called a German town by name? the geographical knowledge of the greatest scholar in Morocco as far as Europe is concerned, is confined to Baris (Paris), Lundres (London), Manta (Malta), Blad Andalus (Spain), Bortugau (Portugal), Musgu (Russia), Nemsa (Germany), and Stambul (Constantinople). If a Thaleb or Faki can gabble these names through, he considers himself to be at least a Humboldt or Ritter.

To manœuvre these above described "regular" troops is never thought of, and the exercises consist only of parade marches, of Ssalam dur (shoulder arms) and one or two other movements. A great

evil is, that most of the soldiers are married, and have children, many also possess slaves; in short, it may be said, that the Sultan, in his gay troops clad in the uniform of every country, has created neither a regular army, nor even the kernel of one. But the infallibility with which Sultans for centuries past have been endowed, has led to their officers beginning also to consider themselves as infallible, and in fact the Sultan believes that by merely naming some person or other commander of a battalion he has thereby really made a competent commander.

The cavalry is better organized (according to Sir Drummond Hay, 16,000 strong), because it is based on native principles. The men get two mosonat per day more than the infantry, but are obliged to keep their horses out of this. They are divided into little troops of from fifty to sixty horses, which are under the command of a Kaid. The word of command is given in Arabic. The cavalry soldier carries a long flint-lock and a tolerably straight sabre as weapons, and whoever manages to provide himself with a pistol or two as well, considers himself then to be armed to the teeth. The sabre, fastened to a silk or cotton cord, is worn on the left side, suspended from the right shoulder. The saddles, similar to those commonly used by Arabs and natives of

Barbary, are provided with high backs behind and high pommels in front.

Cavalry exercises and manœuvres are even less thought of than infantry, the whole art of the cavalry soldier consisting in riding as fast as possible and discharging his gun during the ride. As the large stirrups hang very short, and are so formed as to take in almost the whole foot, the cavalry soldier generally stands up whilst riding fast. The attack is made in the following manner, the horseman advances like the wind, fires his piece without taking aim, and his horse then of his own accord turns and carries him back. Only stallions are used for cavalry.

Since the war with Spain the Sultan of Morocco has also procured field artillery, but being equally unhappily advised as in procuring his uniforms, he has hardly two pieces alike. The artillerymen who have to serve these cannons are almost all Spanish renegades; I also found a Frenchman amongst them, who was a captain; and a German who had been a journeyman mason in his native country, and who, changing the trowel for the cannon, had been made Kaid-el-Tobdjieh, i.e. artillery captain by Sidi-Mohammed, the Hakem-el-mumenin (Governor of the Believers), as a reward for some masonry work he had done for him in his palace. I hardly

need mention that all these renegades have married in the country and formally declared themselves subjects of Morocco, and always to remain so. One European only succeeded in attaining a respectable position in Morocco. And this one had feigned Mohammedanism, and staying in the capital of Fez at the same time that I was, has long since turned his back upon Morocco. This was the Spaniard Joachim Gatell, who whilst in Morocco adopted the name of Ismael. As his narrative, "L'ouad Nouu et el Tekna," contains an interesting account of military life in Morocco, I have thought it well to bring in here some extracts from it, translated from the "Bulletin de la Société de Géographie de Paris."

On page 279, Gatell relates: "In the year 1861 the war between Spain and Morocco had just finished. The accounts which were rife at that time about the manners, barbarous customs, courage, and fanaticism of the natives of Morocco, aroused in me the idea of penetrating into the interior of the country, notwithstanding the dangers to which I should be thereby exposed. I therefore proceeded to Fez, where the court was, and the better to attain my ends, joined the Sultan's regular army. Although I was almost entirely ignorant of military matters, I was at once made an officer." After describing the campaign

against the Beni Hassen, in which Gatell took part as commander of the "Garde-Artillerie" of the Sultan, he goes on to give a description of the expedition against the Rhamena: "We had twenty-nine pieces, including a mortar; we took fifty-five cwt. of powder in casks from the magazines at Arbat, besides a quantity of prepared ammunition in cases, and we then commenced to pursue the rebels. A part of the Seragua-Kabylen united with the Rhamena, but this in no way accelerated the slow and dignified march of the Moroccian army; it seemed as though we were merely taking a walk in the sunshine, and had certainly no enemy to attack. The capital was threatened, but we don't take notice of such trifles. 'We shall arrive in time; and if not, it is the will of God.' The Moroccian Majesty must never exhibit haste, or even have the appearance of troubling itself too much about the course of events." Gatell then relates that war was not made against the rebels but against the cornfields, which were set on fire, and at last, when, about four hours' march from Morocco, they got sight of the rebels, the latter dispersed in all directions; hereupon the artillery fired off eighteen shots, and threw eight bombshells.

The so-called Black Guard of the Sultan of Morocco, the "Buchari," which under former

Sultans, notably under Mulei Ismael, played such a prominent part, is the mere skeleton of its former self, only some few hundreds strong, and appears not to be used in active warfare at all now, at any rate the Buchari took no part in the war against Spain. The present head of the whole army as Minister of war is a negro, who owes his position to the fact of his having formerly been brought up as a slave with the present Sultan. Under him are various "Amin," who have to provide for the monetary and other wants of the army. After this visit to the army we will return again to the town Fez.

Of the remaining buildings worth notice we have only to mention two mosques. The first of these is the Djemma Karubin (the mosque dedicated to the Cherubim). This mosque is the largest in the whole of North Africa. The inhabitants of Fez assert that it rests on 360 pillars: some even spoke of 800. I of course could not set myself to count them, but looking from the court of the mosque into the interior there seems to be a forest of pillars before one. If one can trust Leo's account, the Djemma has thirty-one great doors, the roof rests on thirty-eight arches lengthways, and twenty across—this would at once give over 900 pillars. Ali Bey gives the number of pillars as 300.

The Karubin mosque lies pretty nearly in the centre of Old Fez, and consists, as do mosques in general, of a courtyard, enclosed by high walls and arcades, and of a covered-in part, the mosque proper. Built entirely of bricks plastered over, the roof, or more correctly roof rows, are also covered with bricks placed *à cheval*. The rather high minaret, like most in Morocco, is four-sided, and extremely clumsy. In the courtyard of the building are two charming marble fountains, and the little houses in which the necessary ablutions before the prayer are performed, are both numerous and noteworthy.

The covered-in portion of the mosque has, like all these buildings, entirely bare plastered stone walls, to within a few feet of the ground. The whole floor is, however, covered with costly carpets and fine mats. Straw mats are also placed against the sides of the walls to a height of three feet or so. As in all mosques in the Rharb, in the eastern wall is the niche which gives the "Kibla" or direction of the prayer. Directly to the left of this is a staircase, from which the chotba-prayer is read on Fridays. The chief priest of the mosque, with a long stick in his right hand, after a short prayer, steps on to the third stair (the staircase has five or six stairs), and in a monotonous voice reads the Friday prayer. The close

is always accompanied by a prayer for the reigning Sultan; in the whole Rharb, i.e. Morocco, and in the places south of Algiers the prayer refers to Mohammed-ben-Abd-er-Rhaman, but in the East, inclusive of Tunis and Egypt, to Abd-al-Asis-Chan. Whether the Mohammedans in Algiers entreat heaven for the present French rulers, or, as formerly, for the Sultan of Turkey, I cannot say.

A peculiarity of the Karubin mosque is that it has several Mimber or prayer staircases. On Fridays, at the Chotba-prayer, the only one used is the one to the left of the prayer niche, but the others serve as places whence at other times the believers are preached to and taught. If Ali Bey is of opinion that only in the Karubin is there a space set apart for women, and that this is to be wondered at because Mohammed has said that women are excluded from heaven, I can assert, on the contrary, that all mosques are open to women. Certainly, as a general rule, Mohammedan women do not attend the mosques to profit by the prayers, but still they are no more forbidden to enter mosques than to undertake a pilgrimage to Mecca. It is a mistake to suppose that Mohammed has closed heaven to women. In the 17th *Sura* of the Koran it runs as follows:— "Those who hold out patiently, we shall recompense their deeds with a lordly reward. Whoso-

ever acts honestly, be it man or woman, and is besides a believer, we will give a happy life, and also recompense his deeds with a noble reward."[9] And in many other places in the Koran, as for instance, in the 13th *Sura*, Mohammed mentions women as partakers in the future Paradise.

From an architectural point of view the great Karubin cannot be considered in any way a fine building. Moreover, it is so disadvantageously situated, being penned in with houses and booths, that it is only some parts, where the entrances are, that can be seen at all. But even if the Karubin stood exposed, its appearance would be very inharmonious, as the separate parts stand in no sort of proportion to the whole. The height of the mosque, the height of the pillars, about twenty feet, is much too little for the colossal building to give a good effect. The courtyard would make a favourable impression, ennobled by the two splendid sculptured marble fountains (said by the inhabitants of Fez to have been carved by European renegades), if this same fault were not apparent here. To make things still worse is the want of symmetry, to which the Mohammedan, and especially the Arab, is a sworn enemy. Here stand two pillars eight feet,

[9] Translation of the Koran by Dr. Ullmann, Bielefeld, 1867.

there two seven feet apart; here is one twenty-one feet high, there one twenty or twenty-two feet; here is a single, there a double pillar; here one with, there one without, a capital. Moreover, the general appearance of the whole gives the impression that everything is half sunk in the ground.

The Arab cannot succeed in making anything symmetrical, be it small or great; in architecture, or in weaving, in arabesques or wood-carving, painted ceiling or inlaid flooring, in everything, this irregularity is prominent. No Arab ever finished a carpet with a regular pattern throughout; or ever made a tent-cloth out of equal-sized pieces, an Arabian Haik (i.e. cloth), if it has three strips on one side, will certainly have two or four on the other; there is not a door which can show perfectly complete wood-carving; and there is not a single building, the plan of which is carried out in the same way all through. I cannot forbear mentioning here that, where the Arab has built alone, we can nowhere find a really beautiful example of the so-called Moorish architecture. On the whole North Coast of Africa we can find nowhere a building which can be said to possess real beauty, and in his own native country it is still less the case. From Niebuhr's drawings we see that the mosques of Mecca and Medina are coarse rude buildings. Really beautiful buildings

in the Moorish style are only to be found where Arabs have been settled amongst Christians, in Spain and Syria. It is possible that Christian architects, Christian workmen and slaves, have had more to do with these than we now think. It might be the same case, in four or five hundred years' time, with the splendid buildings which have been erected in Egypt by Mohammed Ali Pascha, and his successors, down to Ismael Pascha, i.e. after such a span of time, our descendants coming to Egypt might say that the Egyptians of our day knew very well how to erect splendid buildings in the Moorish style of architecture. At the present time, however, we have happily undoubted proof, that the mosques and palaces which have been built in Egypt within the present century, have been built not by Arabs or Egyptians, but by European architects and workmen. I may mention, among the first, Mr. Franz, of Darmstadt, and the late Von Diebitsch, of Berlin.

Connected with the Karubin mosque is a building which contains the rather extensive library, consisting, of course, only of manuscripts; from a hasty calculation I made I should say there are at least five thousand volumes. They are, however, in a wretched state of preservation, and it is a wonder that dust and moths have not already done

more damage. It is not difficult to get permission to read books at the library, or to make copies of them (of course this can be done only by the faithful); but it is strictly forbidden to take books away, and as libraries here are not provided with catalogues, &c., like ours, this is a very necessary rule.

Teaching is still carried on in the Karubin, although of the once so celebrated school but a mere shadow now remains. The Koran is expounded; that is to say, unimportant trivialities are disputed over, for the dogma proper must in no way be questioned; whoever should dare in the slightest degree to doubt an article of faith would be at once accused as a heretic and an apostate from Islam, and—as formerly with us—as death is the punishment for such a sceptic, every one takes good care not to call in question any word of the book which came down from heaven. On the other hand, one hears the most learned dissertations on such mere formal matters as whether Mohammed sacrificed a black or a white lamb after the first Ramadhan, how large hell is, whether such and such food will be provided in Paradise, and such like absurdities. The four rules in arithmetic are also taught. I may here mention, that the Moroccian has quite a different way of doing all the rules, except addition, to that

we are accustomed to in our schools. Instruction in geography is also given, or rather is supposed to be, for in a country where one has so little knowledge of the earth as to represent that Portugal is larger than France, little can be said of the knowledge of geography. Moreover, the Moroccian believes that his country is the largest, and his people the first and most powerful in the world.

Astronomy is also pursued, but only in connexion with astrology. Some of the more learned Moroccians hold the Ptolemaic theory, and have an idea of the principal planets; that the earth moves round the sun is, however, not allowed to be taught, it being at variance with the teaching of the Koran. There is also a department for history, and on the whole it is the most successful. I heard interesting lectures on such subjects as formed the history of the Arab in Bled Andalus (Spain). Finally, there is a department for Djerumia, i.e. Arabic grammar.

All these branches are taught in the Karubin, so that teachers and scholars are to be found here at all times of the day. The teachers, and in part also the scholars, are paid out of the funds of the mosque; at least, all have free board and lodging. The Karubin is considered to be one of the richest mosques. A third part of the shops or stalls in

Fez belong to it; its fields and gardens are numerous, and though former rulers of Fez may have at times seized all its revenues and goods, others again have made double compensation. The Mohammedan clergy understands quite as well as any other, that the power of the clergy rests on the possession of money and lands, and, although Mohammed, like Jesus Christ, teaches that "Ye shall provide neither gold nor silver in your purses," "Ye shall not serve mammon," we, nevertheless, find that the Mohammedan clergy is not less alive to the value of wealth as a means of power than other religious bodies.

The following quotation from Leo will give an idea of the wealth of the Karubin in his time; he says, "The daily revenue is equal to 200 ducats;[1] at night 900 lamps are lit; besides which there are large chandeliers, each of which has place for 1500 lamps," &c. These large chandeliers must have disappeared in the course of time; cast, as Leo relates, out of Christian bells, they have very likely been recast by some Sultan into cannon. The numerous other oil-lamps and large crystal

[1] "Ducats." In the German translation of Leo by Horsbach he gives the ducat as being equal to one metkal, which is about one franc, twenty-five centimes; but even then the daily sum of 250 francs was a large amount for those times.

chandeliers however still exist. In a room close by are a number of large chronometers, compasses, magnets, &c., but I could not discover that any use is ever made of them.

The mosque which still remains to note, distinguished by its peculiar style of architecture on the one hand, and on the other by its celebrity as an asylum or place where condemned criminals are safe from pursuit, is the one which bears the name and contains the earthly remains of the founder of the town, the Djemma el Mulei Edris. It is situated close by the Karubin mosque, only separated from it by a narrow street, and it is only from this street, called Bab es ssinssla,[2] or Chain Street, that a side of it, with a handsome horse-shoe portal, can be seen, all the other sides being surrounded by walls. The Mulei Edris mosque differs from all other sacred buildings of Morocco, in that it has no courtyard, for a small arcaded forecourt has evidently been added later. This indicates the great age of the building, which

[2] Bab es ssinssla, or ssilsla, or Chain Street—so called because it is closed in with an iron chain, so placed, however, as to give room to pass on foot on each side. In this holy street, near the Portal of Mulei Edris, no Jew dares show himself (Christians are not tolerated anywhere in Fez); death, or his adoption of the faith of Islam, would be the immediate consequence of such an act. Even the faithful may not smoke, or indulge in opium or haschisch in it.

it is easy to see has been erected in imitation of Christian temples.

The main body of the building consists of a single nave, lying towards the east, almost square in shape, and without pillars. The whole is covered by a very high octagonal roof, the interior of which is ornamented with carved wood, whilst the exterior is tiled over, as are all monumental buildings, in the same way as in Italy and Spain. Close to the Kibla-niche is the splendid tomb of Mulei Edris; the costly carpets which cover it are renewed yearly. The interior of the mosque contains, besides much gold and silver, furniture and offerings, which is directly at variance with the teaching of the Koran. On the exterior of the Djemma el Mulei Edris is a silver plate, with massive raised gold letters, which contains a legend of the building of the mosque. The better to preserve it from the weather this plate is under glass.

The mosque, which is an asylum, i.e. as beforementioned, a place of refuge for criminals, is also a Sauya. Although the Sauya is not connected with any religious order (the religious order of Mulei Edris is situated at Uesan), it has, however, not only arrangements for lodging and boarding pilgrims, but an important school is also attached.

All other mosques in Fez, though some are

very large, are, in comparison with these two, hardly worth describing. There are at present eleven mosques in Fez, in which, on Fridays, the chotba-prayer is held, which one might consider as having a somewhat similar rank to our parish churches. The number of other mosques, many of them larger than those in which the chotba-prayer is held, is very great, although so many as Leo speaks of (700) do not at present exist, and probably did not at his time.

The two colleges for students which Leo speaks so highly of do not exist now, except the classes in the Karubin. Fez has only very poor schools, in which the scholars are taught mechanically the mere elements of reading and writing. Of such schools there are, perhaps, more than a hundred.

Leo also mentions hospitals. These are not hospitals, as we use the word, i. e. for the sick, but much rather hospitals, in the true sense of the word, where pilgrims, travellers, and tired wanderers, can rest, and, for a certain time, obtain board and lodging without charge. These are the sort of hospitals which Leo describes, and which, before the system of hotels and inns had so developed itself as at present, were common not only in Mohammedan but also in Christian countries. Such establishments exist still in many European towns, viz. in Savoy, France,

and Italy. Houses for the sick, infirmaries, or hospitals as we now use the word, are not to be found in Fez.

Fez, however, possesses an institution which is not to be found in any other town of Morocco, viz. a madhouse; but it must not be for a moment supposed that this is an establishment for the curing or taking care of its unhappy inmates; the Mohammedan does not trouble himself with experiments of that sort. One only finds in this building, in which when I visited it there were about thirty individuals, mad or insane persons who in their behaviour are dangerous to their fellow-men; of good-natured fools, idiots and such like, no notice is taken; and the same with religious fools, who are moreover honoured as holy characters.

The condition of this madhouse is simply horrible. In long rooms, more like dungeons than anything else, on the naked stone floor, in the greatest filth, are half-starved forms, fastened to the walls with thick iron chains, almost all naked. Uncared for and untended, these miserable wretches are imprisoned here, cut off entirely and for ever from the world. This establishment is supported by legacies.

The baths, which belong partly to private individuals, and partly to the Government or the

mosques, are also worthy of mention. Their arrangement being the same as that of all warm baths in the East, in Egypt, and in the towns of the north of Africa, I do not consider a special description of them as necessary. The luxury of the Algerian or Egyptian bath is, however, unknown here—towels for drying are not even provided; but, on the other hand, a bath is so cheap that even the poorest can have a thorough cleansing as often as he likes. The lowest price for a bath is only three flus, the highest not quite two mosonat (about one penny).

There are two sorts of fenaduk (plural of funduk), or inns, in Fez. It might occur to the reader that, in the presence of the above-mentioned Sauya and hospices, that inns were unnecessary, especially when it is remembered that the Moroccian is the most hospitable person in the world, and yet they are necessary. Hospitality in the country is, I might almost say, unlimited; but in the towns, where there is daily such a great influx of strangers, it is of course not practised. It is the rule in the Sauyat and hospices not to keep strangers longer than three days. For those strangers, therefore, who wish to stay longer than three days inns have to be provided. The great number of these buildings speaks for the great concourse of strangers in Fez, though the

number which Leo gives—200—is probably too high.

Some of these fenaduk are built to accommodate both man and beast; others for man only. The former, as a rule, are in a horrible condition. A large unpaved courtyard, generally square in shape, in which horses and camels, mules and asses, are all huddled together, is surrounded on all sides by a number of small rooms, entered by a low doorway, which also serves as a window. These rooms, or rather cells, are usually only just large enough to allow of a person's lying down at full length. Of attendance, of course, there is none, and the new-comer, should he have any sense of cleanliness, must himself get rid of the dirt which the last tenant had left behind him as a souvenir. A porter, who is generally a kaudji (coffee-seller), looks after the place, of which he is either the owner or manager. The charges are, of course, in accordance with the wretched accommodation; thus, for one person the average price per day is one mosonat (about one halfpenny), and the same for an animal.

The fenaduk which only accommodate travellers who are without animals are very much better. These are mostly situated in the centre of the town, some even in the Kessaria, the market-place, or, as one might call it, the "Exchange" of Fez.

These inns are large buildings of several stories, with spacious rooms, and are often provided with grated windows in addition to the door opening on to the courtyard or gallery. The rooms are well whitewashed, and the floors inlaid with "slaedj." Anything further in the way of furniture is, of course, not to be found; but this the well-to-do merchant always carries with him—a good mattress, a carpet, a few mats and cushions completing his requirements. He is also always provided with a ssenia (large brass plate), a Britannia metal teapot, six small teacups, and a bochradj, or pot for boiling water in. The charge for such rooms ranges from four to six and more mosonat per day. The coffee-stalls which are attached to these fenaduk, placed either at the entrance or in the interior, are among the best to be found.

Such inns as Leo describes, which were kept by a low class of landlords, called el Kahuate, do not now exist in Fez, though certainly outside the gates there is a quarter which has a bad reputation in this respect.

There are, however, numerous coffee-houses where kif, i.e. the dried stalk of Indian hemp (*Can. indica*), is smoked and eaten. Opium is also eaten, but the habit of smoking it is unknown in the Rharb. The Government does nothing against these baneful practices; indeed, haschisch

and opium, together with tobacco, can only be sold by such merchants as have bought a licence to do so from Government. This licence is required not only in Fez, but in all the inland towns of Morocco.

Respectable people do not frequent such coffee-houses, although almost everybody in Fez indulges in the use of haschisch, but only privately and indoors. The sale of brandy and wine is strictly forbidden, though both are to be had for money. The brandy is distilled by the Jews from figs, raisins, or dates, and is also smuggled in from Gibraltar. The wine is made both by Jews and Mohammedans.

It would take up too much space to describe all the different industries, manufactures, and branches of trade separately. Suffice it if we give the preference to those in which Fez excels, and Fez still takes the lead of all the towns in the entire Rharb in commercial matters. During my stay in Fez I was often shown accounts of English, French, and Spanish mercantile houses, amounting to 50,000 francs. Thus it will be seen that Fez has a large wholesale trade; indeed, very many of its respectable merchants have business transactions with Marseilles, Gibraltar, Cadiz, or Lisbon, the yearly amount of which often exceeds the above-mentioned sum. Of course this trade is

mostly carried on by means of agents, but it is not at all uncommon for a Fez pilgrim on his journey to the Mecca station at Marseilles, to stop some time in Gibraltar for business purposes, and I knew merchants in Fez who had undertaken the journey to Cadiz or Lisbon solely in order to buy goods or establish a trade connexion.

Any one who has visited the States of Barbary, or the more accessible towns—Bengasi, Tripolis, Sfax, Tunis, and other places—knows what great confidence the European merchant has in the natives. Goods worth large amounts are often supplied to them on credit. It is even the case that credit is given to merchants in the far interior, where, in case of deception, reclamation of the goods is impossible. And yet it is very seldom the case that any one abuses this confidence. We see traders from Timbuctoo, Kano, Bornu, Mursuk, and Rhadames getting goods on credit and returning home with them; and the European merchant rarely fails to get paid for them in the end, either with other wares or money, though he may perhaps wait a year or two without hearing anything of his customer.

And the Fez merchant trades in the same way. The goods which he gets wholesale from Europe consist principally of raw and manufactured silk, cotton stuffs, cloths, paper, weapons—i.e. long

flint-locks and swords—powder, tea, sugar, drugs, and spices; in fact, at the present time there is hardly any article which cannot be procured in Fez.

The wholesale dealer stores his goods in his own house, but usually has also a Hanut, or sort of shop, where he sells things himself or employs some one to do it for him. The Kessaria is the name of the chief business quarter; it is situated in the middle of Old Fez, close by the Karubin and Mulei-Edris mosques, which are partly surrounded by it.

Leo derives the word Kessaria from the Latin Cæsar. At the time of the Roman dominion the Moorish towns had enclosed spaces in their midst, where the officers of the Imperial Government collected the taxes, and where at the same time the rich citizens had to bind themselves to protect Government property with their own goods. The expression Kessaria, meaning market-place, is common in all the towns of North Africa.

In this Kessaria we find all the finer classes of goods, principally brought from Europe. The Kessaria consists of a network of streets, impassable for animals, formed partly by houses and partly only by arches. All the streets are covered in. In one street we find booths where spices—in another where porcelain, principally vases, glasses,

cups and plates—in another where cloths, in another where silk stuffs, in another where leather goods—are sold. Two or three shops, where watches and clocks are sold; even a chemist's shop—if a collection of almost every medicine, including also china, Tartarus stib, and Ipecacuanha—can be so called. A certain Djaffar has procured these medicines from Lisbon; and a catalogue in the Portuguese language shows at the same time the dose to be given, and the disease for which the remedy is to be used.

Leaving the Kessaria one comes into the manufacturing portion of the town. There are long rows of booths or stalls, where yellow, red, and vari-coloured slippers are made; close by are the leather-dressers, who sell the brightly coloured soft Cordova, Morocco and Saffia leathers. Though it appears from these names that the art of rendering sheep and goat leather so beautifully soft and yet tough, was first discovered by the Mohammedans of Cordova, that later the most celebrated tanneries were situated in Morocco, and later still at Saffi (Asfi). It seems that at the present time the finest leathers are prepared in Fez; at any rate, throughout the whole of North Africa, those of Fez are esteemed as the finest and most durable.

But one does not come all at once from the

Kessaria into the labyrinth of streets occupied by the handicraftsmen. One has first to thread one's way amongst the flower stalls; and the flowers form a pleasant transition from trade to industry. It is remarkable what a love of flowers the inhabitants of Fez always seem to have had; and more attention is paid to their culture in gardens here than any other town of Morocco.

The house which the Bascha-Governor of Fez had placed at my service during my stay, was situated on the slope of the eastern hill. Watered by an arm of the Ued Fez, everywhere orange, fig, olive, apricot, peach, and pomegranate trees, blooming rose-trees, great quantities of jasmine, pinks, violets, and fragrant herbs, were to be seen.

In these flower-stalls one can get almost any flowers—jasmine, basil, pinks, hyacinths, roses, narcissus, peppermint, absinth, thyme, marjoram, and whole bouquets, called Meschmum-en-nuar, are to be had. Vegetable and fruit-stalls come next.

Another industry in which Fez still takes the lead, is the manufacture of hardware. Large dishes, small candlesticks, lamps, &c., are very beautifully formed out of a porcelaneous clay, glazed and painted with coarse blue figures.

In connexion with the above I may also men-

tion the "slaedj," small, gaily coloured flag-stones, which are also made in Fez. Though the armourers in this country were once famous, at present one only sees weapons of European make displayed in the shops. In like manner, the once so famous red caps (whence the name "Fez," which we still give to red caps) have not been able to hold their supremacy; and not only are those of Tunis considerably better, but even in Leghorn they are produced both cheaper and better. We must not omit to mention the silk scarf manufacture, 3 to 4 feet wide, and 40 to 50 feet long. These silk stuffs, inworked with gold, are the most costly which Fez sends into the Mohammedan market, and at the present day one of the only things in which it is not excelled.

Of the remaining industries of Fez, we find none for which it is particularly noted; but they are so numerous, that at first sight one would fancy that not only the requirements of the town, but of the whole country were provided for.

The long street which connects Old Fez with New Fez is nothing else than a bazaar; and as every one prefers to use this proportionately wide street, and it is also a caravan-road—on which long rows of camels, mules, and donkeys pass to

and fro—the traffic is of course very great. Following this road into New Fez one comes at once to the unenclosed part of the town, called the Melha, or Jewish quarter. The Jews are only permitted to dwell in New Fez, and then in an unenclosed part near the Sultan's Palace, away from the faithful. And they are glad to be here: for they have long learned that however much they are exposed to the vexations and exactions of the Sultan's Government, it is nevertheless better to live under the protection of the most despotic of rulers, than to be at the mercy of an ignorant and fanatical populace. In the Jewish quarter a like briskness in trade and manufacture is to be found as in the Kessaria and streets of Old Fez.

The working of gold and silver is principally in the hands of the Jews. The needles, used to fasten the hair or clothes of the women, finger-rings, bracelets, and ankle-rings (the women of Morocco wear heavy copper or silver rings just above the ankle), are also almost exclusively made by them. The coining of money is likewise done by Jews, in the Secca, or Mint, a rather handsome building, which is part of the Sultan's palace, and situated close to the Melha.

The only copper coins made in Morocco at present are the Fls. (pl. flus), a small copper coin

stamped on the one side with Solomon's seal, viz. the Bavarian beer mark (two intersecting triangles), and on the other side with the date and place (there is also a Mint in Tetuan) where stamped; and two flus-pieces, called Udjein; six flus form the imaginary coin called Mosona (there is no real coin of that name); it is about equal to one sou.

Four Mosonat equal one Okia—i. e. ounce—likewise only an imaginary piece of money; eight mosonat is the smallest, and ten mosonat the largest stamped silver coin. Forty mosonat form the imaginary coin Metkal; and the only stamped gold coin is the Bendki, equal to two and a half metkal. French and Spanish silver coins circulate throughout the whole country; and French, Spanish, and English money, everywhere north of Atlas. The once so much used Spanish Bu-Medfa dollar, so called from the two Columns of Hercules which the Moroccians believe to represent cannon, has almost entirely disappeared, its place being taken by the French five-franc piece. France also coins for Morocco [3] a silver twenty-centime piece, which circulates largely in Morocco. The Austrian Maria Theresa dollar, which is so much used in

[3] At least it would appear so, as, whilst in France one hardly ever sees a twenty-centime piece, in Morocco they are extremely numerous, and of various dates.

other parts of Africa, is very rarely seen in Morocco.

Weights and measures are different in almost every town in Morocco; for long measure, the Draa—i. e. ell with subdivisions—and the inch are used; the weights are the pound, ounce, and metkal (the latter for gold dust); and lastly, various measures for dry goods and liquids.

The town has two governors, of which one, under the title of "Bascha," governs Old Fez; and the other, called "Kaid," New Fez. From this it appeared, in the first place, that the Government of the Sultan treats the two towns as quite distinct; and, secondly, that New Fez is looked upon as a fortress, whilst Old Fez is considered the more important, inasmuch as it is governed by a Bascha. Justice is administered daily at the same hour in the residences of the Bascha and Kaid. The Kadi of each town attend these daily, and all cases are at once decided. It is however permitted to appeal to the Bascha or Kaid, and from them to the Grand Vizier or the Sultan himself.

It is not at all an uncommon occurrence for a complainant to appeal from the Kadi to the Bascha, and from the latter to the Sultan. Money fines are often appealed against—flogging or knouting, but rarely. The Kadi and Bascha

have unlimited powers of punishing, and though it is rarely the case that more than 300 strokes with the knout are given, the money fines are made as heavy as possible. The punishment for stealing (except for petty thefts) is to hack the left hand off, and, if the offence is repeated, then the right, and after them first one foot, and then the other. Often for a great robbery or grave offence the feet are at once hacked off. Thus during the summer in which I was in Fez a man, who had stolen one of the Sultan's horses, was punished by having his right foot and left hand hacked off. The gate leading from Old to New Fez always exhibits a quantity of such trophies, and the heads of executed criminals are also placed here, though whilst I was in Fez I did not see any stuck up.

Justice is administered in the most arbitrary manner, and corruption is the order of the day.

The Kaid of New Fez in 1862 and 1863 was a negro, formerly a slave, of the name of Faradji. He had occupied this post more than fifty years, and was considered a phenomenon. He obtained the place from Sultan Sliman, held it during the reign of Abd-er-Rhaman, and has also done so under the present Sultan, Sidi Mohammed.[1] In the early part

[1] Died September, 1873. (*Translator.*)

of the reign of Sidi Mohammed, Faradji was very near falling into disgrace through the calumniation of jealous rivals who called the attention of the Sultan to his enormous wealth, pointing out that Faradji, who was formerly nothing but a slave, could only have accumulated this great wealth by extortion, taking bribes, or even, perhaps, by abstracting property belonging to the Sultan himself. The Sultan hereupon called Faradji into his presence and commanded him, as he had heard that he had property not his by right—he, Faradji, moreover, when a slave, having possessed nothing—to separate what was his rightful property from what was not. The cunning Faradji made no reply, but went into the Sultan's stables, took off his own clothes, put on an old woollen smock, and began cleaning out the stalls. When the Sultan shortly afterwards inquired for Faradji he was astonished to see him appear before him clothed in so needy a manner. Asked why this was so, he replied, "My lord, you commanded me to separate what I have of yours from mine. When I was bought by your great-uncle, Mulei Sliman, I had nothing but this woollen slave-smock, which I have preserved as a memento of my origin, and even this, strictly speaking, does not belong to me; how, therefore, can I separate my property from yours, am I not still your slave? Take all

that your servant has; all that I have been steward of is your rightful property."

As may be supposed, this mode of appealing to the generosity of the Sultan had the intended effect; in fact, Sidi Mohammed embraced him, and he was reinstalled in his dignity of Kaid and left in possession of all his goods. When the Sultan left New Fez for Mequinez I often visited Faradji, who was always very friendly and obliging. He used to sit the whole morning on a carpet in front of the Magazine (this is the official expression for the Sultan's palace, and signifies at the same time the entire Government).

Faradji was a stately old black man with intelligent features and fine, if somewhat sparse, white beard. By his own account he was ninety years old in 1863 (which is probably rather too little than too much, as he was already Kaid under Sultan Sliman),[5] therefore at the time that Ali Bey visited Morocco.

[5] The present dynasty of Morocco is the Filali, the founder of it, Mulei Ali, having been a native of Tafilet (the inhabitant of Tafilet is called a Filali). His son, Mulei Mohammed, was dethroned by his brother, Mulei Arschid, who reigned from 1664 to 1672, and, after Jussuf ben Taschfin, was the most powerful monarch. The barbarity of this Sultan was exceeded by the refined cruelties of his brother Mulei Ismaël who succeeded him. Ismaël—now one of the greatest saints of Morocco—reigned until 1727. After him came his fourth son,

The fate of Si Mohammed ben Thaleb the Bascha of Old Fez, whose guest I was during the whole time of my stay in the town, was, however, very different. He was a man of honest character and entirely unprejudiced, which, for a native of Morocco, is saying a good deal. I find respecting him the following note in my journal:—"Ben Thaleb was the only really honourable and thoroughly honest man I met with in Morocco." He was a native of Ain Tifa, a place situated about a day's march to the south-east of the town of Marakisch (Morocco), and had been chieftain of an almost independent Berber tribe, which, by his own account, included six important branches. Powerful and rich (his yearly sale of almonds to Ssuera amounted to about 200,000 francs), he would certainly rather have returned to his position of Berber chieftain, and indeed he was never so happy as when entertaining some of his own Berber people in Fez. In 1846 his tribe became involved

Mulei Ahmed Dehabi, who only reigned till 1729. He was succeeded by his brother, Mulei-Abd-Allah, until 1757, whose son, Sidi Mohammed, reigned till 1790, and who founded Mogador in the year 1760. The combined reigns of the two following sons, Mulei Mohammed Mahdi el Tisid, and Mulei Haschem, lasted only two years. Mulei Sliman ruled from 1792 to 1822, and after him Mulei Abd-er-Rhaman ben Hischam, till 1859; his second son, Sidi Mohammed, then ascended the throne (died September, 1873).

in one of the insurrections against the Government of the Sultan, so frequent in Morocco. Ben Thaleb himself, however, took no part in the rising, but with his whole family remained true to the Sultan. The insurrection ended, as is usually the case, with the defeat of the rebels, and Sultan Abd-er-Rhaman, in order to attach to his house for the future such a powerful tribe, nominated their Schich, Ben Thaleb, to the post of Bascha-Governor of Fez, which next to the Uïsirat (ministry) is the highest position in the empire. Such a flattering distinction shown to their chief quite gained over the Berber tribe to the Sultan, and Ben Thaleb seems at first not to have been unwilling to accept the position.

However he soon discovered that a Governor of Old Fez, the richest town in Morocco, never dies a natural death, and already during the lifetime of Mulei-Abd-er Rhaman he had repeatedly tendered his resignation. The position of public officers in Morocco is quite on a different footing compared to their position with us. They not only do not receive any pay from the State or Sultan, but, on the contrary, they have to supply the treasury with money. Certainly they are at liberty to extort as much as they like from those under them, and as every officer takes care to help himself well, and has besides to deliver large sums to the Sultan, it

is easy to imagine how badly the people come off. It is these exactions and taxations which are the principal cause of the frequent revolts. This system is also the cause of the bad cultivation of the ground: apart from the fact that no Berber or Shemite ever accomplished much in the way of agriculture, no person taking the trouble to render the ground fruitful, because he knows that its productions would probably be confiscated by the Government. Trade is crippled in the same way, and the rich Fez merchant is always in dread of the day when his savings will be seized by the Government; and for this reason every well-to-do individual throughout the country has his secret treasure, which is usually buried somewhere.

The Bascha Ben Thaleb had governed the town for thirteen years when I first visited Fez. Finding that the Sultan, Sidi Mohammed, like his predecessor, would not allow him to give up his office, he comforted himself with the thought that having rendered him the greatest service at the time of his ascending the throne, he could count on his gratitude.

On the death of Mulei-Abd-er-Rhaman—as is always the case at the death of a ruler—there were great disturbances and feuds. Three princes, each hoping to be elected Sultan, were in the field. First and foremost was Mulei-Abd-er-

Rhaman-ben-Sliman, eldest son of the Sultan Sliman, who expected, with the aid of the French, to regain the throne of his father; but although he sent his son to ask aid of the French General Martimprey, who was just at that time engaged in quelling the Beni Snassen, he could not succeed. Nor did the eldest son of the deceased Sultan and brother of Sidi Mohammed get on better, and both were banished to Tafilet.[6] Sidi Mohammed owed his speedy installation principally to the fact that Sidi-el-Hadj-Abd-es-Ssalam, Grand Sherif of Uesan, declared for him, that during his father's lifetime he had collected great treasure whilst in the position of Caliph, i.e. representative of the Sultan, and that Ben Thaleb, the Governor of Fez, had at once taken his art.

Ben Thaleb found he was not to have things all his own way, and although Faradji, the Governor of New Fez, also took the part of Sidi Mohammed, he had quite enough to do, with the few soldiers at his command, to protect the Sultan's palace and New Fez from being attacked and plundered. Ben Thaleb, besides a dozen

[6] Both princes were living in voluntary banishment at Tafilet, when I visited them in 1863, although it was asserted that the Government had banished them. The real state of the case is however this: if the Sultan could have got hold of his brother and cousin, he would certainly have executed them.

Maghaseni (cavalry soldiers), had only about fifty of his own Berbers at his disposal. Sidi Mohammed, with the army, was still at some distance from the capital.

One of the most important quarters of the town, the Djemma Mulei Edris, principally inhabited by Schürfa (descendants of Mohammed), on the death of Abd-er-Rhaman, at once declared for the eldest son of Sultan Sliman. But they had not reckoned on Ben Thaleb's iron energy. He had the grown men of almost the entire quarter decimated, the houses of the principal Schürfa were razed to the ground, and the remaining portion of the inhabitants were deprived of all their goods. Those who know how the killing, punishing, and even injuring of a Sherif is looked upon in Morocco, can fancy how this conduct on the part of Ben Thaleb, who was not even an Arab, far less a Sherif, but only a Brebber,[7] was received. But the Berber chieftain was not the man to be intimidated. He distributed 2000 metkal to each of the other seventeen quarters—quite a considerable sum in

[7] The name for Berber in Morocco. From this it will be seen the presumptuous teaching of Mohammed that the Arabian people is better than any other, still holds ground. This idea has contributed essentially to the downfall of the Arab; just as the Jews have had to pay dearly enough for their claim to being the chosen people of God.

all. Thus by force and persuasion he succeeded in securing Fez for Sidi Mohammed, and when the cousin of the latter with his army appeared before the capital, his entry was resisted by the inhabitants. He was obliged to fly at the approach of Sidi Mohammed, to whom the gates were then thrown open, and Morocco had a Sultan.

As guest of the Bascha I was lodged with my interpreter, a captain in the Sultan's regular army, in a room belonging to the private mosque of the Bascha, which is situated close to his official residence. As the season advanced the heat in this room became intolerable, and the Bascha one day happening to ask me how I liked my quarters I mentioned this to him. He called a servant, and asked what house there was near his which could be had at once. The servant mentioned a charming summer residence which although within the town stood in a pretty garden watered by the Fez river, close adjoining the Bascha's house; "But," he added, "the Sherif to whom it belongs has already taken up his abode there for the summer." "Go immediately and tell him I require his house," was the Bascha's short reply; "and you, Mustafa,"[8] he continued, "can move in there to-

[8] My assumed name whilst in Morocco.

day, and now you certainly will be contented." The Sherif, however, did not seem to be in any great hurry; perhaps he thought that as he was a Sherif (descendant of Mohammed), he could set the order at defiance. In short, when Ben Thaleb asked me next day about my new quarters, I was obliged to tell him that as the owner was still in his house, I was still in my mosque-room. I had hardly finished speaking before the Bascha had called a servant and given orders that the Sherif with his movable property was instantly to be turned out into the street. This was done, and I was able to take possession the same day. It would have been useless for me to have protested against this unjust ejectment of the owner; no one would have been able to understand such a course of action, the infallibility—i.e. arbitary conduct—of the Sultan extending also to his officers.

The following, which I take literally from a note made in my journal at the time, also throws light on the summary manner in which justice is administered in Morocco, and particularly in Fez. My new residence consisted of one story, and was built in a different manner to the usual Fez house. On the ground-floor was a spacious verandah, a saloon, and a room built in alcove form (a sort of Kubba) at the back; on the floor

above were three rooms, which we did not occupy, and the flat roof was also but seldom used. My interpreter and myself slept in the alcove-shaped room at the back, two servants slept in the only doorway leading to the saloon, three others in the verandah, and two were in the opposite verandah, where for convenience sake we also kept our horses. Thus guarded, we did not even dream of being robbed, and felt additional security from the fact that, as already mentioned, the gates of the different quarters being shut, all communication with the town at large was suspended.

One night the interpreter and myself, after taking tea late in the evening, whilst reclining on our carpet in the silver moonshine near the edge of the rippling stream under fragrant orange-trees, not noticing how the time had slipped away, found ourselves going to bed just as the Muden ilul (in summer the first call to prayer, which sounds from the minaret, is as early as one o'clock in the morning) broke the stillness. We had hardly been asleep for half an hour when one of the servants called out "Sserakin! Sserakin!" (Thief! thief!). We all rushed out armed with guns, but nothing could be found. But how could a thief have got away so quickly. The garden was surrounded on three sides by walls about twenty feet in height, and the fourth side

looked down into another garden full thirty feet below it: it was quite impossible for him to have leaped down there. However, when we got back to the house we found that a theft had undoubtedly taken place. My trowsers and slippers, the interpreter's turban, a loaf of sugar which had only been broken up the day before, and finally our entire tea-service, the property of the Bascha, were missing. A more careful examination showed that the thief had squeezed himself under the door, and was now probably clear off.

On our informing Ben Thaleb of the affair next morning he at once had all the citizens living in the neighbourhood arrested, and they had amongst them to replace the goods, and further, each to deposit bail to the amount of twenty "real" (so the French five-franc piece is called) until they had got hold of the thief. On depositing the twenty reals they got their freedom, but I fear there was small chance of their seeing their money again, even if they succeeded in catching the thief. I may here note that some years later I witnessed an exactly similar administration of justice by the Turkish authorities at Leptis Magna, when a revolver belonging to one of my servants was stolen out of the tent during the night.

Besides the two governors of the town there are officers over each of the quarters, officers of the mosques, tax-collectors, market-inspectors, a market-kaid of the Kessaria, and a market-kaid of the great market held once a week outside the town. The market-inspector's and the market-kadi's principal duties are to settle disputes and keep order. At each of the gates is a Kaid el Bab, who has to open and close the gates, and collect customs; there is also a chief custom-house in the town. Finally, there remain to be mentioned as persons in authority, the guild-masters, each industry being associated in a guild, presided over by a master who bears the title of Kebir.

The environs of the town to the north, east, and west, exhibit everywhere the most flourishing gardens conceivable; to the south-west there are suburbs; outside each of the gates stretch rows of graves and graveyards—some with really fine and imposing grave monuments. There is, however, a certain uniformity in these royal grave monuments; all are four-cornered in shape, with an octagonal, four-cornered, or even quite round covering on top. In the interior is usually a sarcophagus, sometimes covered over with cloth, and sometimes only consisting of a wooden frame. Close to these royal tombs one often finds from two to six and more, small, simple graves;

these belong either to the children of the dead prince, or to high dignitaries or grandees of the State, who by payment of a heavy sum of money have obtained the right to be buried at the side of their Sultan. No one of the now reigning dynasty (the Filali) is buried in or outside of Fez, its burying-place being at Mequinez.

'A great, and for us Europeans, almost unbearable evil is, that close to the gates are putrefying heaps of dead animals, often fifty feet high. For centuries it has been the custom to bring all dead animals and all filth outside the gates, and so close to the road are these pestilential heaps formed, that it is perfectly sickening to have to enter or leave the town.

The mountain which commands, and to the north and north-west encloses the town, is called Djebel Ssala; its entire height, is perhaps 1000 metres. Under pretext of obtaining herbs for Ben Thaleb, I one day got permission to ride up it. After passing through smiling fig and orange gardens, containing also peach, apricot, pomegranate, cherry-trees and vines, one comes to a forest of olives and evergreen oaks, lentisks and other trees which do not lose their foliage, and the last stage is through brushwood and dwarf palms. On the top of the mountain, whence one has a splendid view over the town, over the plain

stretching to the Great Atlas, and over the Serone-mountains; lying to the west, I found a hermit, Sidi Mussa, who had been living for more than fifty years in a cave on the mountain, and was held in great reverence. He was supported by the gifts of pilgrims and by the produce of his bee-hives. There are several springs, and also gardens and fields on the plateau of the Ssala mountain.

The population of Fez, which we may reckon at about 100,000 souls (before the cholera visited the town in 1859 there were about 20,000 more), consists principally of Arabs and Berbers.

Whilst the two races but seldom mix with each other in the country, in the towns it is very often the case, but not to such an extent that one might say one race had absorbed the other. The inhabitants of Fez, and indeed of all the other towns, differ from the people of the country in the complexion of their skin, which is much whiter: the cause of this is that they are hardly ever in the sun, the narrow streets rarely admitting his rays. The cause of the frequent corpulency of the men is that they have little exertion and exercise, with plenty of nourishing food. Generally speaking, the inhabitants of Fez, in spite of their fair complexions, are extremely ugly. Negro blood is here distinctly traceable, as everywhere else in

Morocco. In Fez, more strongly than in any other town, the Arab and Berber elements have mixed with the Jewish, not through voluntary marriages, but through pretty Jewesses being forced to enter the harem of the Sultan or grandees of the State, or through forced change of faith or child-stealing; the other inhabitants of the country say that half the families in Fez have Jewish blood in their veins. The number of Jews in Fez is from 8000 to 10,000. Like all the Jews in Morocco, they have come partly direct from Palestine, and partly, to escape persecution, from Spain. Their condition in Fez is as unhappy as in the other towns of Morocco. Sultan Abd-er-Rhaman thought to improve their condition, and granted them permission to wear the same apparel as the Moslem. The first unfortunate, however, who dared to leave the Melha (the Jewish Ghetto) with red Fez cap and yellow slippers, never went back —he was stoned to death. The Sultan, in spite of his infallibility, has not the power to hinder the outbreak of religious fanaticism on the part of his subjects.

Religious fanaticism, inherent in all Shemitic religions, is indeed a prominent evil in the Fezian character. How often have I been stopped in the streets by some ragamuffin, with the words "Scha had," i.e. testify, and he and the quickly-gather-

ing crowd would certainly not let me pass until I had repeated the well-known Mohammedan formula of faith, "Lah il Laha il Allah."

The dress of the inhabitants of Fez is the same as that of the other towns of Morocco—that of the poor can hardly be called dress at all, consisting only of a haik, i.e. long white woollen wrapper or shawl, and a shirt, otherwise he is bareheaded and barefoot. In winter, a black or white woollen burnoose is also worn.

The dress of the well-to-do inhabitant of Fez is much ampler. On his head he wears a high conical Fez, called a saschia, round which a turban is wound. A long white cotton shirt called camis, a cloth vest buttoned up close called Ssodria, a gaudy-coloured cloth caftan, wide trowsers, called ssrual, and yellow slippers, complete his costume. Most of the youths and men also wear silver finger-rings with worthless stones; some have rings with stones which (according to the owner) can be dissolved in water, such water being then an antidote to poison. Ben Thaleb had one of these rings, nevertheless he did not escape his death.

Extremely unpleasant is the horrible uncleanliness which reigns everywhere. The clothes are never changed, but when once put on are always worn on the body day and night, until new ones

are procured. Leo speaks of large public wash-houses in Fez. I am sorry to say I am unable to confirm this, having seen nothing of the kind when I was there. The rich citizen buys a new suit of clothes once, or perhaps twice, in a year, on the occasion of a great festival. His old clothes then go to his children, relations, servants, or even his poor friends. The poor man, after long hoarding up his small gains buys a suit which he never thinks of taking off again until absolutely useless. It is true that once a year a great cleansing of clothes or general wash-up is held: it takes place on the day before the Aid-el-kebir, the grand Bairam of the Turks. As on this day every one makes a point of appearing in his best, those who can, get new clothes, and those who cannot, do the best they can to make a clean appearance; and on the day before the Aid-el-kebir, swarms of people, young and old, men and women, may be seen hurrying to the washing-places. The clothes are taken off, and as if possessed, every one jumps and dances on his things in order to stamp out with the feet the accumulated dirt of a year: a simple hand-washing would not be sufficient.

The principal food of the Fezian is kus-kussi, a sort of porridge, made of pearl-wheat or barley-meal, and cooked by steaming. The neighbouring river Seba furnishes excellent fish, which can

always be had, ready prepared in oil sauce, peppered and coloured red with tomatos, at the market-place. Mutton and goat's flesh is also to be had cheap, and indeed there is more animal food consumed in Fez than in the whole country, exclusive of the towns, besides.

Like all Moroccians the Fezians are also great lovers of tea, which is drunk just before meals. The manner of eating is just as slovenly at the house of the most respectable Fezian as anywhere else in the country. Several persons squat on the ground in all manner of positions round an earthenware dish, which is placed on a tablet about two inches high called a maida. A slave or one of the company then hands round water, in which each one rinses his hands, and, in the houses of the rich, a single towel serves to dry them; those who cannot afford this luxury simply dry them on the corner of their cloaks, then on a signal being given each one with the words "Bi' ssm' Allah" (In the name of God), plunges his right hand into the dish and conveys some of the contents to his mouth. Everybody eats in a tremendous hurry, in order not to come short, only the very rich, who are able to provide several dishes, eat slowly. It is considered a mark of *haut ton* to leave something in the dish for the women, servants, and children, or for beggars. It is a great mark of

distinction to a stranger if the host himself dips his dirty fingers into the dish, and taking a lockma, i.e. bit or mouthful, shoves it into the guest's mouth. Although I was not long in getting accustomed to this mode of eating, for hunger and necessity are good teachers, it took me a longer time to learn to eat properly and skilfully, for skill is required to get the often half-fluid morsels to the mouth with elegance, especially if you don't wish to come short.

A drink of water, another superficial rinsing of the hands, and a never omitted "Hamd ul Lah" (Praise be to God!) finishes each meal.

CHAPTER IX.

MEQUINEZ, AND RETURN JOURNEY TO UESAN.

Ben Thaleb believed that he might reckon on the gratitude of the Sultan, who in a certain measure owed his position to him. He had on several occasions offered to resign his office as Governor of Fez, a post which he had held for more than thirteen years. Getting on for sixty he hoped to spend the last years of his life quietly at home in the midst of his faithful Berber tribe. One day he died, suddenly, without even having been seriously ill.

His death must have occurred most opportunely for the Sultan, who just at this time had to pay a war indemnity to Spain of twenty-three million Spanish dollars for the withdrawal of the troops from Tetuan, and could not tell where to get the money from, as he could not or would not break into the great treasure which was said to be in Mequinez. How glad the Sultan must have been

that Ben Thaleb was kind enough to die just now, whereby he became heir to his whole property!

As soon as news of Ben Thaleb's death got abroad, his servants, slaves, and Maghaseni surrounded my dwelling with the threatening cry that I had poisoned the Bascha, and that I must be put to death. Luckily for me the eldest son of the Bascha happened to be present and protected me. It was only the evening before that, whilst drinking tea with him and his father, the latter just recovering from a slight indisposition, said in the presence of this son that Mustafa (my adopted name) had always had his full confidence, and that he had always been satisfied with my treatment of his slight illnesses, and, added he, as if with a presentiment of his approaching death, "If God should shorten my existence, protect Mustafa, who has been my guest."

Si-Hammadi (this was the son's name), mindful of his father's words, dispersed his people, and two days after ordered me to accompany him to Miquenez, where the Sultan was. So I said good-bye to Fez, never to revisit it.

Our caravan was headed by Si-Hammadi, surrounded by a brilliant suite; then followed myself and my interpreter, Si-Mustafa, with our baggage; and lastly, a row of at least 200 mules and 100 camels, laden with heavy chests, and escorted by

Maghaseni, brought up the rear. I did not know what to make of this row of packages all alike, for Si-Hammadi had his baggage animals besides, until I learnt that they contained the personal property of the late Bascha, amounting to about two million Spanish and French dollars. Without halting we reached Mequinez in one day.

On our arrival in the town I took leave of Si-Hammadi, and hired lodgings in the Funduk el Attarich. I went into the camp the same evening to look up my military acquaintances, who were quite as much surprised to see me thus suddenly back again, as they had before been astonished on finding one morning my hanut with the beautiful signboard without a tenant. The next day I paid the Grand Vizier a visit; he was already aware of my arrival, and, as if I had nothing whatever to say in the matter, had given orders to prepare rooms for me in a house adjoining his own. I had seen the evening before what an uncomfortable time of it Ismael (Joachim Gatell) had amongst the brutal soldiery, and congratulated myself on being able to keep at a distance from the army. The rooms which Si-Thaib had placed at my service were spacious and new, and I invited Ismael to share them with me. As he willingly accepted my offer, we both of us had a pleasant time before us; we could relate our

experiences and adventures, and again think and feel like Europeans.

But my stay with Si-Thaib was not without its unpleasantness. The first minister had not located me near him altogether from friendship, but chiefly to have me at hand to attend to his ailments. Every day at mid-day on his return from the Maghasen (palace of the Sultan and seat of government) I was called. I then had the unpleasant duty of rubbing his diseased feet with camphor-spirit, which he believed to be the only way of relieving his gouty pains, and even thought by this means to get rid of them altogether. As I said before, this occupation was anything but a pleasant one. At the commencement of the operation he usually entertained me for about half an hour with his most crack-brained views on political and religious subjects, then he would lean back on his mattress and take a nap, during which I had to continue the rubbing, for if I left off for a moment he at once woke up and ordered me to go on. I have often had to pass from two to three hours in this manner.

When Si-Hammed, the son of the Bascha of Fez, delivered the moneys to the Sultan, he made such a favourable report about me that one day I was surprised to learn that I had been appointed physician in ordinary to the Sultan, and hence-

forth I should have daily to attend to the ladies of the harem. As a further proof of his esteem, Si-Hammed made me a present of a sea-green suit of clothes—a very flattering recognition of my services to his father.

Two Maghaseni were now sent every day to conduct me to the harem. Arrived there, the chief of the eunuchs, Mr. Camphor, took me in charge, and I was presently conducted into the ante-room, where I found the ladies who required doctoring. At first they would not unveil themselves; but, as I insisted on their doing so, Mr. Camphor, who, with other eunuchs, such as Mr. Musk,[1] Mr. Essence of Roses, &c., &c., was of course always present, went and informed the Sultan of this, and soon returned with this answer: "Our lord (Sidna) says that as you are only a Rumi, and but lately a dog of a Christian, the ladies need not observe any ceremony on account of you." Hereupon the shawls, or wrappers, were at once let down (veils proper are not used in Morocco, or anywhere else, by Mohammedan women for covering the face), and I had daily opportunity of admiring the charms of the Sultan's ladies. It must not, however, be supposed that there were any extraordinary beauties in the

[1] All eunuchs have strongly fragrant, aromatic names.

harem. They were mostly very young creatures, with very full figures. Their dresses and ornaments, often rich and valuable, were covered with dirt, and some part of their clothes was generally torn. Most of them appeared only to come out of curiosity to see the "dog of a Christian." All, however, though foolish and trifling, were very friendly, and if I had not taken the precaution to request Mr. Camphor, after two or three visits, not to bring such and such ones again, I should have had the whole harem about me in a very short time. They seemed to consider this doctoring as a pleasant way of passing the time. During the whole of my stay I did not meet with one who had really anything the matter with her. I took very good care, moreover, not to administer any medicine myself, although the Sultan had placed at my service the medicine-chest presented him by Queen Victoria. I confined myself to dietary regulations and culinary prescriptions, which often caused much merriment, but which, as Mr. Camphor informed me, were always strictly carried out, as all Moroccians attribute an especial healing virtue to all extra food (i.e. all that is not kuskussu).

Of my pay I had seen nothing since my journey to Fez—Hadj Asus probably took care of that—and even after my being appointed physician in

ordinary nothing was said about renewing or increasing it. It is true Si-Thaib several times told me that I was to apply to the Amin (Treasurer), as the Sultan had given orders that I was to receive some silver pieces, amounting to about ninepence, but I abstained from doing so. I was so heartily tired of the Court that my only thought was how to get away. I was, besides, not short of money. Being Court physician, all the grandees of the country considered it their duty to be attended by me, and everybody who called on the Minister to prefer any request also placed themselves under my care; and, as they believed that I also belonged to the Minister's household, they considered themselves in duty bound to make me presents also, for which they required medicine, thinking in this way to kill two birds with one stone.

I was therefore altogether so busy that I only had the evenings to myself, and had but little opportunity for seeing Mequinez. On Fridays, however, I had time to visit one or other of the mosques. The one which bears the name of Mulei Ismael is the most celebrated at present; and as the "bloodthirsty hound," Mulei Ismael, has long been one of Morocco's greatest saints, the mosque in which his bones, and those of Mulei Sliman, Mulei Abd-er-Rhaman, and other

Sultans of this dynasty rest, has obtained the rights of asylum. The fame of this mosque as an asylum for the protection of criminals from justice seems to have become almost as great, through being the resting-place of the bones of the above-mentioned rulers of Morocco, as that of the holy mosque, Mulei Edris Serone, and that of Mulei Edris, in Fez.

I one day witnessed the flight into the Mulei Edris mosque, of a lot of artillery soldiers who had revolted on account of not receiving their pay. They remained there several days, even during Friday, on which day the Sultan attends to hear the Chotba Prayer, and it was not until they had received the most positive assurance that they should have free pardon that they would leave their retreat. Whether this promise was kept towards them or not I cannot say, but think it most probable, as of course it would be the Sultan's desire to keep up and heighten the sanctity of the place in which his ancestors were buried.

The number of the inhabitants is given differently by every writer on Morocco. Höst places it at 10,000; Hemsö at 56,000; Marmol, 8000; Diezo de Torres, 6000; Jackson, 110,000; and Leo mentions 6000 fire-places. It will probably be near the mark if we place the total at about

from 40,000 to 50,000 souls. Marmol, Höst, and Hemsö consider that Mequinez is the ancient Silda of the Ptolemies. According to Walsin-Esterhazy,[2] Mequinez was founded by the Meknâca, a tribe of the Znata, about the middle of the tenth century. The real founder of the town was, however, Mulei Ismael, who always resided here, and under whom it became of note, and since whose time it has been one of the four royal residences of the empire. The town is situated a few hours' walk to the south of the Mulei Edris Serone Mount, and possesses the most beautiful gardens imaginable. The kernelless (?) pomegranates and fragrant quinces were noted even in Leo's time, and olives are also very plentiful. The gardens are partly within the walls of the town.

The wall, which encloses the town, the Kasbah, the Sultan's palace, and fine garden belonging to it, has four-cornered flanking towers, and is kept in very good condition. There is another lower, and in many places double wall, at about an hour's walk from the main wall, for the protection of the numerous gardens on the outskirts of the town.

Mequinez has a population which is almost

[2] See Renou, p. 254.

entirely connected, in some way or other, either with the Court or the army. The great jealousy which Hemsö and Leo attribute to the men with respect to their wives is probably not greater than in other towns of Morocco. I did not find the women particularly beautiful. Mequinez is the only town in Morocco in which there are public houses of bad repute. The streets are straighter and cleaner, and the houses in better condition than in any other town in the empire. Even the Sultan's palace distinguishes itself in this respect, although that part of it which Mulei Ismael adorned with marble pillars, which he got from Leghorn, is in ruins. These beautiful monoliths lie in the dust as witnesses of long-departed greatness. No other building is in any way noteworthy, and even the mosque Mulei Ismael, which is the place of burial of the present dynasty, lies half in decay. An excellent conduit provides the town with water from a brook which rises to the north of the town, and, if I mistake not, falls into the Ued Bet.

I made an excursion to Mulei Edris Serone, a town about three hours' distance from Mequinez, but can say nothing further about this delightfully-situated place than I have already done in my description of Fez. Although I was physician in ordinary to the Sultan, lived in the First

Minister's house, and followed most exactly all Mohammedan customs and usages, I was nevertheless always looked upon with distrust. To ask directly about any place would not do at all. I should have been at once denounced as a spy.

Happily a circumstance occurred which freed me from the Sultan's service. An English embassy was expected, and in the course of a week or two Sir Drummond Hay, with a numerous suite, and escorted by a strong detachment of Maghaseni, entered Mequinez. The reader can imagine how glad I was. For more than a year I had not had a letter or newspaper from Europe, and now I had both books and papers, and could converse with educated men. At first I had the greatest difficulty in getting access to Sir Drummond Hay, as the Government had issued the strictest orders not to let any renegades approach the embassy. It was only by an artifice that I succeeded. I told Si-Thaib that I must consult the physician in attendance on the English embassy about his complaint. This was at once permitted, and, accompanied by my former interpreter, I visited the embassy.

Sir Drummond occupied one of the finest houses in the town, even supplied with European furniture, of which, though he does not keep it for personal use, the Sultan has plenty. The embassy

was treated everywhere with the courtesy and attention which was due to Sir Drummond Hay, the secret ruler of Morocco. In the streets, wherever it showed itself, the embassy was most respectfully welcomed by the people, who know as well as the Sultan that from England only can real help against the Spaniards and French be expected. Of course Sir Drummond and his suite were entirely free to go where they pleased.

As concerns myself, Sir Drummond gave me a letter (in Arabic) and told me to have it presented to the Sultan through the First Minister. This letter requested that I was not to be considered as a renegade, and that I was to be set at liberty. This bit of paper worked wonders. When Si-Thaib returned it to me a day or two later, he told me that the Sultan had read it and said that I might do as I liked; that I was quite at liberty to leave Mequinez, that I might even journey where I liked in the whole "Rharb," and stop where I thought proper. The reader can imagine my joy at this release. I now felt the greatest desire to see something of the country, and to press on into the interior of Africa, though the experience I had already had, had shown me the difficulties of making such dangerous journeys without means. Though being without money was the best protection against robbers on the one hand; on the other, I

had learnt but little Arabic up to this time, having always had an interpreter, and knew little more of the language than when I first entered Morocco. In like manner I was as yet but little acquainted with the customs and manners of the people of Morocco generally; just as little, for example, as one learns of the manners and customs of the English by a visit to London; or of the Germans, by a visit to Berlin, without travelling through the country itself; in like manner, one learns just as little of Morocco by merely visiting the capital, and up to this time I had been hardly anywhere but in Fez and Mequinez.

I decided upon revisiting the holy city of Uesan. Where could I learn better the customs, manners, and also the language of the people than in this great resort of pilgrims, who streamed in daily in hundreds, and even thousands, from all parts of North Africa? It happened very luckily for me that two near relations of the Grand Sherif were in Mequinez just at this time. Whilst intoxicated, they had killed one of the Sultan's Maghaseni, and had come personally to Mequinez to excuse themselves to the Sultan. They were not only not punished or even censured for their drunken act, but the Sultan considered it as a particularly polite act on the part of these holy people and relations of the Grand Sherif, that they had not scrupled to

come such a long distance to excuse themselves to him about such a trifle, and regarded it probably as at bottom only a pretext for getting presents from him. And they were not disappointed. Sidi Mohammed and his brother, Sidi Thami, left the royal residence well laden with presents.

Si Thaib Bu Aschrin kindly gave me a letter to the two Schürfa, who were returning direct to Uesan. So I said good-bye to the Sultan's court, only regretting that Ismael (Joachim Gatell), who had lived with me the whole time, would now have to return to the camp, and as he did not, like me, enjoy the protection of the English embassy, could not expect to get his release so soon.

The next morning I took my traps to the residence of the Schürfa, and in a short time everything was packed, and we were in the saddle ready to start. Sidi Mohammed, a corpulent young man of about thirty years of age, and his brother, Sidi Thami, a few years younger, were accompanied by two old Schürfa, and had at least thirty servants in their train. About eight o'clock in the morning we left Mequinez by the north gate, and proceeded towards the mountains, leaving the town of Serone a little to the east of us. Travelling in Morocco on horse or mule-back is not at all unpleasant; the high supports in front and behind the saddle, and the large stirrups in which one can put almost

the whole foot, enable one to support fatigue much longer than European riding equipage, though it is necessary to pad the saddle a little with woollen cloths, as although one may endure the hardness of it, it is very uneven, which is uncomfortable on a long journey.

We did not halt anywhere the whole day, and Sidi Mohammed Ben Abd-Allah must have had particular reasons for travelling so fast, as the grandees of Morocco usually make but short daily marches. Happening to separate myself a little from our caravan in the high ground of the Mulei Edris mountains, I was subjected to an ovation. The people living in the neighbourhood who had heard that some Schürfa of Uesan were to pass that way, under the impression that I was also a Sherif, came round me in crowds, kissing my hands and the hem of my djilaba, and asking for the Foetha (blessing), which I luckily knew by heart. It is to be hoped they got quite as much benefit from my blessing as if it had been that of a real Sherif! If they had known that I was but lately a dog of a Christian, how they would have cursed me. Happily, we live in a time when the curse as well as the blessing of man have lost the magic of their power.

At sunset we halted at a duar (tent-village) belonging to the Grand Sherif of Uesan, and as

I had no tent, the two Schürfa invited me to share theirs. The tent of a grandee of Morocco is noticeable for its size; it is formed of strong blue and white striped linen, lined on the inside with gay coloured cloth, sewn together in different patterns. It is usually held up by a single pole, and the covering round the sides of it can be taken down, which is a great advantage in hot weather and sunshine, as the roof of the tent affords shade like a great umbrella, and the sides being open admit the cooling breeze. I was very glad that the Schürfas' cook served up a meal directly, as I had had nothing the whole day but a little bread and some grapes. About midnight the Mul'el Duar, the principal man in the village, came into our tent, bringing several dishes of various sorts of kuskussu and roast meat. I was so tired that I preferred going to sleep again, in spite of repeated invitations to share the meal.

Freshened by my night's rest I was awoke the next morning to partake of some coffee (the Schürfa of Uesan drink coffee), and then came another plentiful meal from the people of the village, who were treated to tea in return. The country as on the preceding day was hilly; well built and numerous duars pointed to a comparatively numerous population. Soon after beginning our journey on the second day we crossed the

rivers Sebu and Uarga, the latter a little above the place where it falls into the Sebu. The Schürfa continued to be received everywhere with the greatest respect, and indeed the Schürfa of Uesan are considered as the holiest in the entire country. It is not customary for persons of quality to make their entry in the evening, so we halted at five o'clock in the afternoon in a duar, which belonged to Sidi Abd-Allah. A few hours' journey next morning brought us to the Bu-Hallöl mountain, on the other side of which Uesan is situated.

As soon as we appeared in sight of the town we were met by the relations and friends of the Schürfa, who had been informed of our approach by the younger of the brothers, Sidi Thami, who had reached the town the evening before. Sidi Thami had also acquainted the Grand Sherif of my return.

I was, however, unable to proceed direct to the dwelling of the Grand Sherif, having first to breakfast with Sidi Abd-Allah. Next to the Grand Sherif, the richest and most influential of the Schürfa is Sidi Mohammed ben Akdjebar. The remaining Schürfa—nearly all the town consists of descendants of the Prophet—have hardly any influence at all, there being too many of them.

As soon as breakfast was over I donned my sea-green costume, and went to the Grand Sherif,

whom I found at his country-house surrounded by a numerous company. I was received in the most friendly manner possible, and he at once ordered a house to be got ready for me, and repeating his welcome, he told me that from this time I was to consider myself as belonging to his household.

Before I describe my experiences in Uesan, I shall say a few words about the state of politics in Morocco at that time, and the past and present position of the Christian Consuls.

CHAPTER X.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

Morocco has one of those despotic and tyrannical governments which are only to be found where the spiritual and secular power is united in the person of one man, and the cause of this absolute despotism is not in any way to be attributed to the character of the Arabian and Berber peoples, but solely to the Mohammedan religion.

It is the same in all countries where Islamism has taken root. Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Tunis, are all under the most absolute monarchical governments, and even in Central Africa, wherever the Mohammedan religion has spread, as in Bornu, Uadai, Sokoto, and Gando, it has endowed the native rulers with absolute power.

Before the spread of Islamism the Arabs lived in small tribes under patriarchal rulers, and though the Berbers of North Africa at times united themselves into kingdoms, their general

and most ancient form of government was in small independent republics.

After the rise of Islamism, it followed as a matter of course that the secular and spiritual power should be united in one person, under whom there is no hierarchy, no priest caste, and no class of privileged persons, except those whom Mohammed himself denoted as such, viz. his own descendants.

It was not, however, until the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Sultans of the family of the Schürfa ascended the throne, that the rulers of Morocco enjoyed unlimited "absolute infallibility," since which time, in proportion as this power of the sovereign has increased, the welfare, culture and diligence of the people has in a remarkable manner decreased.

The Sultan of Morocco calls himself "Sovereign," also "Prince of the Faithful," Hakem el mumenin, or, if he wants to denote his political position as ruler of the country, he writes himself, Mul'el Rharb el Djoani.[1]

By his subjects he is called "Sidna" or our

[1] All other titles, as, for example, Lempriere's "Emperor of Africa" (the Moroccians do not even know the word "Africa"), "Emperor of Morocco, King of Fez, Suz, and Gago, Lord of Dara and Guinea, and Great Sherif of Mohammed," (?) are purely European inventions.

Lord, also "Sultan," Sultan, "Sultana," our Sultan. Other modes of address are not used. His first wife, who is not necessarily a Sherif (or descendant of Mohammed), bears the title Lella-Kebira, and if she presents him with an heir to the throne, she then in future has the right to rule the harem, and has also an important voice in the choice of the other women. The eldest son has the title of Sidi el Kebir, or Mulei el Kebir; Sidi and Mulei having exactly the same signification in the singular, whilst Muleina, the plural, is only used with reference to the Prophets. Like all Mohammedans, the Sultan has only four lawful wives, who can be dismissed and replaced as often as thought proper; how many unlawful, i.e. unwedded women and young girls there are in the four harems, the Sultan himself, in spite of his infallibility, will hardly know.

The Mohammedans have no law of succession, therefore there exists no rule with regard to this in Morocco. Sultan Sidi Mohammed is the second son of the previous Sultan, who was the nephew of his predecessor. Sidi Mohammed ben Abd-er-Rhaman, as he is called, was born in the year 1805. Although under his predecessors, Sultans Sliman and Abd-er-Rhaman, many changes had already taken place in the court of Morocco, the most important have occurred

during the reign of the present Sultan, Sidi Mohammed, who, notwithstanding that he did not have his father's opportunities of getting acquainted with Europeans, has a higher regard for Christians than any of his predecessors. His father, before he ascended the throne, was Bascha of Mogador, where he came in contact with Europeans and learnt their manners and customs, whilst Sidi Mohammed was permanent Bascha of the city of Morocco before he was elected Sultan.

The rulers of Morocco have no divan or midjelis, and the court etiquette is extremely strict. Only some persons are allowed to be seated, viz. the princes, governors of the provinces and influential Schürfa, whilst common mortals must either kneel or squat in the presence of the Sultan. Petitioners who have obtained an audience must prefer their requests from a distance in a kneeling position, after first kissing the ground. In order that the Sultan may never be reminded of death, the word "dead" must not be mentioned in his presence; to get over this difficulty it is the custom, if any one wishes to indicate the decease of a person, to say he has fulfilled his destiny; likewise the number "five" must never be spoken in the Sultan's hearing, the speaker must say "four and one" or "three and two."

This strange custom[2] is thus explained: five is the number of the fingers of the hand, and the hand is the symbol of despotic power. In all Mohammedan countries one frequently sees a red-painted hand on the outside of the houses, this is supposed to act as a charm against violence and as a protection to property, the dwelling is hereby placed under the invisible power of a strong hand.

If any one wishes to speak of a Jew in the presence of the Sultan he must first of all ask "haschak" or "pardon," the Jews being considered as unclean. No one is allowed to appear before the Sultan with his slippers on, though the chief officers of state are permitted to wear their small yellow leathern boots. There are no decorations in Morocco, though in the year 1864 it was proposed to found an order, that of Sultan Soloman (the Jewish king), and medals were formed like those which King Theodore of Abyssinia had made. The greatest distinction the Sultan shows any one is when he takes off his burnus or cloak and presents it to them. Persons of rank are allowed to kiss his hand; his brothers, his children, and his especial favourites may also kiss the palm of his hand.

[2] See Jackson's account.

The expenditure of the Sultan is comparatively small, and is incurred principally in the purchase of splendid horses, fine weapons, and providing and supporting his large harems, watched over by bands of brilliantly dressed eunuchs. The influential position which these unhappy creatures held, under the earlier rulers of Morocco, no longer exists, and their influence is now confined entirely to that part of the palace in which, except the Sultan, no male person is allowed to enter. The dress of the eunuchs is similar to that of the Maghaseni or Moroccian cavalry, and each has also a silver embroidered belt. As already mentioned, they all have strongly aromatic names—for instance, the chief eunuch in Mequinez is called "Kaid Camphor," others have the names Musk, Amber, Thyme, &c. A part of the harem always accompanies the Sultan on his journeys. It is composed of his favourite wives, the quintessence of the four harems of Fez, Mequinez, Rbat, and Morocco. On these journeys the Sultan uses two large tents, which are surrounded by an exterior tent wall, so that a separate space is formed round the sides of the main tent. The tents are connected with each other by a covered-in passage, one of them is occupied by the Sultan, the other by his wives, and the eunuchs live in the space round the outside of the women's tent.

At the head of the present Sultan's Government is the First Minister, called by the people Uisir el Kebir, and who has besides the title "Ketab el uamer," or "the prince's writer." This man, Si-Thaib-Bu-Aschrin-el-Djemeni by name, was formerly the Sultan's tutor, and is now the most powerful of his subjects, his influence especially with regard to foreign affairs being very great.

The immediate intercourse with the foreign Consuls takes place at Tangiers through the Governor there, who has the title of Uisir-el-uasitha. He receives his instructions in this respect either from Uisir-el-Kebir or direct from the Sultan.

In all despotic states, and especially in Mohammedan, it very often happens, through caprice on the part of the infallible ruler, that the lowest and most shallow-brained man gets the highest post. Who would dare to question such a promotion? In Morocco no one. It is true, there are almost all-powerful Kaids, ruling independently in their provinces; there is the class of the Schürfa, the descendants of Mohammed, who, when at a distance from the Sultan, make bold to say, in the presence of the whole people, "I am also a Sherif, and the Sultan has no better blood in his veins than I;" there is also

the Grand Sherif of Uesan, who claims to be more directly descended from Mohammed than the Sultan himself, and he alone dares to set the Sultan at defiance; but besides these, there is no one in the country who in the presence of the infallible ruler would not be conscious of his own littleness and insignificance.

Thus Si-Mussa, the next most powerful man in the empire to the First Minister, whom I may entitle "Minister of the Royal Household," was formerly nothing else but a slave, a Houssa negro. He owes his position to the fact of his having grown up with the Sultan. He has the management of all the internal affairs of the palace. His brother, Si-Abd-Allah, likewise a Houssa negro, and formerly slave, was War Minister.

An important post at the Court of Morocco is that of the Meschuar. The Kaid el Meschuar's office is to conduct petitioners, strangers, and visitors to the Sultan; and, as it is quite exceptional for any one to obtain an audience through any other officer, his position is both influential and lucrative—lucrative, because he requires a present, valuable in proportion to their wealth, from each person he conducts to the Sultan. Foreign Consuls, whether they come in embassy to the Sultan, or are received at the usual audience at Rbat, are also introduced by the

Kaid el Muschuar. Maltzan gives an interesting description of the extortions practised on Europeans from the Kaid el Muschuar downwards, by every one who holds some petty office which in any way brings him in contact with the strangers.

The Mul-el-taba, or Kaid-el-taba, who may be considered as Minister of the Interior, and who is also Grand Keeper of the Seals, has likewise been promoted from the gutter, or, as the Moroccians much more forcibly put it, from the d—— "Sebel." The Mul-el-Taba consults with the Sultan regarding the appointing of the kaids and governors of the provinces and towns.

There is no regular treasurer, or even minister of finance in Morocco, as the key to the chief treasury, which is supposed to be in Mequinez, is kept by the Sultan himself. That there is a considerable portion of the palace there in shape like a stone dice, called "El dar-el chasna," or "Bit el mel," i.e. treasure-house, I can confirm from personal knowledge. Seen from the outside this massive building has apparently no entrance, though as one side is attached to the harem, most probably the entrance to it is from the latter. The Moroccians assert that it is approached by means of a subterranean tunnel. The interior is described as a cavity lined

with masonry, which again contains another room.[3]

This is all nothing but conjecture, for no one—not even the Kaid-etsard or Treasurer—has ever had a sight of the interior. In like manner, the sums which are said to be piled up in the treasure-house, are probably nothing like so considerable as many have estimated them; for instance, some French writers mention as much as 300 million francs, and even a milliard, as the savings of the rulers of Morocco, without thinking that what one Sultan has saved is often squandered in one day by the next, who has got possession of the throne by usurpation and force, and must reward those who have helped him. At any rate, when Spain demanded her twenty-two million Spanish dollars as war indemnity, it was discovered that the State Treasury was empty; or else the Sultan could not or would not break into it. That there was no money is most probable.

There is no ecclesiastical ministration in Morocco; the offices of Pope, ecclesiastical ministration, and chief synod, as such establishments are called by Christians, being united in the person of the infallible Sultan.

[3] See Höst, p. 221, who gives the value of the treasure there at fifty million dollars.

I shall content myself with merely mentioning some of the less important officers belonging to the Court of Morocco, as they now exist:—The head-cook, Mul'el tabach; the parasol-bearer, Mul'el schemsia; sword-bearer, Mul'el skin; the tea-server, Mul'el atei; food-bearer, Mul'el taam. There are more than fifty of these officers, who are for the most part slaves; there are, however, also a good many free white persons among them. There is a particular officer for even the most insignificant services: for instance, there is one to turn the Sultan's slippers round, so that he has them always straight for putting on; another to hold the stirrup; another to bring the water-bowl; another to take away the emptied teacups; another to hand the napkin; another to present the water-bowl for dipping the hands in before and after meals; and so on, for every little service a special servant. It must not, however, be supposed that all these people are paid. Pretty good clothing—often that which has been turned off by the Sultan or the Princes, and which only differs from the princely attire in being somewhat more threadbare—and their food, is all which this crowd of officers and servants get. But for all this they are by no means without money, as they know how to exact something from every one who visits the Sultan; and if they have any

business in the market, some poor Jew or credulous countryman is sure to be intimidated into parting with a mosona, who would resist the request or threat of a Ssahab! This is the official name of all officers and servants. The Sultan's first minister, like his lowest slave, is not ashamed of this title; the reason of this is, that in the eyes of the Sultan the highest officer is of no more value than the lowest slave. Before the Moroccian infallibility the head of the most upright officer falls as easily to the sword as that of a criminal who has really deserved it. And true infallibility can only exist in such a country as Morocco, i.e. in a country where justice has no place, but where everything must bend to the caprice of a feeble-minded fanatic.

There is no office of Lord Chief Justice in Morocco; the only appeal against the judgment of the Kaid of a province, or town, or small village, is to the Vizier or Sultan, who confirm or annul the judgment in question as they think proper.

The separate provinces and districts are often governed by Kaids or Schichs, who, in the case of the provinces and the more important towns, are nominated directly by the Sultan. In an administrative and judicial respect, the boun-

daries of the provinces, as marked in most maps, do not exist. The title "Kaid" is the only official one (with exception of "Bascha," which we shall refer to presently), and is applied equally to the governor of a province as of a small village. For instance, a Kaid may have under him fifty or even 100 Kaids; he may simply command one Duar,[4] one Tschar,[5] or one tribe, or he may command twenty, fifty, and more of them; he may be at one time governor of the two Rhab provinces with the tribes in them, or, as under the present Sultan, they are divided and under two Kaids. The title "Schich" is equivalent to "Kaid," and is more in use in districts where the Berber element predominates. The title "Bascha" is only applied to the very highest governors, such for example, as the Governor of Old Fez. The title "Caliph" signifies representative; for instance, under the present Government, whenever the Sultan is in the town of Morocco, his eldest son receives the title of "Caliph of Fez" as his father's representative, and when the Sultan is in Fez, his brother, Mulei Ali, has the title of "Caliph" in the town of Morocco. This is the sole remaining memento that Fez and Morocco were formerly separate kingdoms.

[4] Tent village.

[5] Mountain village of houses.

It would be impossible to denote exactly the boundaries of the different provinces of Morocco, as, according to the caprice of the Government, a province is enlarged to-day only to be reduced again, or perhaps cut in half to-morrow: a tribe is included sometimes in this, sometimes in that province; and whilst some boundaries which are defined by geographical circumstances never change, others are always changing.

In the country which inclines from the Atlas to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and which is enclosed by the range of mountains running from Cape Gher to Cape Tres Forcas (Ras ed Deir), we have in the north the Angad and Riff (or coast) provinces, south of Angad, the two Rharb provinces, and in the north bordering on the Atlantic the provinces of Beni-Hassan, Shawia, Dukkala, Abda, Shedma, and Haha. To the south of the Riff province is that of Hayaina, and south of Hayaina the province of Fez. On the slopes of the Atlas to the east of Haha, are the provinces of Ahmar, Erhammena, and Marakesh (or Morocco district of the town of the same name); and to the north of Marakesh, Temsen, and to the east of it Scheragna. The above are the names of the principal provinces, the boundaries of which, however, as before mentioned, are not at all defined. More-

over, there are amongst them districts which might almost equally well be called provinces. The eastern division of the Garet, a province which borders on the west side of the Riff province, has been known of late years as Beni-Snassen, and is a district to itself, having its own Kaid. Between the provinces of Fez, Scheragna, Marakesh, and Erhammena, and the ridge of the Atlas range, are various districts; but their names and positions are not known with any certainty. I was able to verify the districts of the Beni-Mtir and the Beni-Mgill, which lie in a south-easterly direction from Fez.

South of Cape Gher, bordering on the Atlantic, are the provinces of Suse and Nun (with Tekna); the state, Sidi Hischam, no longer exists.[6] The province of Draa is of course only taken into account, so far as it is inhabited; that is, to where the river, from which it takes its name, takes a westward course. To the east of Draa is the province of Tafilet (or Tafilelt), with its various districts; and to the north-east of Tafilet, the various small oases on the south-eastern Atlas slopes, the most important of which is Figig.

[6] The name Dschesula or Gezoula, as Renou marks it on his map, does not exist south of the Atlas. Perhaps it is placed on the map merely to denote the country called by the ancients Gætulia.

Finally, the south-easternmost province of Morocco is Tuat.

With respect to the revenue and expenditure of the Sultan of Morocco, nothing certain can be said, there being no blue books to enlighten one, and the revenue depending mainly on the caprice of the different Kaids, on chance, and other often quite unforeseen circumstances.

In the year 1778, Höst, basing his calculations on Koustrop, estimated the revenue at one million piasters,[7] composed of taxes, tribute, tolls, imposts on Jews, monopolies, rents, street-rates, and foreign presents, the last alone figuring at 250,000 piasters. The expenditure Höst only places at 300,000, so that 700,000 piasters remained for the treasury; and as the Sultan on the throne in 1778 had reigned twenty-two years, he reckons the treasure in the Bit-el-Mel at thirteen million piasters.

In the year 1821, Hemsö gives the revenue as 2,600,000 thalers (about 379,166*l.* sterling), of which sum the presents from foreign Courts amounted to 225,000 thalers (32,813*l.* sterling). The expenditure he reckons at 990,000 thalers (144,375*l.* sterling); and, using Höst's mode

[7] A Spanish piaster is equal to about four shillings and threepence.

of calculating, he concludes that taking the yearly savings to be 1,600,000 thalers (233,334*l.* sterling), at the end of a reign of thirty-four years there would be a sum of at least fifty million thalers (7,291,667*l.* sterling) in the Bit-el-Mel.

Of later information respecting the administration of the revenue, there is none; for in that given by Jules Duval in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," professing to be the latest, he has simply copied Hemsö's figures, though making no mention of the source whence he got them. Calderon's statements are not more trustworthy.

In like manner there is very little statistical information to be had as to the amount of exports and imports and trade and commerce in general. Respecting the trade of several ports, we have no materials whatever to go upon. Agadir, with a considerable trade in natural products from the Sahara, Nun, Draa, and Sus, like Asamor, has no consuls of any state. And Asamor is one of the most important towns. Of some few ports, however, we have correct information as regards their imports and exports, and the arrivals, departures, and tonnage of ships, their nationality, &c.[8]

Serafin Calderon places the total value of the

[8] See Richardson, vol. ii. p. 316.

trade, two-thirds of which is with England, at 50,000,000 thalers (7,291,667*l.* sterling), the remaining third being divided amongst Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, &c. Beaumier values the yearly trade at about 40,000,000 francs, and divides this amount amongst the ports taking part in it as follows:—Mogador, at the head, with five-eighths; L'Araisch, Tangiers, Rbat, Casabianca, and Masagan, with one-eighth; and Tetuan and Saffy, each with one-sixteenth.[9]

Although various treaties respecting export and import duties have been concluded with Christian nations, they are often annulled without any particular reason by the Sultan, and why should he not do so? Need he, the infallible ruler of the faithful, be the slave of his word? Is not he lord and absolute ruler of all people who sojourn in the Rharb, and therefore also of the Christians, so long as they remain there? Is there, furthermore, a prince to be compared with him? It is true, the Sultan of Stamboul rules over the other half[1] of the faithful, but that is written by God. It is true, the present Sultan barely escaped with his life from the French at Isly, but that was also Mektub Allah (written by God). It is true, the Spaniards took Tetuan, but that was also Mektub

[9] See Beaumier, "Déscription Sommaire de Maroc," p. 31.

[1] The Moroccian idea.

Allah. Some old soothsayers have even prophesied that the Christians will one day invade Mulei Edris (Fez), and to this the Moroccian answers, "God confound them! but perhaps it is written."

CHAPTER XI.

CONSULATES.

No country in the whole world has kept itself so closed to foreigners as Morocco. Whilst Turkey has long had diplomatical relations with all the European Powers, and has her Consuls in all countries; whilst China, if as yet she has no agents in Europe, is nevertheless in continual diplomatic intercourse with Christian nations, and the interior is now opened up to Europeans, Morocco, el-Rharb-el-Djoani, or the extreme west, remains a sealed book.

Neither the battle of Isly, nor the Prince de Joinville's bombardment of Tangiers and Mogador, nor the capture of Tetuan, have caused any changes in this respect. With the exception of a single Power—England—the relations of Morocco with all foreign Powers are formal and cold, and are confined for the most part to differences

between the Christians and Mohammedans in the Moroccian seaport towns.

But this was not always so. We know that, after the most violent displays of emnity against each other, there have been times when the Christians and Mohammedans of Spain and Morocco pursued in common the study of the arts and sciences. The expulsion of the Moors from Spain, especially the last great expulsion in the year 1609, gave rise to the inextinguishable hatred which since that time the North-West African has evinced towards all Christians. Besides which, new dynasties sprang up in Morocco—the first of the Filali, or Schürfa (descendants of the Prophet); then, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, the second dynasty of the Schürfa.

About this time Morocco vied with the other piratical States in capturing the ships of the Christians. No power was safe, and if any European ship had the misfortune to strand on the dangerous coast stretching from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Sahara, it, and all it contained, was seized by the natives, the crew were either mutilated, abused, and murdered, or at best sold as slaves and sent into the interior, there to wear out the remainder of their lives in the hardest drudgery.

And has this state of things improved at all?

Hardly. It is true Sultan Soliman, or Sliman, as the Moroccians call him, ordered the release of all Christian slaves, and if a ship is wrecked anywhere on the coast of Morocco at the present time, the crew are not sold, but usually, after severe privations, given up. But should any of them have been murdered, or should any females who may have been with them not have been respected, no punishment need be feared by the perpetrators of such acts. Thus barely escaping with their lives, robbed of everything, the poor unfortunates are handed over to their country's consul, whilst demands for a valuable present from the person who brings them, and perhaps a bill of costs for their maintenance is also sent in, and the consul pays and thanks.

In 1852, the same year that the English admiral, Napier, was sent for the purpose of revenging insults offered to British subjects by the Moroccians, but who only paraded his fleet in a useless manner in sight of the coast of Morocco—in the same year the Prussian brig "Flora" was plundered on the coast of the Riff province. Four years later, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, the present Admiral of the German Empire, was treacherously attacked and wounded on the same coast whilst taking in water. Morocco has never given satisfaction for this outrage. It excused itself to

Prussia, through the Swedish Consul-general (as I was myself informed by the Moroccian Grand Vizier, Si Thaib Bu Aschrin), by saying that the Sultan had no power over the inhabitants of the Riff province, and could not therefore be responsible for any such acts; and friendly relations were re-established with England by that proud kingdom giving presents to the Sultan.

In order to understand the policy of England, we must go back to the year 1684, when England voluntarily gave up the town of Tangiers, which Charles II. had received with his Portuguese bride, Catherine, twenty years before. This impolitic act of voluntarily abandoning possession of a strong point at the entrance of the Mediterranean was neutralized for the English Government when, twenty years later, the Imperial Field-Marshal Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt, captured Gibraltar for England, which fortress Great Britain has retained possession of ever since.

The principal value of this fortress to England was that in the time of sailing vessels it commanded the entrance to the Mediterranean, and that it was a secure harbour for a war fleet; but since the introduction of steam-ships a complete change has taken place, and Gibraltar commands the Straits no longer. Besides which, the longest-range cannons cannot fire to the African coast.

But Gibraltar will always be of importance to England, on account of the proximity of Morocco, and as a place of rendezvous for her fleets. But much more valuable in this respect for England would be the possession of Ceuta, which, as regards its position, is as favourable as that of Gibraltar, and, as regards Morocco, considerably more so.

" The interests which bind England to Morocco are—partly her large trade, English goods commanding nearly the whole of the Moroccian market; and partly her jealousy of foreign powers, principally Spain and France. And this jealousy arises principally from England's fear of being driven from the Moroccian market by just these powers. We need not go back to the time when the natives of Algeria, under Abd-el-Kader, were supported against the French by England. It will be sufficient if we refer to events which have more recently taken place.

When, on the 25th of March, 1860, Mulei Abbes and O'Donnell concluded peace, the Spanish General, Ros de Olano, taking leave of his soldiers soon after, was perfectly right in saying, " We have finished a war to us new, and of its sort unparalleled, in which we have been victorious in every action, but have, nevertheless, in my opinion, lost the campaign."

Olano was perfectly right in saying so, for in this war the Spaniards gained nothing. The promise to give up Agadir has not been kept; on the contrary, as I myself saw in 1862, Sultan Sidi Mohammed, was busily engaged in protecting this place, which was before but poorly defended, by erecting new and well-built forts. The Spaniards have not yet been able to think about the establishment of a mission in Fez and Mequinez, though this was stipulated for at the treaty of peace. Tetuan had to be restored, and the war indemnity is a long way off being paid, and, if it proceeds at the same rate as at present, will not be, as the Spaniards say themselves, for a hundred years to come.

And who brought about this very unfavourable peace for Spain? who hindered the Spaniards from marching from Tetuan to Tangiers? who hindered the bombardment of Tangiers, Mogador, and other Moroccian seaports? England alone! Sidi el Hadj Abd es Ssalam, Grand Sherif of Uesan, told me a year later that even English soldiers, dressed as Moroccians, stood at the batteries of Tangiers to serve the cannon, in case the Spaniards should venture an attack. Of course, I cannot vouch for the truth of this; but it shows what an important part England played, behind the scenes, for Morocco at that time.

The first regular relations between Spain and

Morocco took place in the years 1767 and 1798. Like the other Christian nations, Spain also paid a yearly tribute, which, however, only amounted to about 1000 thalers (about 146*l.* sterling), though at every change of consul 12,000 thalers (1750*l.* sterling) extra had to be paid. In 1798, Spain concluded fresh treaties, in which she agreed only to pay tribute on condition that the convents "existing in Mequinez, Morocco, L'Araisch, and Tangiers, should be allowed to practise their religion without hindrance. These convents in the interior were established principally for purchasing the freedom of Christian slaves, helping them in time of sickness, and strengthening them in the Christian religion. Höst, in his works published in 1781, makes mention of these convents or missions. But as religious fanaticism has ever been on the increase in Morocco, Spain saw herself compelled, at the end of the last century, to give up her missions in Mequinez and Morocco; that at L'Araisch was closed in 1822.

At present the Spanish General-Consul stands on a good footing with the Government of Morocco, and Spanish agents divide with those of the Sultan all the port dues; so that in this way Spain is to get her war indemnity.

The only State which has disdained to enter into relations with, or pay tribute to, Morocco is

Russia; and, curiously, Russia is the State which is most feared by Morocco. The name "Muscu" is spoken by every Moroccian with a measured respectful timidity.

France asserts[1] that she had consuls in Fez as early as 1577. Whether this is so or not we must leave undecided. The first diplomatic relations were the treaties of September 3rd, 1630; of the 17th and 24th of September, 1631; of the 16th of January, 1635; of the 29th of January, 1682;[2] and, finally, in 1693, at the time of Louis XIV., which latter did not come into force until 1767. France paid no fixed yearly sum, but Hemsö rates the value of the yearly presents at more than 100,000 thalers (14,584*l.* sterling).

Since the first day of the conquest of Algeria, France has been continually on the *qui vive* with Morocco. The battle of Isly, in which Sultan Sidi Mohammed was defeated, and the bombardment of Mogador and Tangiers have not been conducive to friendly feeling between the two countries. In 1844, when a new treaty of peace was arranged, Sultan Abd-er-Rhaman could not bring himself to receive the French Embassy in Fez, but went himself for that purpose to Rbat.

Since that time France has had no serious diffi-

[1] Jules Duval, Revue des Deux Mondes, 1859.

[2] Du Mont, Corps Diplomatique, t. v. vi. and vii.

culties with Morocco. The expedition against the Beni Snassen was local, and took place with the consent of the Sultan. Other differences, such as the delivering up of Algerian culprits and rebels, are always settled by prompt compliance with the demands of France on the part of Morocco: for in Morocco England is loved, Spain is hated, but France is feared. That is the personal statement of the First Minister of Morocco.

Although England was not one of the first countries having treaties with Morocco, we find that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth an English trade with Morocco had already sprung up. The first[3] treaty dates from January 2nd, 1718; and a second was signed between George II. and Sultan Mulei Hammed el Dahabi in June, 1729. This treaty was confirmed by the Sultans Sidi Mohammed in 1760, Mulei Yasid in 1790, and by Mulei Sliman in 1809:[4] for the Sultans of Morocco only acknowledge the acts of their predecessors, when they have themselves confirmed and renewed them, especially acts relating to Christian powers. A principal reason for this is, that, at every renewal of a treaty, the States concerned have to make rich presents to the Sultan

[3] Du Mont, Corps Diplomatique, t. viii.
[4] Gräberg di Hemsö, p. 232.

and his ministers. From a list published by the English Government in 1815, we find that between the years 1797 and 1814 Morocco figures with a yearly amount of 16,177*l.* sterling, as war subsidy:[5] besides which the British Legation in Morocco had yearly to distribute gifts to the value of 10,000 piasters, and partly supply Morocco with arms and ammunition,[6] in return for the permission to export as much corn and cattle to Gibraltar as it desired.

But the most important concessions England has obtained she owes to her present representative in Morocco, Sir Drummond Hay. In order to have men who are well acquainted with the customs and language of the people, England has chosen as her representatives only such persons as have been born in the country; and such is Sir Drummond Hay, who knows the country as does no other man living, and understands how to deal with high and low. On the 9th of December, 1859, Sir Drummond concluded a new treaty of commerce with Abd-er-Rhaman, including provisions by which all the Christian powers were to profit. In the treaty of 1861, however, when certain clauses relating to commercial matters were revised, England claimed an exceptional position for

[5] Revue des Deux Mondes, 1844. Maroc, ses Mœurs et Ressources.

[6] See Calderon.

herself. For instance, England's Consuls were to be allowed to reside in whatever ports or towns[7] she desired, whilst the Consuls of other nations are restricted to the ports. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that in this treaty England stipulated that the agents of all nations should be allowed to hoist their flags where they pleased, and not only, as before, in the "unclean Ghetto" of the Jews. Another great point gained by England was full liberty for all Protestants to practise their religion. In the year 1862 Sir Drummond happened to be in Mequinez just at the time I was there, and I was able to confirm myself how all-powerful his influence, and, consequently, that of England, is; and, if I am not mistaken, in 1867 Drummond Hay even visited the Sultan at Fez. Those who know how extremely difficult it is to have communication with the Sultan in person, and especially in one of the chief towns of the country, will be able to judge in what great confidence the present British Consul was held at that time.

The English Government, knowing that such people are principally impressed by a show of power, wealth, and splendour, had a residence erected for its Consul at Tangiers at a cost of

[7] To avoid offending Morocco, England would, however, never insist on keeping Consuls in the interior of the country.

70,000 thalers (10,209*l.* sterling), the Consul-general and residing Minister has a salary of about 50,000 francs; there are besides, a paid Vice-consul, a physician, a clergyman, several interpreters, servants, &c., at the service of the chief Minister, all of whom are well paid. In Mogador, Asfi, Darbeida, Dar Djedida, Rbat, L'Araisch, Arsila and Tetuan, England has also her paid Consuls, Vice-consuls and agents.

In the beginning of the year 1860, England undertook to represent the kingdom of Denmark, Austria, and the German Hans-Towns.

The Hans-Towns also paid tribute. In 1750, Hamburg had to supply fifty gun-carriages, besides fifteen tons of gunpowder, &c.

On the 18th of June, 1753, (Höst, p. 284,) Denmark concluded a treaty with Morocco, and as it is a fair sample of the old treaties we will select a few of its clauses:—§ 6 and 10. All Danes are at liberty to travel in the country and in safety. § 9. No Danish stranded ship may be robbed, or its crew ill-used (?). No Moor may compel a Dane to sell his goods at less than their value. No sailor may be taken by force from a Danish ship. § 12. If a Danish ship carrying goods which have paid duty at one Moroccian port, proceed to another port of Morocco, no new duty shall be charged on the goods on board which are destined elsewhere.

Ammunition and shipbuilding materials are to be free of duty. For these, amongst other privileges, Denmark paid (Hemsö, p. 235) 25,000 thalers (3646*l.* sterling) yearly, besides a sum of 50,000 thalers (7292*l.* sterling), per annum, for the permission to establish a trading company on the coast from Sla to Asfi.

In the year 1844 Denmark ceased paying tribute to Morocco. Sweden's first treaty with Morocco dates from 1763; for this she payed the Sultan a yearly tribute of 20,000 thalers (2917*l.* sterling). Formerly the presents of Sweden had been in natural products, wood, cordage, ammunition, &c. In 1771, under Gustavus III., a new treaty was arranged, by which Sweden had to send an embassy twice a year with presents; but in 1803 the old treaty was again renewed, though with the humiliation that the 20,000 thalers were to be handed over by the Consuls publicly. Under Bernadotte the tribute was entirely suspended.[8]

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, Austria, which is at present represented by England, after sending an ambassador to Sultan Abu Fers, concluded a treaty through the Englishman Shirley: in the year 1783, on the 17th of April, therefore about 150 years later (Schweigh-

[8] See Maltzan, "Three Years in the North-West of Africa."

over, " Constitution of the State of Morocco ") the Sultan Sidi Mohammed sent an ambassador to the Emperor Joseph II., and the treaty was renewed and confirmed. In the year 1815, the Emperor Francis bound himself to pay Morocco a yearly tribute of 10,000 sequins, that being the sum which Venice, when an independant State in 1765, had agreed to pay the Sultans. In the same year, however, Austria broke off all connexion with Morocco, being the first European State to cease paying tribute, and referred its subjects to Spain; but the many vexations Sultan Abd-er-Rhaman caused the Austrians to be subjected to, compelled them to retaliate, and in 1829 the Austrian Admiral Bandierra bombarded some coast-towns, but without important results. On the 12th of February, 1830, through the agency of Denmark, a treaty was settled between the two countries, of which all that is known is that Austria did not bind herself to pay tribute or give presents. The representation was left to Denmark and later to England.

In the year 1817, Prussia likewise made an attempt to conclude a treaty with Morocco, which was, however, unsuccessful, and since that time Sweden has represented that country. There being a great demand in Morocco for a white calico manufactured (or said to be) at Hamburg called " Am-

burgese," in the commencement of the present century, that city also tried to arrange a treaty, but ineffectually; later on Hamburg was represented by Portugal, and finally, with the other Hans-Towns, by England.

In 1825 Sardinia concluded a treaty with Morocco, and bound herself to pay a sum of 25,000 francs at every change of Consul.

The treaties in force between Morocco and the minor Italian States, Sardinia (and formerly Genoa), Tuscany, and the Two Sicilies, were put an end to by a new treaty in 1859 between United Italy and Morocco. Italy has a Consulate-general in Tangiers, and agents in most of the ports.

Holland, which was the first country to have intercourse with Morocco, signed the first treaty with that country on the 5th of May, 1684, and later, on the 18th of July, 1692, (Du Mont, t. vii.) another was concluded. She payed a yearly tribute of 15,000 thalers (2188*l.* sterling). Already as early as 1604 Sultan Abu Fers had sent an ambassador to Holland, who died there. In the year 1815, William, King of the Netherlands, sent a general to Morocco to notify to the Sultan that he was no longer tributary. The Dutch, who are at present represented by England, have one of the finest Consulates in Tangiers.

Portugal has, like England, France, and Spain,

a Consul-general and resident Minister. Since the Sultan Mohammed took Masagan from the Portuguese in 1769, their mutual relations have been amicable, and Portugal is the only State of which it can be said that Morocco treats it on an equal footing, for the yearly presents which the Sultan sends the King of Portugal, though certainly not so valuable as those he receives, show the estimation in which that country is held.

Even the United States of North America could not avoid joining in the tribute which almost all Christian nations yearly paid to Morocco. In 1795 a treaty was concluded with Sultan Mulei Sliman for fifty years, therefore till 1845; in this treaty the Americans did not bind themselves to pay a fixed yearly sum, but nevertheless, the presents they were obliged to make were equal to an annual sum of about 15,000 thalers (2188*l.* sterling). In 1845, a new, and this time more favourable arrangement for the Americans was arrived at. There is an American Consul-general at Tangiers.

Brazil and some of the smaller American States have also their representatives in Tangiers and the other ports of Morocco.

At the present time the position of the European Consuls is very different, but still their influence is nothing like that of their brethren in Turkey. Treaties and obligations have no force

whatever in the interior as far as Europeans are concerned, and the influence of an European Consul in the interior is worth nothing. Tribute is no longer paid by any country, but the more than kingly presents which from time to time, especially England and Spain, make to Morocco, I have myself seen and been astonished at, so that a Consul must display a more than ordinary amount of prudence and dexterity in his dealings with Morocco. Though it does not now happen, as it sometimes used to, that Consuls who may have displeased the Moroccians are packed on board some ship and sent home,[8] they are still liable to some unpleasantnesses; for instance, the French Consul Pelissier was refused exequatur in Mogador, simply because it pleased his Moroccian Majesty so to do; and Leon Roche had to be recalled from Tangiers because he was too well acquainted with Moroccian interests and affairs, which England and Morocco would not tolerate. Since 1844, however, France has been on quite another footing.

As regards Morocco herself, she has never dreamt of having representatives abroad, or attempted on her own part to enter into diplomatic or commercial relations with any country. The

[8] The Government would indeed have some difficulty in doing so now, seeing that it has not a single ship at its disposal.

different embassies which the Government of Morocco has sent to Europe have had no further object than getting presents or extorting money. One was, however, an exception—that of Mulei Abbes, brother of the present Sultan, to Spain, in 1860-61, which, of course, was not with the object of obtaining money, being undertaken for the purpose of getting a reduction of the debt due to Spain as war indemnity. Even this was not sent by Morocco of its own accord, but only because Spain had distinctly refused to entertain any proposals unless they were submitted by the brother of the Sultan in Spain itself; and Morocco had to suffer the humiliation that, after dragging Mulei Abbes through the country, Spain would not abate one jot of her demands.

Morocco possesses but one Consul.[9] This is Hadj Said Guesno, at Gibraltar, who, in a measure, represents the entire foreign consular relations of his sovereign with the Christians. What sort of a Consul this is, the reader will best get an idea from the letter of a friend in Gibraltar, dated May 18, 1871, in reply to one of mine asking him if he would get the Moroccian Consul to furnish me with some notes about the tribes of Morocco. He says, "My Moroccian colleague, an ex-slave, now

[9] Morocco used formerly to have a Consul at Genoa, but has kept none there of late years.

slipper manufacturer and black as the devil, would be considerably astonished if I asked him to give me any information about this or that tribe, whether he was of Arabian or Berber origin. He would not understand me at all; in the first place, because he has certainly never troubled himself about such matters; and secondly, because his entire thought and attention is concentrated on his yellow slippers."

This worthy is the sole representative of his infallible Moroccian Majesty abroad.

The question now arises, would it be desirable for the German Empire to have a representative in Morocco? To this we have but one answer, Yes. Our political interests in Morocco are nearly identical with those of England, who has, besides, to guard her important commercial relations. Our views are the same as England's with respect to restraining France from extending her sway over Morocco. The proximity of a French colony in itself makes it necessary for us to have a representative in Morocco.

As, of course, a Consulate cannot be established in Morocco all at once, the first thing to be done would be to prepare the way by opening negotiations, either directly with the Sultan, or indirectly through the agency of some already established and recognized Consulate. If the latter method

is chosen, then the British Consul-general would be by far the best medium, as the English Minister, Sir Drummond Hay, is the most loved and esteemed in Morocco. If it is thought best to arrange with the Sultan direct, then the best thing would be to choose a time when the Sultan and his whole Court and Government is assembled in Rbat, and let the ambassador of the German Empire be conveyed there in a man-of-war, in order that Morocco might have a *visible* proof of the power of our country. In the preliminary arrangements, of course, a present should not be wanting, but the gift of a few thousand chassepots would be as welcome to the Sultan as they could be easily spared by us.

CHAPTER XII.

RESIDENCE WITH THE GRAND SHERIF OF UESAN.

My stay in Uesan of more than a year was, on the whole, a pleasant one. My time was principally employed in going about amongst the people in order to get acquainted with their peculiarities, and when alone I was not at a loss what to do as I could always turn to reading for enlivenment, Gatell having lent me part of his books.

I also, whilst at Uesan, made several short excursions in the neighbourhood, sometimes alone, and sometimes in the company of the Grand Sherif. One of them was to L'xor, to purchase some medicines which could not be procured in Uesan, where only amulets are used. Curiously, as far as his own person and family were concerned, Sidi-el-Hadj Abd-es-Ssalam did not seem to have any great faith in the magic power of his infallibility, as I often had to supply both himself and his two little sons with medicine. The Grand

Sherif had such confidence in me that he did not insist that I should taste the medicine before he took it.

Late in the autumn the Grand Sherif paid a visit to the Sultan, who was in Arbat, and on this journey I accompanied him. And it is whilst he is travelling that the Grand Sherif's influence and the reverence in which he is held is most noticeable. People have no idea to what an extent the worship of man is carried in Morocco. Sidi-el-Hadj Abd-es-Ssalam travels either on horseback or in a litter, which looks almost like a locked chest, and is so low that he can only lie in it. This litter is carried by two mules, one in front and one behind. It would be useless to attempt to estimate the number of people who throng the roads along which the Grand Sherif passes; the whole country seems to be present; entire tribes come even from the remotest parts. All strive to touch the Grand Sherif himself, or his horse, or litter, or anything else belonging to him. By such a touch they think to obtain the divine blessing. It often happens that the armed servants cannot keep back the eager crowd with the flat of the sword, and they are then obliged to make regular attacks to separate the people.

The Governors of the provinces which are passed through always approach reverentially and, of

course, never empty-handed, and they consider themselves specially favoured if Sidi halts to have a meal with them, or even if he pitches his tent near their dwellings.

The Grand Sherif always travels by short stages and with numerous attendants, there being never less than one hundred persons with him. All the influential Schürfa, his nearest relations, and the Thalba (scribes) must accompany him. Besides the animals they ride they are also provided by the Grand Sherif with mules for carrying their baggage and tents, which latter are always sent on in advance, so as to be ready for the main body when it arrives at the appointed camping-place. The Grand Sherif himself has three large tents—one to pass the night in, one for receptions, and one in which he receives only his particular friends.

As soon as he is installed, that is to say, has taken his place on the soft carpets, which are made by the Beni-Snassen,[1] and one of which weighs four hundredweight (a camel's load), the supplicants from all parts are admitted. Here is one bringing a sheep, and requesting that his wife may give birth to a son; there one bringing corn, and imploring a blessing for his fields; there one wants to know if he will be doing well to sell his horse,

[1] Mountain tribe on the north-east frontier.

and if he will be fortunate in buying such and such a house; here a blind man wants to see. The Grand Sherif helps all, and the more valuable the gift the more potent the blessing.

Laughable incidents occur sometimes, such as the following, in which I was a principal actor:—whilst sitting with the Grand Sherif in closed tent, the servants, who had strict orders not to admit any one, became overpowered by the pressing crowd, and suddenly the fastenings gave way, the tent was forcibly opened, and in swarmed the mob —dirty old hags, strongly smelling children, men and women, old and young, all threw themselves upon me and covered me with their fanatical kisses. It being dusk at the time, they had mistaken me as sitting on the carpet (the Grand Sherif happened to be sitting on a stool at the time) for the descendant of the Prophet; and whilst I, with cries and blows, tried to make them understand that I was not the Grand Sherif, he, sitting on his chair, almost beside himself with laughing, cried, "Mustafa hennin" (Hope you like it). I was obliged to have an extra wash both of myself and my clothes, to get rid of the catchable and feelable souvenirs of these holy embracings.

We remained only a few days in Arbat, and, having passed through the district of the Beni-Hassen in coming, we returned along the coast as

far as the mouth of the Ssebu, ascended that river nearly to the place where it is joined by the Ordom river, and proceeded thence direct north to the Karia-ben-Auda. The Karia-ben-Auda, a sort of fortified cluster of houses, is situated on a table-land amongst the western spurs of the chain of mountains stretching to the south of Uesan. It is the residence of the Bascha of the Rharb-el-fukani, or upper west, as this district is called. Close to the Karia are villages surrounded with cactus hedges, the houses, as is the case in the whole Rharb, being formed of stones and mud and covered with straw roofs, so that from a distance they look like German homesteads. The principal wealth of the country consists in large herds of cattle; sheep and goats being reared here as in Beni-Hassen, in comparatively smaller numbers. The cattle of Morocco, however, will not compare with even the worst sorts of Europe. Of small size, a Moroccian cow hardly gives more milk than a good European goat. The cause of this is the carelessness with which cattle-rearing is carried on in Morocco and the insufficient nourishment in winter. The people never think of making and storing hay for winter use, and, indeed, the necessary meadows are for the most part wanting in Morocco. Of course, here and there along the rivers and in marshy districts, as in the two Rharb

provinces and Beni-Hassen, there are excellent meadows and meadow-land, but these are always grazed, and the grass never mown, but left to be destroyed by the all-scorching July sun. In the winter, therefore, the cattle, sheep, and goats have to depend for nourishment on such dry, strengthless weeds as they can find, whilst horses are fed on barley or wheat straw.

We were barely in sight of the Karia when the Kaid, Abd-el-Kerim, accompanied by his brothers, came hurrying to meet us, to invite us to breakfast. This could not be declined, so the whole party proceeded to his dwelling, where we found an ample meal ready prepared for us, and the Kaid, who bears the title of Bascha, solicited Sidi so urgently to remain the day with him that orders were given to pitch tents.

These days were regular eating forays, for the more you want to show esteem for a person in Morocco the more food you must set before him. In the evening the Kaid visited the Grand Sherif in his tent, and was likewise well feasted, but he had hardly departed for the night when he sent us another and yet more plenteous repast, and next morning we had barely finished one substantial breakfast when in came the Kaid to fetch us to a second, which we could not decline; in short, during our stay here our stomachs had hardly an

hour's rest. On the eve of our departure the Kaid made the Grand Sherif an additional present of a purse containing five thousand francs, for which, of course, he received an extra long blessing.

The wearying monotony in the aspect of the level country in the districts of the Rharb and Beni-Hassen (for after a time one tires of the change of meadows, with corn-fields and groups of dwarf palms, lentisks, and lotus bushes), is agreeably relieved when the mountains are reached. Anything more romantic than the lovely scenery round the holy city of Uesan could hardly be. The thickly-wooded hills in the vicinity of the town, with the jagged rocks of the Rif mountains for background, and the wonderful fertility of the earth, which all around gives birth to the luxuriant and various vegetation which one finds everywhere in the neighbourhood of the Mediterranean, all this makes one almost forget the fatigue of a long and tedious journey.

As our entry was not to take place till the following day, we halted about noon to the west of the town, and in the evening we had many visitors from Uesan; amongst others, the two little sons of the Grand Sherif, one about nine and the other about seven years old, came with their

teachers, so that we had a very lively and pleasant evening.

Before sunrise on the following day I was aroused by the firing of muskets and the horrible noise which does duty for music in Morocco, but this was only the introduction to the programme for the day. After a hasty breakfast (I enjoyed the great privilege of having all my meals with the Grand Sherif), we mounted our steeds and in the midst of gun-firing, the noise of the musicians, and the lululu of the women, the procession started. But although we were within an hour's ride of the city we did not get there till mid-day. Every now and then a fresh band of musicians with their abominable instruments would meet us, and we had to halt; or a company armed with guns arrived and gave the Grand Sherif a salvo, then formed into circles and jumping about like lunatics, fired their pieces into the ground, then threw them into the air to catch them cleverly again. Then a party of horsemen would bear down upon us at full gallop, fire their guns almost under our noses, then rapidly divide and turn off to right and left of us. I was glad when at last we reached the town, but soon found that the worst was still to come, and the triumphal arches, so to speak, had yet to be passed through.

About twenty of the sect of the Aissauin ap-

proached us. With trembling convulsive movements and monotonously singing, "Allah, Allah," they danced along; each had a lance in one hand and a rose wreath in the other, some were nearly, and some quite naked. Their self-inflicted injuries caused their whole bodies to be covered with blood; some beat their noses till the blood gushed forth in streams; others slit their lips in honour of Sidi; others scratched their breasts and faces, to show their reverence for God and the descendant of "the favourite of God." Meantime their cries of "Allah, Allah" increased to a perfect howl, the eyes of some of them started out of their heads and they seemed to be mad; others foamed at the mouth and threw themselves almost under the Grand Sherif's horse, and only a rapid use of the reins saved them. I saw that the Grand Sherif also shuddered at this horrible spectacle, and that he was as glad as I was when the Sauya, the most holy place in the holy city of Uesan was reached.

The winter passed not unpleasantly; although the tops of the Rif Mountains were all snow-capped, we did not feel the cold much in Uesan. Of course there are no such things as fire-places or stoves, and should the thermometer sink nearly or even quite to zero (though I have never seen it so low) of a morning, a brazier of hot

charcoal is brought into the room. But this winter was so mild that the Grand Sherif held all his receptions in the verandah of his house, and never once in a closed room.

In January, 1862, a circumstance occurred, which necessitated another journey on the part of the Grand Sherif, which from its being characteristic of the political-social condition of the country deserves mention here. A sort of rival Sultan had sprung up.

The first we heard of it in Uesan was that a Marabout, or holy person, had taken up his abode in the neighbourhood of the town, and professed to be able to heal all sick persons; he at the same time preached the holy war against the infidel (the war against Spain had given fresh life to the old fanaticism of the faithful against the Christians), and proclaimed that the Sultan's last hour had struck, that a new Sultan would come who was appointed to restore the fallen power of the faithful, and with renewed glory and vigour see the banner of Islam float over the whole earth. Of course crowds of people flocked to him, as the Spanish-Moroccian war had produced robbers and vagrants enough, and besides which, the more unlikely a prophecy is to come true the more easily does it find credence in Morocco, especially when it flatters

the passions and religious jealousies of the people.

The Grand Sherif took no notice whatever of these doings, as his power and influence could not suffer in any way, the would-be reformer not being a Sherif or even a Thaleb, i. e. teacher of the Koran. After a week or two, during which time Sidi Djellul (he had assumed the title of Sherif) had collected round him some thousands of vagabonds, he had the impudence to write a letter, or rather have one written, to the Grand Sherif, saying that he was the coming man (Mul'el uogt, i. e. expected Messiah), that in view of this letter the Grand Sherif was to submit himself to him, and that they would then together march against the Sultan and the large towns. To this the Grand Sherif of course deigned no reply, but at once despatched a courier to the Sultan to apprise him of his danger from this adventurer.

Meanwhile Sidi Djellul's followers increased largely in numbers, supporting themselves by thefts and plunderings, whilst he encouraged them with further hopes of enriching themselves by assuring them, "the great towns, such as Fez and Mequinez, must be razed to the ground; their inhabitants have gained their wealth by trade with the Christians, therefore it would be a good

work to take possession of the wealth heaped up in these cities." Curiously, for several weeks the Government remained inactive, but then it is no easy matter to get the Sultan to take a decisive step.

Early in February, in the same year, the impostor found himself in a position to attack fortified places. With all his followers, some armed with guns, but most of them only with clubs and lances, he marched against the Karia-ben-Auda, and after a three days' vigorous attack he got possession of the place, and beheaded its Bascha, Abd-el-Kerim, who but shortly before had shown the Grand Sherif such munificent hospitality. The sixteen or twenty soldiers (Maghaseni), and a like number of the Bascha's servants were also murdered; the inhabitants of the villages situated around the Karia either escaped to Uesan, or else went over to Sidi Djellul.

The Bascha's death was hardly regretted, his avarice and cruelty having made enemies of all he ruled over. The success of this attempt naturally increased Sidi Djellul's influence; and, although he had suffered some loss from the Bascha, who had defended himself to the last behind high walls in the Karia,[2] the credulous

[2] He seems even to have had revolvers and Lefaucheux guns,

people believed all who followed him to be ball-proof, and that he himself was invulnerable. During the next fortnight the robbers rioted in the Karia whilst their chief issued proclamations, declaring it his intention to deal thus with all Baschas, and also with the Sultan himself.

At last the Sultan stirred himself. His brother Mulei Arschid received orders to take 1000 foot-soldiers, a like number of cavalry, and four cannons, and march by way of Media, situate at the mouth of the Ssebu, to the Karia; and the Grand Sherif was asked to take arms, in order, by his presence, to give the Sultan's efforts greater moral weight in the eyes of the people. The Grand Sherif acceded to the Sultan's request, and with a large military force we marched on the Karia-el-Abessi, which we reached in two days, just as the Sultan's brother arrived with his army on the other side. The impression caused by the Grand Sherif's presence was extraordinary. The whole Rharb province had been in open revolt, and Mulei Arschid had only been able to make his way from Media to the Karia-el-Abessi by force. We ourselves, however, arrived there without any opposition at all, and the people

as the Grand Sherif had several of these weapons given him, which were said to have been found in the Karia.

who had remained behind told us Sidi Djellul had fled in a southerly direction through the mountains, to a place called Sidi Kassem. With the exception of those, who, having no homes, had stuck to Sidi Djellul, the principal revolt was quelled, i.e. the two Rharb Provinces were quieted and returned to their allegiance to the Sultan, simply through the Grand Sherif's presence in Mulei Arschid's army.

One would have thought that, the graver difficulty being overcome, Sidi Djellul would have been dislodged, and himself captured or slain by a rapid march on Sidi Kassem; but this was not the case. We remained inactive, encamped near the Karia-el-Abessi, till the middle of March. Meantime, however, Sidi Djellul's band decreased in numbers fast, and the capture and plundering of Sidi Kassem, most of the inhabitants of which had fled on his approach, was his last achievement. Almost forsaken by his followers, he attempted to reach the sepulchre of Mulei Edris el Akbar, at Serone, where he would have found a secure place of refuge. But he had no sooner entered the town than he was recognized and taken prisoner by the Schürfa, who at once beheaded him, cut off his hands and feet, and sent them with the trunk as trophies to the Sultan. Sidi Mohammed ordered the trunk to be nailed to the gate of the

town of Serone, the head to be sent for exhibition to Morocco, and the remaining extremities for a like purpose to other towns. The Schürfa, who had ordered the execution on their own responsibility, were rewarded by the Sultan with a present of 3000 metcal (about 5000 francs), a very considerable gift for Morocco. Many of Sidi Djellul's partisans were either immediately executed, or, if they possessed a little property, thrown into prison first, to get possession of it. Thus ended the attempt of a Moroccian to overthrow the Sultan and establish a new dynasty. But similar revolts have not always had so fruitless an ending, especially when the originator has been a Sherif, and had already some influence at the Court itself, then a revolution no more important in its birth has often enough ended in the expulsion or even in the death of the reigning sovereign.

The country, however, was by no means entirely quieted. The Hiaina, the Beni-Hassen, and the Rif Provinces were in a ferment, and it was not certain whether the inhabitants of the Rif Provinces would retire from the district around Melilla. Sidi Mohammed ben Akdjebar, a Sherif of Uesan, who was sent by the Sultan to persuade them to return home, came back without having accomplished anything.

At last we broke up our camp at the Karia-el-

Abessi, and marching with the army in an easterly direction, we crossed the Ued-Teine and the Ued-Ardat, and camped again at a place called Had. We remained here for some days, and then marched up the river Ardat and camped at a place called Arba. The word Arba signifies Wednesday, and on Wednesdays a market is held at this spot. It is a very common thing in Morocco to meet with places often quite uninhabited, which have the name of one of the days of the week, i.e. Had, Sunday; Tnein, Monday; Tleta, Tuesday; Arba, Wednesday; Chamis, Thursday; Djemma, Friday; or Sebt, Saturday. A place with one of these names denotes that a market is held there on that day: there are hundreds of these places in Morocco.

The country in this district was well watered, everywhere cultivated, and the ground (a black soil) very fruitful. As could be seen on the banks of the rivers, the soil had an average depth of from five to six metres (metre = 39 inches). From Arba we marched to the Ued-Uarga, and camped to the south of it, in sight of the mountain chain of the Uled-Aissa. This encampment was in a charming district: the beautiful banks of the river covered everywhere with rose-laurels and tamarisks twenty feet high, the mountains and the numerous villages in the midst of their olive and fig-gardens, and to

the south-east the peculiarly formed Mount Mulei Basta, give a pleasing variety to the whole landscape. But the Ramadhan had commenced, and as we were in camp, of course I had, along with the rest, to observe most strictly all the prescribed fasts and ceremonies, which from the great heat—for we were at the end of April—was anything but pleasant.

At last a letter of thanks came from the Sultan to the Grand Sherif, we parted from Mulei Arschid, and marching rapidly home, reached Uesan in a day and a half. As we were not expected, of course there was no reception this time. Mülei Arschid joined his brother the Sultan, who had taken the field with the entire remainder of his army against the Beni Hassen.

When the Ramadhan was over, the Aid-el-Sserir had been celebrated with great pomp, and I had recovered from the exertions of the long campaign, I left Uesan in order to visit Tetuan. Well provided with medicines, and under the title of "Ssahab Sidi," i. e. friend, servant, or dependant of the Grand Sherif, I determined to venture alone on this journey, which I looked upon as a sort of preparation for my home journey. A Spaniard, who had been settled in Uesan more than fifteen years, and married there, accompanied me.[3]

[3] When alone, on a journey from Uesan into the mountains, a few months later, he was murdered.

With a mule of my own, and a strong donkey lent me by the Grand Sherif, we left Uesan and journeyed through Tscheralia and L'xor, to a place on the western slopes of the Rif mountains, a few miles from L'xor, where we remained several days, and then started northward to Arba-el Aischa. From the latter place we went to a Had near Arseila, where I intended to sell my mule, which being a poor one was not of much use. But through bad weather, which compelled us to remain a whole day in a Duar or tent village, we missed the market-day of the Had. Passing close to the sanctuary Mulei Abd-es-Ssalam ben Mschisch, a celebrated Sauya, and much frequented place of pilgrimage, we continued our journey through the mountains towards Tetuan.

Up to this time we had been hospitably received everywhere, but as we got nearer to Tetuan we found the people more mistrustful; and one evening the Tholba of a village, where we had determined to stop the night, told us we could only take up our quarters there on payment of some metkal, and as an extra inducement to come down with the cash hinted that we should enjoy their blessings gratis. On my replying that the blessing of the Grand Sherif of Uesan, whose friend I was, was sufficient for me, they drew back threatening us; however, they seemed to have changed their minds

a little later, and sent us a plentiful supper. Striking into the road from Tangiers to Tetuan, we passed a night in the caravansary which has become noted through the last war with Spain. Here, in the valleys amongst the mountains, for the first and only time whilst I was in Morocco I saw the German oak growing wild. The other oaks which one sees in Morocco are principally the Cork oak in the plains, and the Evergreen oak and Cerris oak on the mountain slopes.

In the Caravansary or Funduk, for a night's lodging, that is for an empty cell and room in the court for our animals, we had to pay a few mosonat, and for a few more we got some bread, milk, and eggs. We arrived at Tetuan or Tetaun, as the Moroccians call it, by ten o'clock next morning. The Spaniards were just marching to their place of embarkation, the town being some distance from the sea. To give a description of Tetuan is unnecessary, the place having become so well known through the late war.

After a few days' stay I turned my back on Tetuan and joined a large caravan which was departing for Tangiers. This march, which usually occupies two days, though we accomplished it in one, was enlivened by the numbers of Tetuani (inhabitants of Tetuan) we met; they had fled from the town when it was seized by the Spaniards,

and were now returning to take possession of such of their goods as the Spaniards had not been able to carry away. After selling my mule in Tangiers, I began the return journey to Uesan, at first along the seashore.

It must not, however, be supposed that there is a regular road along the coast, for there is not the least sign of any such, but the shore is so broad and consists of such firm sand, that, except for carriages, it is as good as any macadamized road. One must, however, choose an ebb tide for the journey, as at flow the sea advances close up to the rocks. One can see how the Atlantic, which is at its widest here, is never quiet, and even after several days of calm, drives its grand rollers on to the shore with a boom that is heard far inland.[4]

The journey to Arseila should not take more than a day, but we were delayed a whole day by a hindrance at the mouth of the Ued-Morharha. Being too broad and deep at the mouth to be waded through, a ferry has been provided, but the boat was on the other side, and no ferryman was to be seen or appeared to our calls. After vainly trying to swim across we went up stream, but could not find a ford; by the advice of some villagers we turned back, and this time we found the ferryman

[4] It is these same Atlantic rollers which rendered surf-boats necessary for landing our troops at Cape Coast. (*Translator.*)

at his post, and we passed over. Before we got to Arseila we had to cross the mouth of another river, the Ued-Aiascha.

Arseila, called Zilia, Zelis, and Zilis by the ancients, is called by some writers, amongst others, Hemsö, Höst, and Barth, Asila. Although it is unquestionable that the derivation of the name is from Zilis, it is equally certain that at the present day the only correct mode of spelling the word is with an "r," and so it has been for centuries, for Leo, Marmol, Lempriere, Jackson, and most writers spell it so. Originally founded by the natives and successively in possession of the Carthaginians, Romans, and Goths, according to Leo, about A.D. 712 Arseila was captured by the Mohammedans, who held possession of it for 200 years. Then (says Leo) the town fell into the hands of the English for a time, and later on in 1471, when again under the Mohammedans, it was captured by the Portuguese and held by them till 1545, since which time it has remained in the possession of the Moroccians.

Whether the site of the ancient Zilis was exactly that of the present Arseila, whether it was not much rather at the mouth of the Ued-Aiascha, a few hundred paces to the north, remains to be decided. At any rate the modern town is so placed that it can never thrive much through

trade and commerce. On the shore there are, it is true, some blocks of stone stretching at right angles into the sea; but, admitting they once formed a harbour, the space they enclosed would hardly have held more than a dozen or sixteen fishing-boats. Moreover, the blocks are so small that at half-flood they are covered by the tide. The mouth of the Ued-Aiascha, where there are also the remains of sea-walls visible, must have once been a good harbour. Pliny says in reference to this, "Zilis juxta flumen Zilia," which river is most probably the above-mentioned Aiascha.

Arseila, which is in the district of Hasbat, is situated near to the sea. The town, a right-angled oblong surrounded by half-ruined walls and towers, with two gates, one on the north and one on the east side, has about 500 inhabitants, mostly Mohammedans and Jews. In Arseila, as in all the seaboard towns of Morocco, one sees numerous traces of the Christian rule, in the old buildings. Some columns lying on the ground, and likewise some supporting the roof of the Djemma, are probably of Roman origin. A Djemma and a miserable Funduk are the public buildings. The English Consul is a Moroccian Jew. Arseila has not even fishing-boats, not to mention larger ships. In spite of the sandy nature of the surrounding country, the inhabitants

have managed to make some sort of gardens; and figs, melons, vines, &c., thrive well. But in no place is food so dear as in Arseila; and even fruits, which can be had for next to nothing in other parts of Morocco, are very dear here.

We found the whole population encamped in tents in a green meadow near the sea, rejoicing at the defeat of Sidi Djellul's rebellion, the Sultan having ordained a three days' feast throughout his domains. Like the Jewish feast of tabernacles, all such solemnities and the great religious feasts, Aid-el-Kebir, Aid-sserir, and Molud, are celebrated by the Moroccians in the open air.

Between Tangiers and L'Araisch Christians can journey in the dress of their country, without fear of molestation. Thus, a Spanish merchant stopped at Arseila the same evening that we were there, and in the same Funduk with us.

From Arseila, which we left next morning, to L'Araisch is only a half-day's march along the sea-coast, which retains the same character as hitherto. Just before getting to the town, the mouth of the Ued-Kus must be crossed. Without halting, we continued our journey through beautiful cork-oak woods, and reached L'xor on the same day. But there was no rest for us here, as news reached us that the Grand Sherif proposed going to the town of Morocco. Two

days more, and we were safely housed in Uesan, after an absence of three weeks.

The Grand Sherif, who as usual received me in a very friendly manner, told me that it was true he had received an invitation from the Sultan to accompany him to the town of Morocco; but that afterwards, in another letter, the Sultan had expressed a wish that he would not come, as his presence in the vicinity of the Rharb (the people of which had so lately been in rebellion), was more necessary than in Morocco.

I now felt that the time had come for me to part from the Grand Sherif, whose amiable and disinterested hospitality I had now enjoyed for more than a year. I was getting daily more at home in Arabic, which, the first difficulties passed, is not a difficult language to converse in. And as it is true that an European countryman, an English peasant for example, in his ordinary every-day life only uses about 400 words, and with these can communicate all his ideas to his fellows, it is certain that a Moroccian likewise needs no more.

The whole manner of living is so simple, the requirements are so few, the talk is so stereotyped, and turns so nearly always on the same subjects, that, when one has once mastered the construction of the Moroccian mode of speech, and has

committed to memory the most necessary words, talking is easy. The great thing in it is always to have the words "Allah" and "Prophet" in one's mouth, to talk of Paradise and Hell, not to forget the devil, and devoutly murmur over the rosary as it slips through the fingers. Should it happen that one is doubtful about a sentence, or forget a word, and says instead of it, "Allah is the greatest!" or "Mohammed is the favourite of Allah!" or "Allah confound the Christians!" no Moroccian would notice it, even though the exclamation had no reference at all to what had preceded it, and would finish the sentence, or find the word wanted himself.

Before I left Uesan an opportunity offered of visiting the little town Tesa, which is situated between Fez and Udjda. I accompanied the "Emkaden" (Purse-holder or Chancellor) of the Grand Sherif, who was sent to collect backstanding moneys due to the Sauya of Uesan. Our first day's journey was along the road which leads from Uesan to Fez, we camped on the Ued-Ssebu at a place called Manssuria, which belongs to the Grand Sherif, and consists of a few huts and a duar. This district is noteworthy from its containing a stony field, in the neighbourhood of Manssuria, from which sulphureous vapours continually arise; and, according to the people round,

occasionally small flames dart up.[5] This is the only place I know of where volcanic phenomena are in activity in Morocco. On the second day we followed the valley of the Ssebu, the general direction of which is an easterly one, but which makes numerous bends, and passed the night in a Tschar (mountain village), reaching on the third day the little town of Tesa, picturesquely situated amongst the mountains.

According to Ali Bey, Tesa is situated on the 34° 9′ 32″ north latitude, and 6° 15′ west longitude from Paris, on the left bank of the Ued-Asfor (Yellow River, as the Ssebu is here called); it is really nearly half an hour's walk distant. The small Ued-Tesa, which comes from the south, runs through the town. In its position, viz. on the side of a mountain, Tesa has a very great resemblance to Uesan. Leo describes it as a town of 5000 fireplaces, which at the present day at any rate is much too high a number, there being hardly more than 5000 inhabitants, of which about 800 are Jews. Hemsö hazards the opinion that Tesa is the Babba of the ancients.

The town, which is protected by a wall and a kasbah, has a standing garrison of 500 Maghaseni,

[5] Perhaps this is the Pyrron Pedion which Ptolemy mentions in "Mauritania Tingitana."

a larger number than in any other town except Udjda, which has a like number, the governors of all the other towns having only about twenty soldiers at their command. The position of the town, in the neighbourhood of the unruly Hiania, and other entirely independent mountain tribes to the east and south of it, make it very necessary to have a strong body of troops here. Tesa is the head centre-point of the trade between Algiers and Tlemçen and Fez. To the east of Tesa, the country is so unsafe that caravans must be accompanied by a detachment of Maghaseni. Much frequented caravan roads lead also from Tesa to Figig and Tafilet. The houses in the interior of the town point to well-to-do inhabitants. The great Mosque, with antique monolithic pillars in the interior, is evidence that the town was formerly larger than at present; and, from the salubrious climate, the productiveness of the fruit trees, and the wonderfully beautiful scenery, one cannot help agreeing with Leo, when he says, "On account of the healthy atmosphere which prevails here, in winter as well as summer, this spot deserves to be the royal residence."

We had taken up our quarters in the Sauya of the Tkra Mulei Thaib, and, as may be supposed, were well treated and fed. After a stay of but two days, the Emkadem having collected his

moneys, we returned by the same route to Uesan, as the road through the Hiania, though more direct, was also more dangerous, even for the Emkadem of the Grand Sherif.

Arrived again in Uesan, my days there were numbered, it being now only a question of getting permission to depart. I dared not think of telling the Grand Sherif that I was about to leave him for ever, as he had quite got to consider my stay with him as permanent. At last I got permission to make a short journey, and left the town of Uesan for ever (as I then thought, though I visited it again later on).

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY ALONG THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

After forwarding a small case, containing papers, to Tangiers by Sir Drummond Hay, I then proceeded in the same direction along the coast to L'Araisch. My equipment consisted of nothing but an ass with two schuari (paniers) holding a few provisions; a Spanish renegade, who was in a manner my companion, servant, donkey-driver, and assistant doctor, had joined me. Before proceeding, we remained some time in the town.

L'Araisch (or El Araish) is situated at the extreme left bank of the Ued-Kus, so that on one side it faces the river, and on the other the sea. About three miles and a half up the river is the site of the ancient Punic town of Lya, called later by the Greeks and Romans Lina, once the most important colony on the Atlantic Ocean. A little higher up still, the Ued-Maghasen falls into the Kus.

The ruins have been visited by Sir Drummond Hay and Barth, though without any important discoveries being made by either, which, indeed, except by clearing away the soil and digging, cannot be done. Sir D. Hay calls the ruins Schemmies. Barth, getting his idea from the appearance of the foundation-walls of the Kasbah, considers that the present L'Araisch also stands where once was an old Libyan town, and he is confirmed by the writings of Scylax:

Of the island mentioned by the ancients as lying at the mouth of the Lixos, and called by them Hesperides, at the present day no trace whatever remains, unless one can suppose the sand-bank, not a mile in extent, situated in the purse-shaped river-mouth, which is visible at very low tides, to be the remains of the once so fruitful Hesperides island, though, supposing a general sinking of the Atlantic coast to have taken place, it is not impossible. This river-mouth, which is protected to the north by high sand-hills, might be made into a splendid harbour, if the sand-bar were removed. At present, only ships of at most 150 tons can enter. Whilst we were at L'Araisch there were six European ships in the harbour, and the last war-ships of Morocco, two miserable brigantines, lay rotting on the beach; and yet it is not a hundred years since Morocco had the

audacity, with its wretched fleet, to challenge the whole world!

Hemsö derives the name L'Araisch from the words, "el-araisch ben-Aras," i. e. the vine espalier or trellis of the Beni Aros. After being by turn in possession of Portugal and Morocco, in 1689 the town was taken, after a five-months' siege, by Mulei Ismail. Since then L'Araisch has often been attacked by the Europeans; in the year 1785 by the French, and in 1829 by the Austrians, when the Moroccian fleet received its final *coup de grâce*.

There are numerous traces of Christian handiwork in the buildings of L'Araisch. Such is the pretty market-place, a square space, provided with arcades with monolithic sandstone pillars. The principal mosque, which also fronts on to the market-place, must have been a Christian church, its façade being in the so-called Jesuit style. Besides this, there is another handsome several-storied building, fronting on to the market-place, which is provided with large windows. Perhaps it was once a government building, or a cloister, for until the year 1822 there was a cloister here in connexion with the Spanish Mission. The house is now bare and uninhabited, and the wind and air will soon do their part towards making it a ruin.

Besides walls, well kept but useless against

attack, the town is protected by a fort with four bastions, built by the Christians. This fort lies at the western point of the town, facing the sea. Inside it is a castle, said to have been built by Sultan Mulei Yasíd; its round cupolas can be seen from a great distance. Below the fort, towards the harbour, are two stone-work batteries. The walls of the Kasbah, built probably by the Portuguese or Spaniards, are well preserved; but, in spite of all its defences, L'Araisch would not long withstand an attack by Europeans, whether undertaken by sea or land. Other buildings of note in the town there are none, and little else of interest. In the garden to the south of the town there is a small burial-place, called Lella-Minana, from a Scherifa of that name who lies buried there. In her lifetime she is said to have worked miracles, and even now barren women come to the little chapel attached to her tomb to pray for children.

The town has about 5000 inhabitants, of which perhaps 1200 are Jews. The latter use the Spanish language, as do all Jews living in the seaport towns of Morocco. The few Europeans (Germans excepted), of whom there are not more than thirty or forty, are under the protection of their respective Consuls. The trade of the town is not inconsiderable, and consists of the

same articles as are exported and imported at Tangiers—i. e. the principal exports are wool, skins, wax, oil, butter, fruits, such as almonds, oranges, citrons and figs, dried olives, eggs, poultry (the export of other live stock is forbidden), corn, and vegetables. Raw cork is also exported from L'Araisch to Europe. India-rubber and copper are no longer exported to Europe, both being procured cheaper elsewhere—copper in Europe itself, and India-rubber from Senegal. Leeches are also exported from L'Araisch, though not so largely as from Tangiers and Mogador. The principal imports are cotton goods, cloths, raw and manufactured silk, paper, weapons, iron, lead, quicksilver, sulphur, alum, saltpetre, colonial goods, especially tea and sugar, inferior ornaments, porcelain and glass wares, looking-glasses, &c., &c. The above-mentioned things are the principal items of trade in most of the ports of Morocco.

The road between L'Araisch and Media, or Mehdia, runs uninterruptedly along a tongue of sand, between the sea on one side and swamps and lakes on the other. This road is plainly marked on the capital map which is numbered Plate IV. in Petermann's Mittheilungen, 1865, and also on Renou's map. Sandy sea-barriers (or dunes) and bays occur principally on flat, sandy coasts. As

the sand is the product of the sea, so the dunes, formed of sand, are only to be seen on sandy coasts. When these dunes are pierced by the sea, or by some body of water or river on the land side, a bay is formed. These dunes and bays are common in Africa—such, for instance, as that before the Delta of the Nile, in Egypt—and are more extensive than our German ones on the Baltic, or on the coast of Guinea. The dune on the coast of Morocco extends from L'Araisch to Rbat, and has therefore a length of almost seventeen German miles (eighty-five English ones). In winter, on the land side of the dune, there is a lake of water from two to three German (ten to fifteen English) miles in width, which in summer dries up to a swamp, whence its name at Mulei Bu Slemin, Mordja[1] Ras el Doura, and at the south of Mehdia, Mordja el Mehdia.

Numberless water-fowl, geese, pelicans, &c., frequent it in the winter, and in summer hyenas, jackals, and wild boars come out of the cork-oak forest to hunt in the swamp. The entire dune itself is inhabited by Arabs. They pitch their tents on the land side, not, as usual, in a circle, but, as if to adapt themselves to the long form of the dune, always in a long, straight row. The

[1] Mordja means swamp.

dune is in part well wooded, and grass for cattle and sheep is plentiful.

The journey to Mehdia along the coast is usually performed in two days; but on account of the great heat, and our often halting to bathe in the sea, it took us four. Everywhere on our way we were received with the greatest hospitality. I have never tasted finer water-melons than the splendid ones the dune produces. Two prettily-situated tombs have been built near the sea —one called Mulei Bu Slemm,[2] a day's journey to the south of L'Araisch, consisting of several domes; and another, Mulei Hammed bel Cheir, directly opposite Mehdia, on a little eminence. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving L'Araisch we reached Mehdia, on the River Sebu.

In order to cross the river, we had to go up it to the ferry, a distance of more than half a mile. We then turned back along the left bank, and climbed the path which leads up the steep, rocky hill, 417 feet high, on which Mehdia is situated. The best accommodation we could get was in a wretched funduk. Mehdia is a small, miserable village of about 200 inhabitants. On account of

[2] Most geographers are of opinion that Mulei Bu Slemm is the Old Mamora, Mamora Antica, though I hardly think myself that it is so.

its commanding position, it was at one time an important place, and being so close to the navigable Sebu, on which river Fez is also situated, it might easily again become a flourishing city. The Sebu at its mouth is only about 1000 paces in width, but very deep just below the town. It does not fall in a straight course into the ocean, but is compelled by a strong bar to take a sharp turn to the north.

Whilst examining the town from the outside, below it I came across a labyrinth of walls, four feet thick and twenty feet high, formed of massive stones, exhibiting a network of square walled spaces. Inquiries made of the neighbouring inhabitants elicited no information, but in Leo we find a full account of these remains.

Mehdia was built by Jacobus el Mansor, who reigned from 1184 to 1199, for the defence of the mouth of the Sebu. Later on it was destroyed, and in the year 1515 Don Manuel, of Portugal, sent a fleet there to establish a fortress. Hardly was the building commenced when the sovereign reigning in Fez at the time, Mohammed ben Oatas, with his army fell upon the soldiers and workmen. Leo was an eye-witness of the scene and gives an affecting description of it. The Portuguese were all killed and their ships burnt. The King of Fez is said to have fished up 400

cannons out of the mouth of the Sebu after this disaster.

A century later, on the 6th of August, 1614, Mehdia (or Mamora as the Europeans and also Leo called it) was again taken, this time by the Spaniards, who built a fort which was, however, destroyed by Mulei Ismail in April, 1681. Since then Mehdia has been, what it at present is, a miserable village.

In reference to the above-mentioned remains of buildings Leo says, "The Portuguese began building directly after their arrival; the walls and bastions were commenced," &c., and certainly the remains have more the appearance of being unfinished than destroyed. Mamora Antica was, I think, either situated on the other side of the Sebu, or on the fortified hill, whilst New Mamora was erected by the Portuguese on the shore. That it is an error to look for "Old Mamora" in the distant Mulei Bu Slemm is unquestionable, because, whilst the word "Mamora" in the Tamasirht language always signifies a "rocky hill," nothing of the sort is to be found there.

Barth is of opinion, contrary to that of most geographers, that Banasa was not situated here (Hemsö considers that Banasa occupied the ground of the present Mulei Bu Slemm, a place which has nothing whatever inviting for the founding of a

town) but was an inland town on the Upper Sebu, and that in Mamora is to be recognized the Surbur mentioned by Ptolemy. I may mention that at the present day the name Mamora is quite unknown to the natives.

We only remained one night in Mehdia, and starting early next morning reached Sla by midday, and at once crossed over the river and took up our quarters in a Funduk at Rbat. Our journey presented nothing new of importance. There were barrier formations here also, but the dunes must have been of older formation than those of the other barriers we had passed over, for on the land side they were thickly covered with cork-oaks, lentisks, wild olives, and an oak bearing an extremely delicate sweet-tasting fruit.

The town of Sla, situated on the right bank of the Bu-Rgak, or Bu-Râba,[3] has a very regular appearance from the outside, being enclosed in nearly square high walls, provided with square defence towers, but incapable of resisting attack. It has about 10,000 inhabitants, and these being chiefly descendants of Mohammedans expelled from Spain, they still have the most intense hatred of Jews and Christians, who dare not dwell in the town. At the end of the last

[3] The Buragrag of Leo and Maltzan.

century Sla, which held itself almost independent of the Sultans of Morocco, was the head-quarters of piracy on the Atlantic Ocean. In the harbours of Sla and Arbat, and in the mouth of the Sebu, the pirates found a secure retreat when pursued by men-of-war.

Sla is evidently, if not exactly in position, at least as far as regards the name, the ancient Sala. Ptolemy places Sala to the south-east of the mouth of the river, therefore where the present Arbat stands. So also Pliny, who, in Book v. 1, says, "The town Sala situated on the river to the north, near the desert, rendered unsafe from the herds of elephants, and still more so from the tribe of the Autolales, through which the road to the Atlas Mountains passes," &c. That the town at the present time is called Arbat, and not Sla, is explained from the fact that after the destruction of the ancient Sla the new Sla was built on the other or right side of the river; and on the other side, about 1190, Jacob el Mansor founded a new town on the site of the ancient Sla, calling it, according to Delaporte, Rbat el Hah, i. e. Place of the Victory. It is, therefore, not necessary to discover the ancient Sala in the present Rbat, as Barth does by pointing to the tombs of the Beni-Merin near the Mssala of Arbat, which place Barth heard pronounced as "Schalêh," Hemsö as "Scella

and Scialla," and Marmol as "Mensala." I have shown in another place, that every town of importance has its Mssala, where prayers are held on occasions of great religious feasts.

The town of Sla has lost very much of the wealth it acquired by piracy, so that the houses of the people, who call themselves Slani, are small and insignificant; when I was in the town with the Grand Sherif, there was not a single building large enough to accommodate us, and we were obliged to camp on the shore in our tents. Half the ground enclosed by the walls is now without buildings. The two mosques are large and spacious, but otherwise not noteworthy. The Kessaria, or market or bazar, is roofed over as in most towns; and, as in Leo's time, there is here a large manufactory of combs of lentisk wood.

Rbat is a town of about 30,000 inhabitants; as it at present stands, it has almost the look of a modern southern European city, especially from the west side, where there are many Jews and Christians living, the former being very numerous in Rbat, on account of their not being tolerated in Sla. Rbat and Sla might possess a good harbour in the mouth of the river, were it not for a dangerous sand-bar, though it would still be necessary to deepen the water by dredging. At present the harbour only admits schooners and

small brigs. Notwithstanding the trade is pretty brisk, Rbat being the natural port of Mequinez as well as Fez, the principal exports are oil, skins, and cork. The chief native productions are woollen cloths, equal in durability and quality to the Syrian, though behind them in colours and patterns, shoes, burnus and mats.

Rbat, or Arbat, situated on the left and much higher bank of the river, has a castle on the side facing the sea, with, so-called, bomb-proof arches, and close to it a rather large Djemma (mosque) with a very pretty Smah (minaret). Maltzan estimates the height of this minaret at 180 feet, and places it before the Giralda of Spain. Both mosque and minaret were built by Sultan Mansor. Leo says of him: "In front of the southern city gate he built a tower similar to that in the town of Morocco, but with much wider steps, there being room for three horses to ascend them abreast. I (Leo) class this tower, on account of its height, amongst remarkable buildings." For Morocco, which in no other town has a minaret of any height, this Hassan minaret is certainly an exceptionally high building; but in Mohammedan countries in the East, one finds very considerably higher minarets.

The Sultan's palace, placed outside the town to the south and close to the sea, is quite a new building, and was built, if I mistake not, by the

present Sultan; it has nothing noteworthy, except its barrack-like appearance. It is not very large, has a beletage and many windows, but unprovided with glass panes, and only closed with Venetian blinds. In front of the castle, towards the sea, there are earthworks formed in the European fashion, containing a few cannons.

The "Roman Aqueduct" outside the town, mentioned by Maltzan, the ruins of which are still visible, is, if one accepts Leo's history of it, not Roman after all. He says, page 177: "There being no very good water in the neighbourhood of the town, Sultan Mansor had a conduit made to bring water from a spring about twelve miles distant; it consists of well-built walls resting on arches, like those one meets with here and there in Italy, principally in the vicinity of Rome. This main conduit is divided into several smaller ones which supply water to the mosques, schools, king's palace, and for the general use to all districts of the town. After Mansor's death the town so declined that not a tenth part remains. The fine water-conduit was destroyed in Merinidian wars against Mansor's successors." Thus Leo. I must confess, however, that after inspecting its ruins, like Maltzan, I am inclined to ascribe a Roman origin to it; for nowhere else, as far as I saw of the country, have similar works,

formed of massive square stone blocks, been erected by the Moroccians.

At the present day Rbat suffers very much from the loss of this aqueduct; the inhabitants having to conserve their water in cisterns, and fetch that for drinking purposes from long distances. For this reason nowhere is drinking water so dear as in Rbat. In all the more important towns there are water-sellers who go through the streets with large leathern bottles on their backs, a bell in one hand and a pitcher in the other, and for a fls. dry souls can quench their thirst, the measure of water being just as much as the buyer cares to drink. In Rbat, however, the prescribed measure cannot be exceeded without more pay.

The town has nothing else noteworthy, except its incomparably beautiful gardens which stretch along the high left bank of the river. Here everything, which only the splendid Mediterranean climate produces, flourishes luxuriantly.

I stayed but a short time in Rbat, and passing through the now deserted quarters of the Sultan's army, situated to the south of the town, hurried on my way southwards. I was now entering to me quite unknown country. As far as Rbat, where I had also been once before, I had got acquainted with nearly all the country included

under "civilized Morocco." My companion and I pursued our way alone along the coast, driving the grey ass in front of us. This coast-road presents nothing of interest in itself, though its monotony is relieved by the numbers of people who pass along it, for as far as Asamor this is the chief route between the towns Rbat and Morocco; at Asamor, the road leaves the coast and strikes into the interior. At intervals along the coast there are numerous kasbahs (forts), some in ruins and for the most part in a neglected condition; they remind one very much of the fortresses in Spain and Italy, whose coasts are likewise everywhere furnished with towers and forts. In these kasbahs the traveller can find protection in bad weather, or shelter at night, else they have as a rule nothing to offer, and most of them are uninhabited. We travelled till midnight and then stopped at the Scharret Kasbah, situated on a small stream. This kasbah is used as cavalry barracks, and we found about two hundred men and horses in it. We were able to purchase some supper from these men, but there were no regular tradesmen in the place. Between Rbat and Asamor are a number of small streams, which coming from the east all reach the sea with water, and are never entirely dry. Thus the next day we passed the Ued-bu-Steka and three other small streams,

and found ourselves about mid-day at Ued-Mansuria, which at its mouth is unfordable at high tide. After a long search, we at last discovered a ford upstream, where we crossed. The place called in maps Mansuria no longer exists. On the left bank of the stream are the ruins of the Mansuria Kasbah. The place Mansuria, according to Leo, was not situated on the sea, but ten miles up the stream which he calls Guir. But even in his time it was only a heap of ruins.

Continuing our journey, we got as far as the Kasbah Fidala, which is on the left bank of the river Ued-el-Milha. Whether Fidala, as Gosselin thinks, is the ancient Kerne,[4] I cannot say. There is no island in the river-mouth, though there is, it is true, one of the before-mentioned dunes here. In the interior of the very spacious Kasbah a whole tribe was encamped in tents, though there were also fixed dwellings there. The Djemma (mosque), in the middle of the hill, was noticeable for its beauty and good conservation. The Tholba (teachers) invited us in a very friendly manner to pass the night in it. Most of the houses in Fidala lay in ruins, but their pure style, and the absence of the Moorish archways over windows and doors, plainly indicate

[4] Kerne is more likely to have been the present Agadir, although there is no small island in its bay; but in no case, as Knötel considers, was the island in the Rio do Ouro.

their European origin; to many of the houses there were even balconies. Renou, however, says Fidala was founded by Sultan Mohammed in 1773.

Next morning we crossed the narrow river Ued-Dir by the long bridge, which is rendered necessary from the frequent flooding of this stream. The country remains much the same: to the right, the sea; and to the left, the never-ending province of Temsena, only once broken by the long swamp Um-Magnudj, which stretches along the coast. The principal production of this district is maize, which is also the chief food of the numerous inhabitants, who prepare it exactly as the Italians do polenta. Indeed, along the whole coast from L'Araisch to Asamor, this maize or Turkish wheat is the chief food, and takes the place of the kuskussu prepared from barley, which is used elsewhere. Large quantities of this maize are exported to Spain and Portugal.

We reached Dar-beida (or White-town, which the Spaniards translate Casa-bianca) the same day, and soon got a friendly reception from the master of a coffee-house, whom I had known in Fez. Dar-beida is a square town, fortified after a fashion, but could not withstand the slightest attack from Europeans. Like Masagan and Safi, it has a considerable export trade; wool, oil, maize, wheat, dates, and skins being the principal articles which

it sends to European markets. It has about 3000 inhabitants, of whom, in comparison with other towns, a large proportion are Europeans. I was much astonished at the high price of all sorts of provisions; perhaps the competition amongst the Europeans has something to do with it. In the bay there were seven pretty large merchant-ships, taking in cargoes. They generally come without cargoes, unless French and Spanish silver dollars can be considered as such. But the Europeans find the trade very profitable, Germany being the only country which does not share in it. The town itself has nothing noteworthy.

Maltzan considers that Dar-beida, or Dar-el-beida, is identical with the town which Leo calls Anfa. It is most probably the case, but Leo's description of the position of Anfa is very inaccurate. He says, "Anfa is a large town, built by the Romans, on the sea-coast, about sixty miles to the north of Atlas, about sixty miles to the east of Azemur, and about forty miles west of Rabat." Leo appears to have visited the town soon after its destruction by the Portuguese: he found it quite ruined and deserted. According to Maltzan, it was not until 1750 that it was rebuilt by Muli Ismail, and named Dar-el-beida. Renou says it was rebuilt by Sultan Mohammed, which is more likely, as Ismail reigned from 1672 to 1727. The

journey from Dar-beida to Asamor, or Azamore, took me two days. The place called Mediona, and marked on most maps of Morocco as being on the sea-coast, is really about fifteen miles inland. It consists of nothing but a Kasbah (fort), surrounded by a few Duar (tent villages).

At last we reached the wide mouth of the Um-Rbea, or Mrbea, as it is commonly called. The river is so deep that it can never be forded even at low tide, but there is a good ferry. This river rises in the Atlas; on its left bank is the important town Asamor; but, important though it is, and I reckon the number of inhabitants at 3000, it is rarely mentioned in geographical handbooks. The word Asamor means olive-tree, and the full name of the town is Asamor-es-Sidi-Bu-Schaib, i.e. the olive-tree of the Reverend Bu-Schaib. Originally this place was nothing more than a sanctuarium of this Schaib, whose small "kubba" in which he is buried is still visible in Asamor, and in the vicinity is considered a very sacred place. Maltzan's dates respecting the Portuguese attack of Asamor are not correct. The Portuguese first began the siege in 1508, though without success, but in 1513 the town was carried and devastated, and after twenty-one years' possession, voluntarily given up by the Christians.[5]

[5] See Leo, Dapper, and Renou.

Asamor is situated on a hill about 150 feet in height. Curiously, Arlett only assigns it 700 inhabitants. Other writers, who had good information respecting the town, or had even visited it, are of different opinions. Thus, Dapper says it is "extremely populous," Lempriere says it is "a large place." The fact is this, that of all the ports of Morocco, Asamor and Agadir are the only ones to which Europeans seldom come. Excepting in these two towns, all ports, be they ever so unimportant, have consuls and consular agents. There are none in Sala certainly, but that is accounted for from the proximity of New Sala or Arbat.

Thus Asamor is a purely Moroccian town, and its whole trade and industries have something purely Moroccian about them. European ships are never seen in this fine river-mouth which carries tidal water far inland. The entire trade of Asamor with the interior is confined to native productions and manufactures, principally Haike, burnooses, mats, shoes, and earthenware vessels. In the neighbourhood of the town vegetables are largely cultivated, though not so much for the use of the town itself as for export to Dar-beida and Masagan.

Of course I could not omit "to visit the celebrated saint Mulei Bu-Schaib," as they say in Morocco. No matter whether the saint is living

or has been dead for centuries, a dead saint is always addressed as if he were still in the flesh—"es ssalamu alikum ia Mulei Bu-Schaib," &c. As I entered the little chapel, I found the whole mausoleum full of supplicants all squatting or lying round the sarcophagus, a wooden chest richly adorned with red cloth and silk. I found it was not the saint, but the scribes or divines of Mulei Bu-Schaib who dispensed the most potent blessings and who also knew how to extort a gift from each supplicant. It was remarkable that these Tholba (scribes) endeavoured to distinguish themselves as much as possible from their fellow-believers by wearing a peculiar dress, like the Pharisees of the Bible. Elsewhere in Morocco, as already noticed, the Tholba is not to be distinguished at all by his dress, not even if he is the chief Faki of the Djemma Mulei Abd-Allah Sherif of Uesan. The self-complacency and religious vanity of these Tholba were as noticeable as their dress.

Before I left Asamor for good I made a short excursion from it to the town of Morocco or Marakesch, as the natives call it, which I may mention here. I was induced to do this from the safety offered by a small caravan of donkey-drivers who were carrying goods into the interior, and were going as far as Morocco, in order to get other

wares there. In the company of these people it was quite impossible to take any notes. Just at that time the country looked very desolate. It was autumn, and rain had long been wanted, so that it seemed almost as if one was in the fore desert; and yet this landscape must have a very different appearance in winter and spring. The bare lotus bushes then clothe themselves with fresh, bright green leaves; the dwarf palms send out new shoots from the earth and ripen their small berries, in appearance not unlike grapes; bulbs and grasses spring up, and the herds return from the ever green slopes of the Atlas.

We marched rapidly the first day, in order to be in time for the El Had (Sunday) market, and continuing our journey the same day we crossed an important range of hills stretching from north-west to south-east, and called in the district where we crossed it Dj-Ssara. As soon as the crest of these hills is reached one comes in sight of the snow-capped points of the Great Atlas: but, near as they seem, they are really far distant, for even to Morocco is still a three days' journey.

Arrived at Morocco we found the Sultan there, with his whole army, he having been obliged to fight his way into the second chief town of his empire. The tribe of the Rhammena, leaving

their homes on the slopes of Atlas to the south-west of the town, had risen in rebellion, and shortly before the Sultan's arrival had surrounded the town. But the Rhammena had not reckoned on the cannons of the Sultan; and though they defended themselves rather obstinately for a time, no sooner did they hear the roar of the cannon than they lost heart and were easily overpowered. After a certain number of heads had been cut off and sent as a warning to the different towns throughout the land, and after they had been robbed of all their havings, peace was again restored for a time.

I only remained two days in Morocco, and only left the Funduk (inn) in the evening, so as to avoid meeting acquaintances; for although the Sultan had, through the mediation of the English envoy, given me permission to journey and remain wherever I chose, I feared, if he heard of my being in the town, he would detain me.

The elevation of the town of Morocco above the sea is, from observations made by Beaumier with a holosteric barometer, 408 metres.

The number of the inhabitants varies considerably, according to the presence or absence of the Sultan. Sir Drummond Hay, than whom there is no one more reliable or better acquainted with the inland towns, places the number of inhabitants at

70,000, and at the time he visited the Sultan this is doubtless correct; but in ordinary times the number will be hardly more than 50,000, the number Maltzan, Beaumier, and Lambert give.

According to Leo and most geographers, Morocco was built by Yussuf-ben-Taschfin. Renou, relying on Cooley, gives 1073 as the year of foundation. We shall probably be nearer the truth, if we agree with Sedillot that it was founded by General Abu-Bekr, a partisan of Abd-Allah-ben-Taschfin, a few years earlier. Under Yussuf and his son Ali, says Leo, the town was very flourishing and contained a hundred thousand houses. Lambert says the present walls, which are formed of Tabi (a mixture of clay, chalk, and small stones, which is pressed and stamped between boards), and which, like the exterior walls of all Moroccian towns, are flanked with towers at certain distances, were founded by Sultan Mohammed ben Abd-Allah (1757—1790), the most competent and celebrated Moroccian Sultan of modern times.

Quite in contrast to Fez is the town of Morocco. The houses, almost without exception, are only one-storied, and along the broad streets one often meets with large gardens. It is only in the trade centre of the town that the houses are close together and the streets narrower. The town has its Kessaria (bazaar—according to Lambert, a new

one for foreign goods has lately been built), its Ataria, its large and small Funduks, its market-places, the two principal ones being the one in front of the Djemma el Fanah, and the other outside the town before the "Chamis" Gate. There is also a madhouse similar to that in Fez.

There are but few public buildings in the town. The Sultan's palace, though of great extent, is not in any way remarkable. The principal mosque is the Kutubia, so called from the Adulen (writers) and Ketabat (books), the former of which write and sell their books there. The tower of the Kutubia is about 250 feet in height according to Lambert, and about 210 according to Maltzan; the latter prefers its architecture to that of the Giralda of Seville, though this last is spoken of by Lübke in his "History of Architecture" as one of the finest specimens of Spanio-Moorish architecture in existence. The interior of this mosque is very similar to that of the large mosque which is dedicated to the "Archangel" in Fez. Here also are numerous pillars brought from Spain, and here also the charming fountains, though often enough unprovided with water, the once so splendid conduit which supplied the town with water from the Misfua and Mulei Brahim Mountains, being in ruins. The other mosques are unimportant. The most sacred place in the town is the Sauya of

Sidi-bel-Abbes, situated in the northern part of the town. Sidi-bel-Abbes, who lies buried there in a small Kubba, is also the patron saint of the town. All strangers, particularly pilgrims, are boarded and lodged here three days gratis. As may be supposed this Sauya is also a place of refuge for criminals.

The Jewish Ghetto, called here as in all Moroccian towns, "Milha," or the Salted Place, is, Lambert tells us, often jokingly called "Messus," or the Saltless Place, by the Mohammedans. The number of Jews is estimated at 6000. Moses Montefiore visited Morocco in 1864, in order to obtain a better position for his unhappy co-religionists; but notwithstanding his rich presents, he was unable to obtain any redress for them, and they are still as miserable and oppressed as ever. For Christians, however, things seem to be looking a little better. Beaumier, though certainly he was a Consul, in 1868 was allowed, with his wife, to visit all parts of the town; and H. Lambert, whom I have before mentioned, has lived in Morocco for several years past. But to be able to do this, it is necessary above everything to be well acquainted with the language, and further, to put up with the humiliations and vexations which the Mohammedans daily impose upon the Jews. But for all this I should be very loth

to recommend—as Lambert does, at the end of his account to the Paris Geographical Society, —"tourists, instead of following the old tracks, to visit the town of Morocco, to make it their head-quarters for excursions in the neighbourhood." Such security as is implied in the above does not exist in the interior of this country yet.[6]

With the exception of these one or two Christians and the Jews, the population of the town of Morocco consists of Berbers, Arabs, and blacks, the latter being principally, as elsewhere in Morocco, Haussa and Bambara negroes, included under the name of Gnavi; they are all followers of Islam, but have preserved many of their ancient customs. One hears so much more Schellah than Arabic spoken, especially on market-days, when the country people flock in, that one is inclined to suppose that the Berber element predominates in the town, though this is really not the case. The townsman is nearly always of Arab origin, and prides himself upon it, though often enough he has other blood in his veins.

[6] It was a French notice like this which caused the death of Alexandrine Tinne. When advised not to venture into the Tuareg country, she said she relied on the treaty concluded between Colonel Mircher and Tuareg, though she must have been aware that this treaty existed only on French paper, no one having appeared on the part of the powerful Tuareg chief to treat with Colonel Mircher.

As in other towns of Morocco, so also here, there are numerous persons who have come from different parts of North Africa, and who remain for some years, sometimes settle down for good, or after making a little money, return to their homes to enjoy it in their old age.

There is a separate village called Harrah,[7] for lepers or "unclean." These only marry amongst themselves, and have their own Djemma (place of worship) and their own Medressen (schools), the priests and teachers in which are also lepers. They are never allowed to enter the town, but one sees them the whole day long idling about the city gates, begging for alms. There are, however, persons of property amongst them, for they engage in various industries, and have their own ground, of which they form fields and gardens; and though the other Moroccians are not afraid of trading with them, Lambert exaggerates when he says this fearlessness is carried so far that the townsmen eat out of the same dish, or sleep in the same room. In this Harrah there is a milha for leprous Jews.

The trade of Morocco is small compared with that of Fez, and the citizens are wanting in skill and enterprise. The once so famous leather tan-

[7] In the eastern towns of North Africa this word is also used to denote the Jewish quarters.

neries (Corduan, Maroquin, Safian) lie in ruins; there are certainly whole streets where one can buy nothing but red and yellow leather, or shoes made of the same; but the finest leather is now made in Fez. The most important trade of Morocco is with the districts of the Southern Atlas and the Great Ued-Draa Oasis. From the latter place the town gets its stock of dates for supplying the numerous tribes of Arabs who do not care to undertake the tedious journey over the Atlas for this necessary.

We left the town on the third day, and I had seen about as much of it as the railway traveller does of a town in which he only stays a day. The market at evening, the Kutubia, and the Sauya Sidi-bel-Abbes were the only places I had been able to see.

The return journey was rather pleasanter for me than the journey there had been: some rich merchants having joined our caravan who had tents, and who moreover allowed themselves the luxury of a cup of tea daily, and whenever we camped in the neighbourhood of a Duar treated the whole caravan to a meat meal at their own cost. It very often happens in this country that, where travelling alone is so dangerous, rich merchants join these mule caravans, and under the "Aman" (protection) of such a "gofla" caravan undertake long journeys.

Arrived in Asamor we parted company, the richer part of the caravan proceeded on its journey northward, and the larger portion remained in the town itself or its neighbourhood. My companion and myself, after resting a few days, resumed our journey along the Atlantic to the next place on our route, El Bridja, or "Little Mountain," called by Europeans Masagan, which is just about a German mile (five English) from Asamor.

El Bridja, an oblong walled town, is occupied almost solely by Europeans and Jews, and its trade would be carried on in Asamor but for the fanaticism of the Mohammedans. The natives are content to live outside the town walls (which are half in ruins) in huts and tents. El-Bridja, Masagan, or Dar Djedida[8] (New Town), as the faithful also call it, has an important export trade, which Beaumier reckons at one-eighth of the entire export trade of the country. I counted more than twenty European merchantmen in the roadstead, and one may suppose how flourishing the trade is when such a small place, which in 1864 had certainly not more than 1000 inhabitants, has Consuls from all European nations.

Leaving Masagan we still continued our journey along the coast and encamped at night with some

[8] This small place has names enough. It is also called El-Maduma, or, the Ruined.

Arabs in a Duar (tent village). A fresh misfortune now happened to me; my Spanish companion decamped in the night with the donkey, and left me nothing but the clothes I had on and a leathern bag, which I had luckily used as a pillow, and which fortunately contained a little money. It was useless to think of pursuit as I could not count on help from the villagers, being convinced that the rascal had not been hindered if not helped in getting away, for it would have been impossible to have got out of the Duar without their knowing it. "Mktub er Lah," (It was written,) I said, as is the custom of Moroccians in similar circumstances, and leaving the village was not long in reaching the next, Ualidia (or Walidsha).

This is now but an insignificant place, but appears at some time or other to have been an important town, judging from the remains of walls and gates. On the coast, to the south of the village, is one of the finest harbours on the whole coast of Morocco, though it is not a very large one. In appearance it is almost like a lagune, the dune seawards being composed of rocks. In earlier times the harbour is said to have been used, but now it is unnoticed and almost unknown. Many travellers along this coast of Morocco have referred to this splendid harbour at Ualidia, amongst them Frejus. Jackson says

that Ualidia is so called because it was built by Sultan Ualid.

I only stayed in the place to have some breakfast, which was most pressingly offered me by the teachers or scribes of the Djemma, who all implored for me the blessing of Allah, to comfort me for my loss, and did not fail at the same time to curse the thief and his father most heartily, and in words to consign them both to unpleasant regions. Unfortunately neither blessings nor cursings brought back my donkey, or relieved me of an attack of fever; and in the afternoon I was compelled to rest in another tent village suffering from a sharp attack of ague. Departing early next day I reached Saffi late in the evening, after a—for me—hard day's march.

Saffi (or Saffee), as the Europeans call the town, Asfi, as the natives call it, lies in a wide bay open to the west, the furthest northerly point of which is Cape Cantin. The town is enclosed by walls, and has besides a Kasbah on the north side. It has about 3000 inhabitants, including a few hundred Jews and about fifty Christians. Asfi was captured by the Portuguese in 1508, and they remained in possession of the town till 1541, when they voluntarily gave it up. Chénier says repeatedly that 1641 was the year the Portuguese gave it up; but that must be a mistake, unless it

can be proved that they had taken it a second time. The Di-Megher Mountains which begin or end in Cape Cantin, and which pass round the town sending out little spurs close up to it, relieve the monotony of the coast-line, and charm the eye with their lovely tree-clad slopes.

I found all the Funduks in Asfi full, but managed to get lodging with a Jew. My first step was to find the English Consul, Mr. Carstensen, for though much as I avoided coming in contact with Europeans, I could not get on without more Peruvian bark, of which my stock was quite exhausted. I need hardly mention that I was received in the most friendly manner, and was provided not only with the desired medicine, but Mr. Carstensen also kindly lent me a small sum of money (which I had the pleasure of repaying him personally at Tangiers a year later). Formerly a Danish officer, Mr. Carstensen entered the English service during the Crimean War, and through marriage had got into the English consular service. I was prudent enough not to accept his invitation to lodge at the consulate, and also declined a similar one from the French Consul; the two sons of the latter, though Christians, wear the Moroccian costume. But I fully appreciated the food which, with plates, knife and fork, napkin, and wine, Mr. Carstensen supplied to me at my Jewish quarters

during my stay. This was the first time for two years I had eaten without putting the food into my mouth directly with my fingers.

I remained two days in this busy town, which, according to Beaumier, receives one-eighth of the entire foreign trade. I noticed several European merchantmen at anchor in the roadstead.

The road from Asfi to the river Tensift is a very difficult one; at high tide the sea advances close up to the rocks, and one has to keep climbing up and down, the road being intersected by numberless watercourses, which drain the hill country inland. It takes six hours to get from Asfi, the chief town of the Abda district, to the Ued-Tensift, which is one boundary of the Schiadma district.

Though wide at its mouth, and with steep banks, the river is fordable at low tide, but it is necessary to get one of the neighbouring inhabitants to show the ford. The town called Rabat el Kus, which Maltzan, and many geographers mention as being at the mouth of the Tensift, I could not find at all. After crossing, which took some time, I found a little Sauya, called Sidi el Hussein, where I got a very friendly reception, and stayed the night. About an hour's walk from here, in an easterly direction, are the romantic ruins of an old castle, called Kasbah Hammiduh, situated on some abrupt rocks in the

midst of a forest. It was probably erected to guard the mouth of the river.

The coast-line gets more varied now, and deep bays and wooded mountain slopes make up for the previous monotony of the road along the white sand of the shore. I halted at night near the grave chapel of Sidi Abd-Allah Bettich, and early on the third day after leaving Asfi I reached the town Ssuera or Mogador.

Mogador is quite a modern creation; whether its site was that of the Tamusiga of Ptolemy, or the Suriga of Knötel, is an undecided question. The latter derives the name Ssuera from Suriga. Though similar as the two words are, I think Lamporte's derivation of the word from Ssura, which means "picture," is the right one; Ssurera would then mean "little picture," and, as the Arabic diminutive generally implies something pretty, attractive, it would mean "lovely little picture." This derivation seems the more probable from the fact that the Berber name for the town is Tassurt, which means "pretty little picture."

The name Mogador is, without doubt, derived from Sidi Mogdal, or Mogdur, whose place of burial is not far from the town; but, though only applied to the latter since its foundation by Sultan Mohammed-ben-Abd-Allah in 1760, Mogador has long been the name of the islands and bay close to

it, for we find them mentioned under that name on the Catalanian map as early as 1375.[9]

The town lies on a short, flat spit of land, which stretches into the sea in a south-westerly direction. In front of the bay thus formed there is a rather large island, and to the south of it, and nearer the land, are four more small ones. The large island is fortified, but at present only used as a convict prison, having been but slightly restored after the Prince de Joinville's bombardment, on the 14th of August, 1844. One of the smaller flat islands is also fortified. The town itself, which is almost square in shape, is only fortified on the sea side, for the wall on the land side—hardly six feet thick, and formed of the most wretched materials—can hardly be called a defence. But towards the sea there is a Kasbah (or fort), with walls and bastions thirty feet high. This Kasbah is separated from the town by an equally high wall, in which live the Governor, the Consuls, and the respectable Christians and Jews. Its streets are narrower than those of the town, which is the more noticeable because its houses are higher, those of the town being only one-storied buildings, whilst its streets are broad and straight. The market-place has arcades, like that at L'Araisch.

[9] Renou, p. 43.

The number of the inhabitants is about ten or twelve thousand, including Jews and Christians. The reason why Mogador, which is the most distant Moroccian port from Europe, has nevertheless a greater trade than any of the others, is not only owing to the exertions of the Government, but also partly to the rich country behind it, and because Agadir is closed to Europeans, thereby causing all articles of export produced by the districts south of Atlas, and even from a part of Sudan, to come for shipment here. Tangiers is, however, fast rivalling Mogador in the value and extent of its trade. The principal articles imported here are cotton goods and tea from England, sugar from Belgium and France, sugar and matches from Vienna, boards from Austria, cutlery and weapons from England and Germany, and, finally, a quantity of small goods from Germany, which, however, only get here through agents. The exports are corn (principally wheat, barley, and maize), dried broad beans, skins, wool, and fruits, such as almonds, dates, and olives; from the Sudan come also feathers and ivory; india-rubber is only exported in very small quantities from Mogador now. The slave-trade, which was once very flourishing here, and was also carried on by German ships under the name of "Ebony trade," is now quite dead.

Every nation, with the exception of Germany, has a Consul in Mogador.

I had procured a miserable sort of a room in a Funduk, and stayed a few days in the town, to regain my strength a little. The English Consul provided me with china (Peruvian bark).

In leaving Mogador I turned my back on the last foothold of civilization, and I found myself entering a country where I could expect to meet with no Europeans, and where, except in the towns, the Arabic language would be of no further use to me. I was quite alone, and was warned by some Christians and Jews that the road to Agadir was very dangerous, whilst some Mohammedans told me I had nothing to fear. The first objects one meets, after leaving the town from the south gate, are large sand-hills, which seem to be of recent formation. After passing Sidi-Mogdal's kubba (or burial-place), which gives the town its name and is held in especial reverence by the women, about half an hour's walk from the town I came to two of the Sultan's castles, which were half buried in sand. The road, which thus far had led south along the coast, now turns to the east, and enters a thick forest of rushes from ten to twelve feet high. The natives plait these rushes into mats and baskets, but they are nothing like so durable as those formed of the leaves of the

dwarf palm. It took me three hours to get through this sea of rushes, and about mid-day I reached a well-built stone well, containing splendid drinking water.

The country began now to assume quite a different character; wild olives, evergreen oaks, lentisks, and lotus-bushes became gradually rarer; whilst another tree, the argan, which I had only noticed now and then hitherto, was now to be seen on every hand, and the profusion of it would lead one to conclude that this district of the Haha, which includes the western spurs of the Atlas, is the natural home of this useful tree, which is found nowhere else in the world. The Elaeodendron argan is much about the height of our fruit-trees; it has no resemblance to the olive, to which some travellers have compared it; its bright sapgreen leaves resemble much rather those of the myrtle. The fruit is about the size of an olive, is of a bright yellow colour, when fully ripe has a disagreeable, sweet taste, and cannot be eaten by man as food. It is, however, extremely valuable as a food for animals, and is eagerly sought after by the sheep and goats on the mountain sides. As the tree bears ripe fruit all the year round, the herds in the districts where it flourishes are always sleek and fat. The brown wrinkled stone of the fruit, long in shape and about the size of an apricot

stone, encloses a white kernel, which has an extremely bitter taste. From it is procured a very good oil, which in these districts is everywhere used by the natives in the preparation of their food. It is also used by the natives in Mogador, but not by the Europeans. I, of course, had always to eat it, but having once got accustomed to the peculiar roasted or smoked taste, I did not find it at all unpalatable. The argan tree sometimes attains a size and height which renders its wood useful as timber. At some future time, when Morocco is numbered amongst civilized nations, as, in spite of herself, she must be eventually, this argan tree of the Haha district will play an important part. Unfortunately, at present the people think so little of bettering their condition, that, instead of collecting the precious fruit of this tree and bringing it to market, they prefer for the most part to let it rot on the ground. There are extensive forests of this remarkable tree.

I passed the night in a Sauya, in which only the Thaleb understood Arabic; all the rest, Berbers by nationality, spoke and understood only Schellah. This was the last village, if one can give even that name to the few huts and tents which were grouped round the Sauya. And now, whilst the country is gradually assuming an aspect of peculiar grace from the increasing presence of the argan

tree, one is not less struck by the gradual change in the manner of living of the inhabitants. To the north of the Atlas, in Morocco proper (Rharb el Djoani), all the people live either in stone houses, in towns and villages, or in tents congregated together. Single dwellings or single tents one hardly ever sees. Here everything is different. One seems almost to have entered a country of the middle ages, which had been overlooked by old Time in his general advance. Almost every hill one meets is crowned with a castle. Whether the people prefer to live in this way, or whether animosity of families renders a defensive system necessary, at any rate it is peculiar. Towns, villages, tent villages, or unfortified dwellings, are nowhere to be seen. These castle-like dwellings, which contain four, five, and perhaps more families, are generally square in shape, and from twenty to thirty feet in height. Nearly all have at two corners high flanking towers, and at the top of the walls spikes. They are built of solid stone fastened with mortar, and have only one door, which is generally reached from the surrounding ground by a drawbridge over a small moat.

Inside these castles the entire ground-floor and the large courtyard serve for housing cattle, &c. The second story, which is reached from the

ground by a ladder, which in case of necessity can be drawn up, is occupied by the different families, each family having but one room.

As the streams which rise in the Great Atlas and flow through this country in the winter are all dry in summer, the natives are obliged to conserve their water in cisterns, which one meets with sometimes along the road, and sometimes in places which have seemed favourable to the builders. They are built exactly in the old Roman fashion, of hewn stone, from five to ten feet wide, fifteen to twenty in length, and twenty deep, and are arched over. The water is procured through a round hole, by means of a bucket, and comes in through another hole, conducted by rain-gutters or water-courses. I did not come across any cisterns divided into compartments, though there may be such. Some few of these cisterns seem to be of comparatively new construction, and these are the worst, but the larger number have the stamp of great antiquity about them.

On the second day, following the great road (great for Morocco), I proceeded in a southerly direction. It was up hill and down hill all the time, for I had to cross the numberless large and small western spurs of the Atlas. The scenery was charming, and every now and then the tower of some castle reared itself amidst the luxuriant

argan forest. At mid-day on the same day I was fortunate enough to witness some wedding ceremonials in one of these castles or fortified houses. I heard the music—at least the drumming and "Ui-Ui-Ui" of the old women—a long way off, and went towards it. I was no sooner in sight of the joyous company than I was greeted with "Welcome, welcome." The Berbers consider it a good sign if real strangers from a distance appear at a wedding. I found it was the second day of the celebration, and the bride, who resided in a distant castle, had not yet been fetched, and would not be till the third day. Meanwhile, the relatives on both sides amused themselves at the expense of the bridegroom's father in disposing of immense quantities of food, whilst watching the dancers (female slaves, with whom the Berbers do not marry, as do the Arabs), with music, and all sorts of improprieties. The bridegroom—a fine young man, about twenty-five years of age, of the tribe of the Ait-Ischar, with a new gown on—sat silently on a raised seat.

With the exception of a few expressions, no one understood a word of Arabic—even their Tholba could only blunder through a few religious verses —so I found it very difficult to communicate with them at all. They, however, soon discovered that I was extremely hungry, and a bountiful meal of

kuskussu, bread and butter, and honey, was quickly placed before me. It is probable that, not having eaten anything since the evening before, and following the general example, I had dined too much in the Berber fashion—i.e. had overladen my stomach—for hardly had I set out on my journey sotuh when I was again attacked by most violent fever.

It was only with great difficulty that I could keep on; but I was in the midst of a forest, and must find some place where I could pass the night. Just as the sun was disappearing, I discovered a stately-looking castle on a hill, whither I directed my steps. Although the inhabitants could not understand a word I said, they soon found out I wanted a night's lodging, and they gave it me.

The next morning I found myself considerably better. I had taken a large dose of bark, and the fever had nearly left me. My road still lay in the same direction. The mountains got higher and wilder, but the country was quite as thickly populated, and covered with argan forests. After crossing the dry bed of the Ued-Tamer, and climbing the most important of the Southern Atlas branches, the Dj Ait-Uakal (Cape Gher), the road turned to the west and soon led to the sea. With a good deal of difficulty I at last got down the steep cliffs, and was shortly afterwards

astonished to see a caravan of donkeys and mules, all laden, come down the same way. It was now mid-day, and had I felt well enough I could have reached Agadir on the same day, but I was so weak I found it necesary to have a rest at a little castle near the sea.

Next morning, following the coast-line, I reached Fonti, about ten o'clock. Fonti is only a poor fishing village, situated at the foot of the mountain on which Agadir or Santa-Cruz stands. The village takes its name from a spring, which has its birth in the Agadir mountain, just below the town. This spring the Portuguese called Fonte, which the natives have converted into Fonti, and applied also to the village. I at first thought this place was the town Agadir, for, on account of a thick fog, in which all the upper part of the mountain was enveloped, I could see no buildings.

Fonti is fortified by two walls, which run up the mountain on the land side, but was entirely unprotected towards the sea, its poverty making it hardly worth while to attack it at all. After the war with Spain Sultan Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Abd-er-Rhaman seemed to be of a different opinion.

If I am not mistaken, there existed a secret article in the peace treaty, by which Morocco was

to give up Agadir to Spain; or at any rate, it was stipulated that the Europeans were to be allowed to have consuls here. But, Moroccian-like, it did not enter the Sultan's head to keep his word, and now he was erecting massive stone batteries in the European manner at Fonti; and also at the spring above Fonti. The men employed on these works were chiefly Spanish renegades.

Whether these works, when finished, will be able to resist bombardment from even a gunboat, I very much doubt. At Fonti, all goods which come from the Sus, the Nun, and the districts south thereof, have to pay duty, so that Agadir is really the political frontier of the empire.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNEY SOUTH TO THE DRAA OASIS.

As soon as the sun had dispersed the mist, Agadir showed itself high up on the mountains, and I began the steep ascent to it.

The town is situated on a mountain, with almost perpendicular sides, about 800 feet in height. It is oblong in shape, with its narrowest part facing the sea. The high crenelated walls, as well as the bastions which flank them, are in good condition, as far as the exterior is concerned; but the material of which they are formed is bad; so that the town is quite inadequately defended against attack from Europeans. Moreover, the few cannon with which the batteries are provided are so old as to be next to useless.

The town was founded by a Portuguese nobleman, about the year 1500. It was first called Santa-Cruz, and whilst the Berbers called it Tigimi-Rumi, the Arabs called it Dar-Rumia. Later

on the town came into the hands of the King of Portugal, who did not alter its name of Santa-Cruz. In Leo's time the place was still in the possession of Portugal; he calls it Gargessem. In the year 1536 the fortress was captured by Sherif Mulei Ahmed, and since then has remained in the possession of the Moroccians. As early as 1572 a battery was erected near the "Fonti" spring by Mulei Abdallah.

The name Agadir, which the town received when it fell into the hands of Morocco, means in the Tamasirht language, "enclosing wall," and also "fortress."[1] Renou, p. 38, adds, "As Agadir is a generic name, one would expect to find it coupled with another word to complete it; and this is the case, the full name of the town being Agadir-n-Ir'ir, or the Elbow Fortress, from the shape of the hill," &c., &c.

Inside the town all the houses are half, or quite in ruins, with exception of the Government House, where the Kaid resides, and the Djemma, which are in good condition. I think I shall be even beyond the mark if I place the total of inhabitants at 1000.[2] Gräberg di Hemsö says 600; but since his time the place has picked up a little, and I

[1] See Renou, p. 36.

[2] Davidson says, "Agadir has only forty-seven Mussulmen and sixty-two Jews."

should say that 1000 as the number of inhabitants in Agadir and Fonti is pretty near the truth.

A market, held twice a week outside the only gate the town has, attracts a little trade to it, which is mostly carried on by Jews, who provide for the needs of the town as well as the country round.

The town lies on the furthest south-westerly point of the Atlas, and, whilst to the north and east the eye meets with nothing but mountains, to the south the gaze is lost in the vast plains which divide the Ued-Sus from the Ued-Nun. The Ued-Sus empties itself into the bay, a short distance south of the town. This bay is the finest on the coast of Morocco. Gräberg di Hemsö says, "The harbour of Agadir is the finest on the whole coast, and the most important for the trade with the interior, particularly if it was in the hands of some European power, which would find little difficulty in purchasing it, and derive increasing profit from it."

Much as I agree with Hemsö respecting the value of the harbour, as much should I doubt that it would be easy, at the present day, to purchase it from Morocco, though certainly there could be no more favourable spot for trade than Agadir.

On entering the town I was astonished to see over the gate an inscription in Latin letters, which I was able to copy unnoticed. It runs,—

VREEST . GOD . ENDE
EERT DEN KONING
1746.

This inscription is probably the work of some renegade, a mason or stone-cutter by trade.

As soon as I got into the town I entered a coffee-house, to make inquiries about the Funduks; to my surprise I was informed that there were none in the place, which is a sufficient proof of its unimportance. However, the descendant of a Spaniard with great kindness offered me his carpenter's-shop to lodge in, an offer which I very thankfully accepted. He was a most hospitable fellow, and sent me some food every day from his house; though I had no need to trouble him in this latter respect, as the Kaid of the town either sent me meals or had me to dine at his house.

The Kaid had no sooner heard of my arrival than he sent for me, and I fully expected to have to undergo an examination as to who I was, of what country, what was my business, &c., &c.; but nothing of the kind was mentioned. The poor man was dangerously ill, and I was to advise him. Luckily for me I was able to relieve him, and from that moment I was always an honoured guest at his house.

I had a return of fever whilst in Agadir, which

was probably caused by the thick mist in which at that time of year the town is constantly enveloped. It is astonishing how cold the air is from these fogs, which the sun is rarely able to penetrate before mid-day, and this too, the people assured me, is the case even in midsummer.

I stayed seven days in Agadir, and gradually got somewhat stronger in health. It was folly to think about continuing my journey alone, as I had hitherto done, the country being far too unsafe for that. It is rendered unsafer from the presence of smugglers, who ply their trade in the neighbourhood of the town, and have their retreats in the rocky fastnesses of the mountains above it.

I joined a caravan, which would afford me protection as far as Tarudant. It was not long before I had proof of what I had been told respecting the insecurity of the country. On the same day, two strangers fled into Fonti quite naked, having been robbed of everything they had. The Berbers who commit robberies like these must do it simply for the love of the thing, and not as a means of subsistence. There is some excuse for the Rlnema on the Ued-Ssaura being a robber, as he lives in one of the poorest districts in the world, but the country on the Sus is one of the richest in Morocco.

We left Fonti in the afternoon, and halted at

sunset in a village; Duar, or tent-villages, do not exist in this country south of the Atlas, the whole population being settled. We were not long without an unmistakable proof of the thievish nature of these people, for on this same night a camel was stolen; and when I say that all the camels were securely tied by their front legs and picketed in a circle at night it will be seen how cunning the thieves must have been. We were just in time to see the animal being driven away at full gallop and send a few useless shots after its drivers, but the darkness hindered any energetic steps being taken. Next morning the owners of the caravan complained to the Schich of the place, el-Hadj-el-Arbi by name, and he promised to do everything he could to discover the thieves, but we heard nothing more of them. Luckily for the owners of the lost camel the other animals were strong enough to carry its load, which consisted of four hundredweight of sugar. But the loss they sustained was ninety metkals, or 170 francs.

I was now for the first time thoroughly introduced to caravan life, which was simple enough; a breakfast of Sesometa (roasted barley, which is carried, coarsely ground, in leathern skins, and eaten with salt, argan oil or olive oil, and by the poor with water alone), driving the camels, baking bread in the evenings, unless we happened to find

a village where the inhabitants entertained us, is the usual daily routine in the Sus caravan.

The road from Agadir to Tarudant runs in an easterly direction, parallel with the river, and, according to Lemprière, is about forty-four English miles in length. Lemprière must have been in a bad humour when he traversed it, for he says nothing further of it than that "I had a beautiful but wearisome journey, as we had nothing but heaths and forests to pass through." And yet these glorious plains can only be compared with those of Lombardy and Venice. It is true, there is no grand stream like the Po, but how charmingly the ever-flowing Sus wanders in and out amongst the olive and orange gardens; and then to the north the proud Atlas, which, though it has no snow-capped peaks so high as Mont Blanc or other of the giant mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol, is, however, not unworthy of the honour in which the ancients held it, as the supporter of the heavens. The whole valley through which the stream flows is one continuous garden, dotted here and there with houses and villages, amidst olive, fig, prickly fig, pomegranate, peach, almond, apricot, orange trees, and vines.

And the very loveliness of this country makes it seem stranger still to find every one one meets armed to the teeth; every man has a gun on his

back, often double-barrelled, procured from Senegal, besides a curved dagger, usually in an ornamental silver sheath.

I had intended to make my way to the Nun district if possible, but the repeated attacks of fever which I had had, the desire to get back again to civilized life, and finally the description of a certain Sherif Sidi-el-Hussein, who resided in the Sauya of Sidi-Hammed-ben-Mussa, and whose district I should have to pass through, decided me to give up the idea. Whilst in Agadir I had heard accounts of the horrible cruelty of this wretch, who had murdered his own brother and son, and had but lately done the same to two Spanish renegades. Of course such peccadilloes as these do not hinder his being held in the greatest odour of sanctity, and just at the time I was in Agadir the pilgrimages to the Sauya Sidi-Hammed-ben-Mussa were in full swing, and thousands flocked to present their savings to the descendant of the Prophet, in order to get his blessing and absolution from their sins.

This Sidi-Hammed-ben-Mussa is probably the place called Wesan, or as we Germans should call it, Uesan, on Petermann's map. The pilgrims used to say they were going to Uesan, and on my remarking that they had a long journey, as Uesan was on the other side of Fez, they answered me

that they did not mean the Uesan of Mulei Thaib, but the Uesan of Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Mussa. Gatell, who visited this district since I did and penetrated to Nun, does not mention the place.

We could easily have reached the town of Tarudant on the second day if we had not been delayed in trying to discover something of the stolen camel; as it was we had to halt at sunset and pass the night in a house. But before we got so far, a circumstance occurred to myself which I may mention here. I was within an ace of being robbed, and probably murdered. I had separated myself a little from the caravan, when suddenly two armed villains pounced upon me, and whilst one asked me the latest news from Agadir, the other cocked his gun preparatory to demanding me to strip, when luckily two of our caravan people who had also stayed behind a little, and were also armed, came up just in time to frustrate the kind intentions of my new friends. The caravan people gave me a sharp reprimand for absenting myself from the main body, and forbade me to do so again, as the Kaid of Agadir had made them answerable for my safe arrival in Tarudant.

The mountains are higher the further eastward one gets, though our road was still through level country. Countless water-courses, which are dry all the year round, except in spring, when they

bring water from the Atlas into the Sus, intersect the land; only one (properly placed on Petermann's map) contains water through the year; it is situated a few miles to the west of Tarudant, and is probably the river Eluar Gatell mentions. When I forded it I had no opportunity of asking its name.

In the evening we halted at a house which happened to be occupied by Arabs (the general population of the Sus district are Berbers), who understood little or no Schellah. What a different sort of reception! On the previous evening, when we had taken up our quarters in a large Berber village, no one thought of offering us any food, and we were obliged to find it ourselves; here the whole caravan was entertained in the most liberal manner. This was a further proof that Arabs are more hospitable than Berbers.

We started next morning before sunrise, and expected to reach Tarudant by mid-day. To our right, and on the left side of the river, there was also a chain of mountains running in a direction from north-east to south-west. The nearer we approached the town the more cultivated was the country, though even here hardly a twelfth part of the land was under cultivation. Just before noon my companions asked me if I could see the town, and on my replying in the negative, they pointed

to a near palm forest, saying there was Tarudant, but no buildings were visible, being hidden by the trees. And so it proved to be, for after passing through a palm forest, we found ourselves suddenly in front of the gates, without having till then seen the sign of a building. It was just noon as we entered the town; I separated myself from the friendly caravan people, to find lodgings, and was lucky enough to get a small room in a Funduk. I say a small room, but small cell would be more appropriate; the door was so low that it would hardly admit a large dog without stooping, and though just long enough to give me room to lie in, was hardly three feet in width. The floor was made of well-stamped clay.

The town of Tarudant is situated almost at the foot of the southern slopes of the Atlas, about four or five miles from the river Sus, on its right bank, and two short days' marches from the sea. Renou gives it about the same number of inhabitants as Tangiers or L'xor; Hemsö says 22,000, Lemprière, who lived here for some time, does not give any number at all. The town has really from 30,000 to 40,000 inhabitants. According to Renou it first became of importance in the year 1516, when it was newly built and enlarged by the Schürfa. I had here again opportunity of proving how little one can trust to the accounts of the natives. Taru-

dant had been described to me as a town which could only be compared to Fez or Morocco, both in regard to size and number of inhabitants. The amount of ground enclosed by the town walls is certainly large, larger than that of Fez, and as large as that of Morocco, but then this space is almost all occupied by gardens. The town wall, which is in bad condition, has an average height of twenty feet, and is from four to six feet thick at the base, and where the original height is preserved, two feet thick at the top. The wall has been laid out without plan or art; every fifty steps the zig-zags are flanked by towers, which are no higher than the wall itself. The latter, like all the other buildings, is formed of chopped straw mixed with clay, pressed between boards, and therefore is perfectly useless against European missiles; there are not even any ditches.

The houses, usually of but one story, are collected together in the centre of the space enclosed by this wall, and surrounded on all sides by the before-mentioned gardens; here are also the booths and cellars, where the tradesmen work and sell their goods, and here also are the Funduks. Of mosques there are a large number; of any size, however, and with minarets, only five. The principal mosque, simply called Djemma-el-Kebira, is not in any way remarkable. The interior large court of

the same, in which orange-trees have been planted, is surrounded by unusually clumsy pillars supporting equally unartistic arches. The next principal mosque of about the same size is roofless; of the rest none are of much account; in fact, I could not find a single handsome building in the place.

The town has no particular branch of trade, but its leather and dye works are noted. Perhaps the chief industry is in the working of copper, but the articles made are very simple, such as kettles, pots, and similar things. But these latter are necessaries of the natives, and it will be seen to what distances they are exported when I say that these copper vessels are carried to, and find ready purchasers in Kuka, Kano, and Timbuctoo. Then how rich the mines in the neighbourhood must be whence the natives with their primitive mode of mining get their copper. According to the natives, not only do these mines produce copper, but also gold, silver, iron, and magnetic iron-stone in large quantities. All provisions are very cheap here, as they are in Agadir, and indeed everywhere in the Sus district. A pound of meat costs two mosonat, and for one mosonat one can get from six to ten eggs, and even more in spring.

In this short description of Tarudant I must not

omit to mention that the formerly so celebrated sugar-cane plantations no longer exist. But the accounts of both Marmol and Diego de Torres are so circumstantial as to leave no room for doubt as to sugar culture having once been carried on here.

In the sixteenth century, when the dynasty of the Schürfa were seeking to establish themselves throughout Morocco, it was their chief aim to secure Tarudant. The sugar-cane was planted round the town, and in order to get an export harbour for the product, the Sherif Mohammed undertook the siege of Santa Cruz, at that time belonging to Spain. In 1536 the place was in the hands of the faithful. A Slami, or converted Jew, had in the meantime erected mills in Tarudant, and from that time the trade in sugar was, as Marmol himself saw, the most profitable of any in Morocco.

Christian slaves were then employed in the manufacture, and not only from other parts of Morocco and the Sudan countries did people come to Tarudant to purchase sugar, but also Europeans, as soon as they knew that they would be well treated. This branch of trade alone brought the Sultan in a yearly revenue of 7500 metkal, a considerable sum for those times.

At what period the destruction of sugar culture took place I have been unable to ascertain; it is

likely enough that in one of the revolts which so frequently take place in Morocco, the plantations were destroyed and were not again replaced. But the tradition of the former sugar wealth of the province exists in Morocco to the present day.

I was obliged to remain several weeks in Tarudant, and during this time had a severe attack of illness, being continually shaken with intermittent fever. The second day after my arrival I was called before the Kaid, and underwent the usual examination as to where I had come from and why I had come to Tarudant, where I was going, why I had turned Mohammedan, &c., &c. He had been so severe in his manner, that I fully expected in spite of my satisfactory answers to be thrown into prison as the son of a Christian, when he suddenly "turned the conversation" to medicine and asked me to give him a remedy for gout. Tea was served at the same time, and a well prepared breakfast brought in. Christian civilization was then discussed, and I was astonished to find in the Kaid a man who looked with favour on advance and improvement. After breakfast he dismissed me, saying he would send for me to prepare the medicine under his own eyes.

The next day I was called in, and not knowing what else to do, made a camphor ointment for rubbing into his leg. I had to take tea with him

again, and also supper; and on my leaving he further gave me a large basket with dates, a smaller with almonds, and a dish of sweet pastry which was very well made and would keep good for nearly a year. Although the dates and almonds were the last season's and of exceptional quality, I sold the greater part of them. I got for the pound of almonds the—for that district—high price of six mosonat; the almond harvest had been bad, or else one can usually get several pounds for a single mosonat.

On the fourth day my fever became more violent than ever, and I thought I was attacked with typhus; for eight days I was obliged to remain in my cell. I took my last dose of china, and ate nothing the whole time but bread and water, and every day a few pomegranates, which the owner of the Funduk brought me from his garden.

I left Tarudant for the oasis of Draa, in the company of a rather large caravan, consisting of twenty men and thirty laden mules and asses. I had been recommended to these people, who lived at Draa, by the Thaleb of the Kadi, and was therefore well received by them. This description of caravan usually performs the journey in eight days, but it is hard marching and the animals are driven on as fast as possible from sunrise to sunset. It was, as may be supposed, severe work for

me, weakened as I was by fever, and especially as, in return for my food and being allowed to accompany the caravan, I was expected to lend a hand in driving the beasts.

Our first day's journey was along the Ued-Sus, which runs through lovely gardens the whole time. Right and left of us were high mountains, though the northern chain was at least twice as high as that stretching to the south, which is indeed only a branch of the Great Atlas. About mid-day we halted in a village of the Beni-Lahia, where a market was being held, and our people wanted to purchase corn for their own home use. This business over we continued our journey. I do not know from what cause, but the part of the caravan I was with got separated from the rest; in short, we lost the way and it was midnight before we reached the village where the others had camped since evening. To add to our misfortune, our road lay through a network of small streams and watercourses which everywhere intersected the land, and into which we were continually stumbling in the dark, whilst every now and then a donkey stuck fast in the mud and could only be got out with much trouble and loss of time. However, next day's march was a short one, for we were soon obliged to halt in a village till two tribes who were fighting in front of us

should come to terms. It was seven days before our road was open, and during this time we were very hospitably entertained in the village. I was quartered with four others in a large farmhouse, and the rest of the caravan was distributed through the village in a similar manner. We followed the Ued-Sus almost to its source, which is here as are all similar river-heads called the Ras-el-Ued, and then broke off in a south-easterly direction.

Looked at from the valley of the Sus the mountains to the south-west of Atlas have quite the appearance of a continuous chain, but this is by no means the case, they being distributed in all directions. Although we were now out of the cultivated districts we had not yet reached the Sahara. The mountains begin to get naked and desolate-looking, but the country was still pretty frequently watered, and there were numerous small oases. At sunset we reached one of the latter, where was the first indigenous palm plantation which I had yet seen (it is easy to see that the palms of Morocco and Tarudant are still strange to the climate and soil); it contained a few villages. We now camped always in the open, and for that purpose always, when practicable, chose some secure retreat amongst rocks. In this way we continued our march in a southerly

direction for four days. The country still kept its peculiar character: naked, sterile rocks, plains enclosed by mountains without vegetation and covered with stones; here and there an oasis, its presence betrayed from a distance by its high palm-trees; sometimes large stretches of land, covered with Schih (artemisia), show that we have not yet reached the Sahara proper.

On the fifth day, after crossing different plains, we came to a mountain pass such as I had never seen before, and indeed there can hardly be another like it anywhere. This pass is about five paces in width, with perpendicular natural marble walls on each side, and through it runs a little stream with lovely green banks. Outside the pass this streamlet gives rise to an oasis. The marble which glistened in the sunshine was in some places as smooth as if artistically polished, and reflected rays of every possible colour.

This pass is made more remarkable from a carbonic acid spring which is close to its south-eastern entrance. I do not think there exists another spring so rich in carbonic acid as this; large bubbles continually rise to the surface, and in drinking the water it effervesces in one's mouth like champagne. The country in the neighbourhood of this pass is called Tassa-nacht, and the oasis formed by the streamlet,

Tesna.[3] The country is here, as indeed almost everywhere, very rich in minerals. I found pieces of pure antimony on the road near Tesna an inch and a half thick.

With this pass, which lay right in our track, we left the mountains behind us, and the next few days passed without anything particular happening. It required my utmost exertions to keep up this rapid marching, and things were made worse for me by an exhausting attack of diarrhœa, induced by the change in diet. The principal food we used was a paste or dough made of a mixture of meal and pounded dates eaten raw with a little oil, or simply pounded dates mixed with a little water. It also happened that we often suffered a good deal from thirst, the animals being so overladen as to leave no room for water. But my worst trial was still to come. We were still a good day's journey from Draa and camped in the evening in a desolate valley, and in order to reach the Ued-Draa early next day we started again at midnight. Unfortunately for me my shoes had become quite worn-out and useless. The people of the caravan managed to make me some sort of sandals out of the remaining leather, which

[3] See Petermann's Journal, 1865, Plate 6.

were fastened on with straps. Sandals are used everywhere south of Atlas. For any one not used to them they are very torturing, as the straps soon cut deep into the flesh. In the darkness I was continually knocking my feet against stones, and it seemed as if it never would get morning. When at last it got light we had breakfast, though with hardly enough water to prepare it, and the certainty of not finding any for at least a half-day's journey. About midday my gums got quite dry, and when at last we came in sight of the palms, with the smiling green of the orange, fig, pomegranate, peach, and apricot amongst them, I felt as if I should never get so far. It was not till four o'clock in the afternoon that we reached the village of Tanzetta, where several of our caravan people lived. My first step was to quench my burning thirst, and I drank at least three pints of water right off.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DRAA OASIS.—ATTEMPTED MURDER OF THE TRAVELLER.—ARRIVAL IN ALGIERS.

Fed by the eternal snows of the Atlas, the Ued-Draa, the longest of the streams of Morocco, gives rise to one of the most charming oases to be found in the Sahara. For it is only where running water is present that such luxurious vegetation and productive fruit-trees spring forth. And when, after long day's marches through the stony and vegetationless burning desert, the fresh, cheerful green under the shade of lofty palm-trees, meets the view, one almost forgets the difficulties and pains of such a journey, and seems to have reached a bit of paradise.

The most fruitful and thickly populated portion of the Ued-Draa is the valley it forms in its course from the mountains in a southerly direction; for as soon as it turns to the west, i. e. about the 29° N.L., it becomes uninhabited and sterile. The

reason of this is that it is only up to this point that it has a continual flow of water, and it is only once a year, after the snow melts on the mountains, that its waters reach the sea. As soon as it diverges from the singular independent mountainous district south of the Atlas, the Draa river pursues its southerly course through a more or less wide valley which it itself has formed. Standing at the water's edge it seems as if one was looking up at two parallel ranges of hills, one on either side the river, so lofty and curiously formed is the land along its banks. Indeed, at one place, just about the middle of the river's southern course, on its left bank, the ground rises into a regular mountain, the Sagora. That the great Debaya is usually nothing but a sebcha (swamp), and only occasionally can be called a lake, I venture to affirm, in the face of what Renou and Delaporte say concerning it. Renou, page 180, says, "Ce grand lac d'eau douce est rempli de poissons, et les indigènes naviguent dessus et y font la pêche, d'après Mr. Delaporte." That the Debaya fills with water once in the year, that it then contains fish and is navigated by small vessels, may be, but it is only so for a very short time, perhaps not more than a few weeks; for rapid and powerful as is the rush of water from the melted snow of the Atlas, as rapidly does it hurry on to the ocean, and

its supply gone, the lake soon dries up, becomes a swamp, and at last nothing but a large depression.

About the Draa district there is very little trustworthy information, though its existence was known in the middle ages. Its name, and perhaps a few places in it are mentioned by travellers, but that is all. Leo only mentions the place Beni-Sabih, evidently the Beni-Sbih, an important place in the southerly province Ktaua, which I visited. Marmol notices the town Quiteoa (evidently Ktua) and also Tinzeda, which is most probably my Tanzetta. He further mentions the places Taragale, Tinzulin (my province Tunsulin), Tamegrut, Tabernost, Afra, and Timesquit (probably Mesgeta). Delaporte also mentions Quiteoa. Monetto mentions a mountain, the Lafera or cavernous mountain, which Marmol calls Taragale or Taragalt, and this must be the mountain which the natives pointed out to me as the Dj-Sagora.[1] The above comprises nearly all that was known of the Draa district, for Caillié only touched the south-easternmost bend of the valley at Mimmssina.

The Draa district is divided from north to south (I refer only to the inhabited portion, which, stretching south, ends where the river bends to

[1] See Renou, "Empire de Maroc," p. 175, et seq.

the west) into five provinces. The most northerly of these is the Mesgeta, then Tinsulin or Tunsulin (Tinjulen), thirdly Ternetta, fourthly Fesuoata, and lastly, the most southerly and largest of all, Ktaua. Though the Sultan is represented by a Kaid in the Ternetta province his government is merely nominal and only respected in the immediate neighbourhood of his residence. In the Draa district each place is independent of the other, and each community is ruled over by its Schich, aided by the Djemma (a body of the oldest and most respected men). Even the separate provinces are without a general government. Tamagrut may be considered the chief place or town of the Draa district, but its importance is chiefly due to a celebrated religious body. A Sauya exists here. But Tamagrut is by no means an official chief town, nor is it the largest in regard to population. The largest place in the Draa district is the town of Beni-Sbih, in the Ktaua province.

Each village and town is surrounded by a high clay wall and some are also further defended with more or less numerous ditches. All have at least one mosque, and some of the larger places have several. The houses are built of stamped clay and usually have spacious courtyards in the interior. They are all flat-roofed and consist of but one

story above the ground-floor. In the latter the cattle are housed, whilst the people occupy the floor above. The streets in these towns are generally narrow, dusty, and full of refuse, although here, as also in Tafilet and Tuat, there are numerous open sewers. The palm gardens, which are all enclosed by high clay walls, are watered by the ever-running Ued-Draa, and as the water is very plentiful no regulations controlling its supply for irrigation purposes are necessary. The dates of the Draa oasis are equal to any which the Sahara produces, and having no other market than in Morocco, which is also supplied by Tafilet, Tuat, and other small oases, they are very cheap. In good years one can purchase a camel load (about three cwt.) for half a thaler (eighteenpence). The greater part of the corn consumed in the Draa oasis is imported, that cultivated by the inhabitants being insufficient to support them, though sowing and harvesting is going on all the year round. The chief reason for this is that in most of the gardens only vegetables, such as the cabbage, turnip, carrot, onion, melon, tomato, pepper, garlic, &c., are cultivated, and because the largest and finest province, Ktua, is so overrun with liquorice (glycirrhiza), that all the ground under the palms is occupied by it.

The animals in the Draa oasis are fine; they are

similar to those in Morocco, such as the horse, ass, mule, and goat. Cattle are not common. The sheep in the Ternetta province are woolless. Of wild birds, there are doves, sparrows, swallows, and also a beautiful little songster of the sparrow family, but with gay feathers. The natives call it Marabut (the Sacred). It is easily tamed, and to be found in nearly every house and oasis south of the Great Atlas.

The inhabitants of the Draa oasis, who are called Draui, number about 250,000 souls.[2] The greater portion are Berbers; the Arabs, principally Schürfa, live isolated in Ksors. Then there are the Beni-Mhammed living in palm huts, of pure Arab origin; they are scattered throughout the Draa valley, in small communities of two or three families. Some of the Berber tribes also have these palm huts for dwellings. Whereas the Arabs who live in this oasis, are principally Schürfa, Marabouts, and of the Beni-Mhammed tribe, the Berbers belong to the great Ait-Atta branch.

The negro, who is of course well represented, has had but little influence on the great body of the inhabitants; the Draa Berber, however, though he is not at all proud of it, has certainly some negro blood, and sun and dust have done their

[2] In my account, published in Petermann's Journal, by mistake 25,000 is given as the number.

part in giving him a dark skin. The blacks one meets with in the Draa are chiefly Haussas and Bambara; Sonrhai negroes are also not uncommon.

The Jews in the Draa district, who are principally collected in a few Ksors, are not so oppressed and ill-used as in Morocco, though even here they have to put up with many vexations. They are here less employed in trading than manufacturing, principally as gun-smiths, tinkers, carpenters, tailors, and shoemakers. And it is simply because they have become indispensable to the natives through these crafts, that they are less oppressed. From the sacred Tamagrut, they are, however, strictly excluded; and are not even allowed to attend the weekly market held outside the town. But that they may feel the severity of these restrictions less, the market is held on a Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, when they would not think of trading if they could.

Were it not for their speech, one might think that the Draui were all one people; for (excepting of course the negroes) in other things there is little to distinguish them. The living of the inhatants is extremely simple. In the morning they begin with dates and a thin, strongly-peppered meal soup; at noon and in the afternoon, the rich eat dates with butter-milk, and the poor eat them

with water; and for supper, kuskussu is the universal food. Thus the Draui live from year's end to year's end.

Tanzetta, the first place I arrived at, like all other places in the Draa oasis, is surrounded and fortified by a high wall. Near it, to the north, is Old Tanzetta, inhabited only by Schürfa (descendants of Mohammed); and outside this place is a Milha (Jewish quarter). Half an hour's walk to the south of Tanzetta is the important place, Sauya-Sidi-Barca; and close to it is the curiously formed and, amongst the Drani, very noted mountain, called Sagora, noted because it contains a cavern in which it is said an immense treasure was hidden by the Christians in early times, which no one has been able to discover. This mountain is just in the middle of the Draa's southerly course.

After an eight days' stay in Tanzetta, I set out for the celebrated and sacred town of Tamagrut, an easy day's journey southwards. I had some fellow-travellers, of which I was glad, for I was quite unable to make myself understood to the Berbers. It being extremely hot we took two days for the journey, and stopped the first evening at a large Ksor, inhabited by Berbers, called Alaudra. The road did not follow the bends of the river, but ran straight south, so that we

found ourselves now in a stony desert, and now in a smiling valley. We arrived at Tamàgrut at noon next day. The place is similar to other towns in the oasis, except that it is larger and has a permanent market. Its Sauya, named after Sidi-Hammed-Ben-Nasser, is one of the largest I have seen.

Sidi-Hammed-ben-Nasser was a celebrated saint, but no descendant of Mohammed's. To make up for that, Allah had endowed him with the gift of being able to converse with animals in their own language (the Mohammedans believe that the only other persons who have had this gift were Sultan Salomon, Harun al Raschid, and Djaffer, his minister); but, unfortunately, this great gift has not come down to his descendants. At least, I never saw any of the latter who could converse with the camel, horse, or any other animal.

As I have before remarked, the Mohammedans are ahead of us Christians in the veneration and respect paid to holy persons; the latter are often canonized during their lifetime, can marry, and their descendants are also looked upon as saints, indeed are held in greater reverence than the first saint himself.

But have we not just the same thing in Christendom? Are not the Popes descendants of

Christ? Has not each spiritual heir, from the first Roman bishop downwards, drawn around him an increasing halo of sanctity until the last of them claims infallibility, or equality with God? it would seem then that Christianity is not so far behind her sister Shemitic religion, nor is Rome's the only Christian creed approaching her.

The owner of the Sauya at this time, Si-Bu-Bekr, a great-great-grandson of the above-mentioned saint, was thus held in much greater reverence than the former himself, though the family had always been noted for piety, learning, and zeal of faith.

I at once proceeded to the Sauya, and was conducted to Sidi-Bu-Bekr. It was just at the public reception time and the reverend old man, on account of the number of people, took little notice of me, merely directing that I should be shown to a room. The reception of his two sons, however, quite made up for this. I had to stay with them several weeks, and they daily overloaded me with attentions.

When I waited on Sidi[3] to pay my respects a few days later, he excused himself for not having given me a more friendly reception, as he had not been aware that I was from Europe (Blad-el-

[3] In Morocco proper he would be called simply Si, not Sidi.

Rumi); he asked if I was contented with everything, and ordered his sons to provide for me.

This Sauya seemed to me exactly like a cloister. The large courtyards, surrounded by archways, on to which the cells opened, used by travellers staying some time in the place, students and Thalba; the eternal praying and reading the Koran; the pilgrims who come daily to visit the grave of Sidi Hammed-ben-Nasser, and lay their gifts of money and different things at the feet of the Marabout; all this reminds one of our cloisters, only the prelature is here confined to one family, and amongst the Marabutin the dignity only passes to the eldest son, whilst the other sons, once they leave the paternal roof, become ordinary citizens. Amongst the Schürfa the dignity descends to both sons and daughters, but is then only inherited through the sons.

Before I proceeded further on my journey I went to Ktaua to get some information about the trade with the Sudan. Ktaua forms no small part of the Draa oasis, and contains itself about one hundred Ksors, inhabited by Berbers, Arab Schürfa, and the Beni-Mohammed tribe. I first went to Aduafil, an important place, occupied entirely by Arab Schürfa, which has the chief trade with the Sudan; gold (in small quantities), ivory, leather, and slaves, are its chief imports, in

exchange for which the Draui can provide the blacks with European products only, for the copper which is supplied to the Sudan from Tarudant, goes principally through Tekna and Nun. The slaves are purchased in the Sudan at the cheap prices of from two to three pounds; though young, pretty, and fair-complexioned girls are more expensive. They are then resold in Fez and Morocco at a considerable profit, fetching from fifteen to twenty-five pounds each. The caravan journey from Aduafil to Timbuctoo takes about eight weeks, and the longest stretch of desert without water (according to the natives, though I think it is an exaggeration,) takes ten days in crossing.

I remained two weeks in Aduafil, and made excursions from it southwards, to the important trading places and markets, Beni-Haiun and Beni-Sbih. I then went to Beni-Smigin, the most northerly place in Ktaua, and took the opportunity of going with a caravan, leaving here for Tafilet.

On the road from the Ternetta province to Tafilet one passes through the great Tessarin oasis, whilst the way to Tafilet from the Ktaua is entirely through desert land. The latter way takes five days, and runs in a north-easterly direction. The desert here is not entirely without vegetation, as one meets with acacias now and

then. I was very glad when on the afternoon of the fifth day we sighted the palms of Tafilet from a rocky eminence. From the Beni-Bu-Ali Ksor the most easterly we touched at, I went direct to the principal place in the oasis, Abuam, and not knowing any one I went straight to the great mosque. Tired out with the journey, I had lain down to sleep, but was unpleasantly awakened by a kick. A Sherif stood before me, and asked me who I was, my name, my business. As usual, I answered that I was a German converted to Islamism (I never made a secret of my being a proselyte,—indeed, could not have done so, for at that time I still spoke Arabic very indifferently), and that my name was Mustafa. For us Germans the Moroccians have the word Nemsi, which has come to them from the Slavonic, through the Turks and Arabs; but with this declaration the Sherif was not contented. Though mistrust of foreigners is common amongst the Filali (inhabitants of Tafilet) from the vicinity of the French in Algeria, mistrust, zeal of faith, religious blindness, and jesuitical fanaticism seemed personified in this Sherif. The rest of the Tholba were called. I was requested to give some proofs of my Islamism, and, with shaking of heads, they were obliged to admit that I could not be found fault with in this respect; they nevertheless began searching my

clothes, and unluckily for me they found an old passport which I had kept by me.

With fanatical howlings I was now dragged by these zealots to Rissani, the official chief town, where the Sultan's Kaid resides, and I quite thought my last hour had come, for what can one do against fanatical religious zeal? They kept bawling, "He is a spy; he has been sent by the Christian Sultan" (meaning the Emperor Napoleon of the French); "he has come to spy out, betray, and sell our land." So stupid are these fanatical people—but stupidity and fanaticism always go hand in hand—that they were convinced that a single Christian could thus come and sell their land without more ado.

Luckily for me, I found in the Kaid a man who had evidently seen, or was acquainted with the use of passports; but even his authority would hardly have sufficed to quiet the raging crowd, if just at the right moment a Moroccian prince, Mulei Abd-er-Rhaman-ben-Sliman, had not stepped in.

In the opinion of many, this prince was the lawful Sultan of Morocco. When Sultan Sliman died he was succeeded, not by his son, but by his nephew, Mulei Abd-er-Rhaman-ben-Hischam, on whose death in 1859, according to custom, the eldest of the family, namely, Mulei Abd-er-Rhaman-

ben-Sliman, should have followed. Sultan Abd-er-Rhaman had, however, taken steps for securing the throne to his own son, Sidi Mohammed, and indeed in the autumn of 1859 Abd-er-Rhaman-ben-Sliman found the throne already occupied. The latter had been hiding for the previous sixteen years in the Sauya Sidi Hamsa, to the north of Luxabi, in order to avoid the dagger or poison of his cousin. He now started for Fez, accompanied by a few faithful followers, to take possession of the throne; but the Bascha and Kaid of Fez had already declared for Sidi Mohammed, who had resided in the town during his father's lifetime as Chalifa, or Viceroy, and had gained over the two governors by rich presents, and it was with difficulty that the son of Sliman escaped being taken with his small band.

This Mulei Abd-er-Rhaman-ben-Sliman was now living in Tafilet, and to him, in his character of Prince and infallible Sherif—to him it was an easy matter to quiet the turbulent mob. It may seem strange that this revered and banished Prince should stand peacefully by the side of the Sultan's Kaid; but it must be remembered that the Government of Morocco south of the Atlas is only a name, and in Tafilet especially has no authority whatever.

The Prince became very friendly to me, and this

feeling increased when he discovered that I had been acquainted with his eldest son, also called Abd-er-Rhaman, during the campaign of the French against the Beni-Snassen in 1859, when he had come to solicit the aid of the French general, Martimprey, against his relations, who had usurped the throne. Martimprey of course declined interfering in the internal affairs of Morocco. I remained for some time with this hospitable family, who resided chiefly in the Ertib province of the Tafilet[1] oasis, and then prepared to complete my journey.

I had, with much difficulty and privation, succeeded in scraping together again a little more money by practising the healing art, for the conditions under which the latter is carried out in Morocco are very different to those with us. Thus the physician who has no strong kinsfolk to back him up must be careful to avoid administering any internal medicine to a sick person; for should the invalid unluckily die, then either the medicine or the physician has caused his death. On the other hand, if by the use of proper remedies the physician cures a patient, then it is not he, or the medicine, which have

[1] There is a description of Tafilet in "Uebersteigung des Atlas," &c., Bremen, Kühtmann, second edition, and in Petermann's "Mittheilungen," 1865.

done good, but the cure is attributed to some saint—perhaps to Mohammed—in rarer cases to God. It is therefore best to practise in the way that is usual in the country—by fire and amulets.

I joined a caravan, and after a two days' journey in a north-easterly direction we arrived at the Budeneb oasis. We only stayed here one day, and, proceeding still in the same direction, we reached the Boanan oasis on the evening of the following day. Provided with a letter of recommendation from the before-mentioned Moroccian prince to the Schich of the village, I at once looked him up, and was received in a very friendly, hospitable manner. The Schich's name was Thaleb Mohammed-ben-Abd-Allah.

For ten days I was the guest of this man, and daily ate out of the same dish with him. I was induced to make this long stay here because Thaleb Mohammed was of opinion that I should not journey further except with a large caravan, the country becoming more and more unsafe as the Algerian frontier is approached. At that time I was still under the illusion, begotten of the tales of travellers who have only superficially glanced at Mohammedan life, that whoever has eaten with a Mussulman out of the same dish is held sacred and safe from hurt. At that time I still believed

in the sacred rights of hospitality. One day I was careless enough to let my money be seen. I had in all about sixty French dollars, and a few dollars' worth of Moroccian small coin, which I offered to change with the Schich for French, as I knew that the former would not pass in Algeria.

Thaleb Mohammed changed the money; but I am now certain that from the moment his eyes rested on my little hoard he had determined to murder me. There was no more talk of waiting for a caravan. He was suddenly of opinion that with the help of his servant, who would serve quite well as guide, I could easily reach the Knetsa oasis, about two days' journey distant. He added, further, that I might place implicit confidence in his servant, and that the charge for conducting me would be eight francs, to be paid in advance.

I was only too glad to embrace the opportunity of getting earlier to my journey's end, for after more than two years' residence amongst these, by their religion, debased people, I had the greatest desire to get once more to civilized life. Neither had I any objections, nor suspected anything, when Thaleb Mohammed proposed I should start in the evening, as it is a very common practice in the Sahara to take advantage of the night to travel, to avoid the heat of the sun and feel thirst less.

We started in the evening, there being besides

the guide and myself a pilgrim, who, in return for his food, had accompanied me as servant from the Draa. After a four hours' march, we camped near a small stream, and made a large fire of dry tamarisk boughs, which the guide kept piling on so as to give his master a mark where to find us. The pilgrim and I were soon stretched asleep near the fire, and had seen our guide apparently prepare to do the same. Excepting a pistol which I carried, both the pilgrim and myself were unarmed; the guide carried a carbine. How long I had been asleep I cannot say, but when I awoke I found the Schich of the oasis, my friendly host, standing over me, with the smoking mouth of his long gun still pointing to my breast. Luckily, he had not, as he intended, struck my heart, but had only broken my left arm above the elbow. I was seizing my pistol, when he slashed my hand nearly off with his sabre. From that moment, what with the pain and loss of blood, which was streaming from my arm, I became unconscious. The pilgrim saved himself by flight.

When I regained consciousness next morning, I found myself alone, with nine wounds; for, after I had fainted, these ruffians had shot and slashed me, to make sure of me as they thought. They had robbed me of everything but the bloody clothes I had on. Although the water was close to me, I

could not get to it; I was too weak to get up. I tried to roll myself to it, but all in vain, and burning thirst was added to my agony.

I remained in this helpless condition for two days and two nights. During this time I was in a half-conscious, half-wandering state of mind. I had the most terrible visions. Sometimes I thought I saw people, and strained every nerve to attract their attention; but it was always a delusion. I quite gave up all idea of living. I was tormented with the most terrible anxiety lest I should be attacked and eaten alive by hyenas or jackals: this part of the Sahara, being crossed by a caravan track, abounds in these cowardly beasts of prey. I should have been quite helpless against them.

At last, on the third day, two men came. Was it a reality, or delusion again? No, they were men, and answered my weak attempts to attract their attention by signs, with their voices. They were Marabutin, of the not far distant small Sauya Hadjui. Their joy at finding me alive was almost as great as mine in seeing them. I could only stammer out, "El, ma! el, ma!" (water, water). Then a thought flashed through my mind, Was their joy genuine? They carried iron pick-axes on their shoulders, evidently with the view of burying me; but they would most probably have come with the intention of possessing themselves

of my clothing, valuable articles in this poor district.

However, they assured me in a most friendly manner that they would save me, but they must return to Hadjui, which would take them two hours, to get a mule for carrying me. So they left me again, and now I passed a most agonizing time.

These four hours seemed to be an eternity. "They have left you to die, so that, when you are dead, they can get your clothes!" was what I kept continually thinking, after being somewhat refreshed by the drink of water. How, indeed, could I have confidence in such a people, after such a dastardly attempt at murder?

At last I heard a noise; I lifted my head a little, and saw several men, driving a strong mule, approaching. My preservers had returned. With care they lifted me on to the animal, which was no small matter, as my left arm was only hanging by skin and muscle; my right hand was in a similar plight, and the upper part of my thigh was also shot through. The blood had long ceased to flow, caused, probably, by the fainting.

How I rejoiced when my eyes rested on the palm-trees of Hadjui, and yet I hardly knew how I should live through the pain the mule's movements caused me. The few palms and poor

dwellings of Hadjui[5] seemed a very paradise to me.

I was carried to the house of the Schich of the place, Sidi-Laschmy. This house, which was not a very large one, consisted of an anteroom, occupied by a mule, an ass, and two goats; then a larger room, which served as sitting-room and kitchen for the whole family; connected with this was a small store-room; and, finally, above were two mensa or apartments, built on the flat roof, where the two brothers—for Sidi-Laschmy's younger brother lived with him—and their respective wives slept. A bed was made up for me close to the fireplace. My first request, after taking a little meal soup, was for a knife, and when one was brought I desired Sidi-Laschmy to sever my hanging arm.

But there I made a mistake. "That may be the custom among you Christians," said the Marabout, "but we never cut a member off; and as you, praised be God, are now in your right senses you will retain your arm." In the meantime, they had already made a bandage out of goat-skin, to which cane splints were fastened to give stiffness to the whole. This bandage was placed on, and

[5] The oasis of Hadjui is only a very small one, with about one hundred palms and fifty houses.

smeared over with clay, thus forming a firm support. The arm was then laid on a bed of white desert sand. The other wounds were simply bound up with cotton wool soaked in butter, with which a little Artemisia had been mixed to give it an aromatic smell.

What blissful feelings I had that evening! safely housed, and though somewhat hardly bedded, for I was lying on straw only covered with a carpet, still in security, and with the hope of getting well again, and being able still to live. My clothes had been cut off me to be cleaned; and whilst this was being done, I had to be content with Adam's clothes, for the people were so poor that they had none to lend me. Indeed, Hadjui seemed to be one of the poorest of places; but its inhabitants were amongst the most hospitable in the world. They were so poor that there was no wheat in the whole oasis; but thinking I did not enjoy their coarse barley-meal, wheat was procured for me at the general cost from another oasis. Butter was also got for me at the general cost; and the young folk had to hunt for ostrich eggs, and catch ostriches, when possible, so that I might have animal food. It was touching the way the young girls brought fresh barley shoots daily to my bed. (In this district, so poor in vegetable life, where turnips, onions, and cabbages are the finest and most ex-

pensive garden fruits, the people do not disdain to eat the delicate young shoots of barley.) Indeed, at first the women almost stifled me with their kindness, acting on the principle that a great loss of blood can only be replaced by a great quantity of food. In the first days two women were constantly employed in poking large lumps of kuskussu into my mouth; and deprived of the use of both my hands, I had to let them have their own way.

At last, after a painful, wearisome time, I was sufficiently recovered to resume my journey. The body wounds and the right hand, and the shot-hole through the thigh, had healed; the broken left arm had got firm through the formation of a callus (hard thick skin) round the splintered bone, but the wounds were open, and from time to time splinters of bone were thrown out.[6]

The large place Knetsa was the next on my route. On the way there I noticed mines, which the Beni-Sithe work for lead and antimony. Knetsa, with a population of about 5000 souls, has a noted Sauya, not founded by Schürfa however, but only by Marabutin. Sidi Mohammed-ben-Abd-Allah and Sidi Ibrahim are the most influential Schichs. The former being in Fez, I repaired

[6] The arm was not properly healed till 1868, after—with the wounds always open—I had made the journey to the Lake Tschad, and accompanied the Abyssinian Expedition.

to the house of the latter. I had letters of recommendation to both from Prince Mulei Abd-er-Rhaman-ben-Sliman, of Tafilet. Curiously, though he obstinately denied having robbed me, Schich Thaleb Mohammed-ben-Abd-Allah, of Boanan, at the request of the Marabutin of Hadjui, had returned my letters of recommendation; he accounted for having them by saying he had found them. Unfortunately my sketches, notes on the inhabitants, population of the different places, and a great number of names of mountains, rivers, and places were irretrievably lost.

I was well received in the Knetsa, but to my request for help against Thaleb Mohammed-ben-Abd-Allah, Sidi Ibrahim answered that he could do nothing, having no superior jurisdiction; in fact, there is no such thing as government or jurisdiction in the whole district; club-law is the only power recognized.

Knetsa is situated in the valley of a broad Ued, whose waters are, however, mostly subterranean, though reached at a little depth.

After a few days I heard that a caravan from Tafilet to Tlemçen would cross the Ued-Gehr, at a spot about a day's march distant westwards, so I set out, with several others, to meet it. After a terribly fatiguing day's journey for me, we reached the Gehr late in the evening. If the people had not

helped me on the way I must have given in at half the distance, for my boots were quite destroyed, and my strength so little renewed after my long illness, that I had to rest every few hundred steps. On arriving at the Gehr I learnt that the caravan was not going to Tlemçen at all, but to the Ued-Ssaura; I had, therefore, to return to Knetsa. Shortly afterwards I joined some people who were going to the Figig oasis.

With Tafilet behind one, the Sahara proper ceased. The country is still of the most peculiarly wild character—rivers, brooks, and places get more frequent, and even in Abyssinia there are hardly more curiously-formed mountains. Thus, on the road between Hadjui and Knetsa there is a mountain which has exactly the form of a church with a steeple, and when I first saw its striking form from a distance I took it for a colossal ancient building of the Christians. This district is the home of the antelope, gazelle, ostrich, hyena, fox, and jackal, larger beasts of prey being rarer.

The journey from Knetsa to Figig occupies three good days. My companions only went as far as Bu-Schar,[7] a small oasis on a river inhabited by the Uled Djerir. The Bu-Schar contains two

[7] Visited by Moula-Ah'med in his pilgrimage. (*S. Renou.*)

small Ksors. I was beginning to fear I should be compelled to make a lengthened stay, when a man presented himself who offered to conduct me to Figig for the small sum of a French dollar. He had read my letter of introduction from the Sherif Prince at Tafilet to the Schich Humo-ben-Thaer of Figig, and thought the latter would pay the dollar.

With this good man, who carried a leathern bottle of water and a few provisions, I set out. After two severe days' marching, we saw the dense palm forests of Figig before us. This is the most northerly oasis which produces marketable dates; for, though all the northern oases produce dates, they are only of poor quality. Renou (chap. ix. p. 120) mentions, after Carette, also Figig as a "Berber town of about four or five hundred houses, and from 2000 to 2500 inhabitants." Figig is not a town at all, but a good-sized, very fruitful oasis, ten or twelve miles in circumference, containing eight Ksors, all fortified, and continually at strife amongst themselves or with some neighbouring place. The largest of the Ksors is Snaga, situated in the south-east of the oasis, and here also resides Schich Humo-ben-Taher. Of the remaining Ksors I may mention Maise, then Hamman-Tachtani, and Hamman-Fukkani (upper and lower bath). The names

denote that there are thermal springs at these places, for in Hamman the Arab always understands "hot bath." I do not think I shall be overshooting the mark if I give 10,000 as the total population of the Figig oasis. There are Jews in Snaga and Maise. The oasis produces, besides dates, all the fruits common to countries near the Mediterranean. Trade is very brisk. Arab nomades, principally from Algeria, bring butter, oil, skins, wool, sheep, goats, and corn, getting in exchange powder, clothes, dates, arms, and slaves.

Unfortunately, I was unable to keep my promise to give my conductor a dollar. Schich Humo-ben-Taher received me certainly in a very friendly way, but did not quite see his way to parting with a hard dollar on my account. Instead thereof he called the poor fellow, and gave him his blessing, saying it would do him a deal more good than the money. The poor man slunk away distressed, and on parting from me in the evening neither cursed nor swore at me, but said he knew I would have paid him if I had had money; and he was not wrong there, for when I visited the holy city of Uesan on my second journey, I happened to meet him, and was able amply to repay his kindness.

From Figig to the French frontier is a long day's march. After resting several days I set out

with a large caravan of Algerians. With Isch we had the last Moroccian ground behind us, and then entered on French territory; but we had still some wearisome, exhausting days' marches through Ain-Sfran, Schellah, &c., and numberless tent villages of nomadic Arabs, to undergo before reaching Géryville, the south-westernmost town occupied by the French.

But at Géryville my troubles were at an end. Mons. Burin, Commandant of the place, and the army physician, treated me with the greatest hospitality. For weeks I was attended to in the most tender and kind manner at the garrison hospital. Shortly afterwards I received letters from home; my eldest brother, Dr. Hermann, sent me money for my journey; and when I was at Algiers, a few days later, the steamer brought this same brother, who had not been hindered by the long journey from Bremen from coming to press "the found again" to his true heart.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Page 23, last line, *for* few *read* Jews
— 24, footnote, *insert* [1]
— 32, line 17, *for* diseffacing *read* disappearing
— 35, line 3 from foot, *dele* so
— 70, line 11, *dele* but choose not
— 72, last line, *for* serio-secular *read* semi-secular
— 102, *dele* footnote

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